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LONDON:
Printed by A. SPOTTISWOODE,
New-Street-Square.

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on 17 February, 2016

THE

LIFE

OF

A TRAVELLING PHYSICIAN,

FROM HIS

FIRST INTRODUCTION TO PRACTICE;

INCLUDING

TWENTY YEARS' WANDERINGS

THROUGH

THE GREATER PART OF EUROPE.

X- h-16

"Dichtung und Wahrheit."—GOETHE.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.
1843.

TO

MY FATHER,

WHOSE ENCOURAGEMENT AND ASSISTANCE UPHELD ME

IN EARLY LIFE,

THESE TRIFLES ARE DEDICATED

BY

HIS GRATEFUL AND AFFECTIONATE

SON.


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PREFACE.

THOSE who may chance to peruse these scraps will find that I have passed what are generally considered the best years of life in a foreign land. I quitted England in search of health, and it pleased Providence that I should find what I sought in the valleys of the Pyrenees. I have wandered over the largest portion of Europe, and have been occupied in the practice of my profession during those years of a physician's life which are generally more devoted to study than to active employment.

I halted at ————, where I tarried for many years; and, to while away the many hours of *ennui* which are the lot of new settlers in a strange land, I put together the first part of these memoirs, almost from unassisted memory. I did this with no view to publication; and the manuscripts would have

remained upon the shelf where they were deposited, but for an unexpected visit from my brother, who, after an absence of fifteen years, returned from his location in the New World to take one more peep at the Old.

As he could tarry but a few days with me, and as I was much engaged at the time, I put them into his hands, that he might be *au fait* at what had passed in my history since last we met.

He judged them worthy of publication; but I did not *consider* him a sufficient authority, attributing his approbation to the influence of fraternal feelings.

I was inclined to believe that my amanuensis had taken a more judicious view of the case, for I had employed an eccentric character to write me out a fair copy, that the friends on whom I intended to impose the perusal of my manuscript might not make its illegibility a pretext for evading the penalty. When he had accomplished his task, I begged him to give me his opinion of the work.

"My candid opinion, sir?"

"Yes, if you please, your candid opinion."

"Then, sir, I consider it one of those works which gives the author much more pleasure in the composition than any profit he can hope for by the sale of it."

I immediately paid him his demand, and told him

I had no more need of his services, — for the whole truth is not always acceptable.

He nevertheless called upon me again to ask for more work, and observed, that I should not allow my talents to lie idle.

Well may we say with Pilate, "What is truth?"

I mentioned this circumstance to my brother, but he did not change his opinion; and, after much warm discussion, we came to a compromise.

It was resolved that he should take the work to America, and try its success in Troy, — not old Ilium, but Nova Troja, a much *cleverer* city in all respects, and possessing a *handsomer water privilege* than the old Scamander. "You shall hear from me in *the fall*," he said, as we shook hands on parting. "I will send you back Astyanax in better trim than I take him from you." I had given him the original scroll, reserving the secretary's copy for my friends at home.

Although the facts are not related in the precise order in which they may have presented themselves, I can state that I have described nothing that I have not seen; nor, in that part of the work which relates to customs, manners, or the moral character of individuals, have I "set down aught in malice." The public will decide which of the two has formed the best prognosis of the case — my brother or my amanuensis.

If I am convicted of some changes in my opinions, I must state in my defence that this narrative comprises twenty years of my moral existence,—which has full as much claim as my corporeal one to the benefits of a *sliding scale.*

March, 1843.

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BOOK I.

THE RAMBLE.

" The world was all before *me*."—MILTON.

CHAPTER I.

APOSTROPHE TO AULD REEKIE. STATE OF MY HEALTH REQUIRING MIGRATION TO A WARM CLIMATE. EFFECTS OF SEA VOYAGE. RECEPTION BY MY FRIENDS IN LONDON. APPLY FOR SITUATION IN INDIA. DISAPPOINTMENT. FAILING IN THE EAST: TRY THE WEST INDIA INTEREST. DELIVER CREDENTIALS TO SEVERAL MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY. OPINION OF PUBLIC WITH RESPECT TO MEDICAL LOCATION. EXPECTATIONS HELD OUT TO ME BY A PHYSICIAN, ANNIHILATED BY CAVALIER TREATMENT OF AN APOTHECARY. KIND RECEPTION BY SIR A. COOPER. BECOME A DOCTOR DE FACTO. MY FIRST FEE. SUMMONED TO MY FRIEND IN ——. ENGAGED TO TRAVEL ABROAD WITH LORD ——. PROPOSE TAKING SOME FINISHING LESSONS IN THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

THE goal was reached, and the race was won. I bore my blushing honours thick upon me; yet I felt as serious as if I had taken a degree in Divinity, whereas I had been only dubbed a Doctor of Physic.

What made me so sad, as I gazed upon the receding shores of "Auld Reekie?" What had produced so striking a change in my disposition? Why had pleasure ceased to please?

I had attained the object of long and arduous pursuit; possession gave me no pleasure, because pursuit was at an end. There were more serious causes for

the melancholy which beset me. I was embarking upon the wide world, upon the sea of life, without compass to guide, or sail to waft, or ballast to steady my boat. A pulmonic complaint, aggravated by the accession of a typhus fever, had reduced my frame to the shadow of itself.

The knowledge which the study, rather than the practice, of my profession had afforded me, was just sufficient to allow me, in the nervous state in which I was, to conjure up every unhappy idea as to the nature of my complaint. Each pain and ache, every uncomfortable sensation which I experienced, seemed to indicate the last stage of consumption. I was continually feeling my pulse, taking a deep inspiration to discover whether I had any pain in my chest, attentive to every little symptom which might tend to strengthen the opinion which I had formed of my case. I had two objects to attain, and their mutual accomplishment was necessary to my existence. I had to regain my own health, and to procure the means of so doing by endeavouring to restore the health of — others.

I was much in the same dilemma as many of my colleagues, who find that in order to get practice they must first get a wife, but to get a wife they must first get practice.

My medical advisers positively insisted upon my wintering in a warmer climate. All were agreed upon one point, viz. that I could not survive another winter in Edinburgh. All were not agreed, that I could survive another winter any where else.

What was to be done with me? was the question. — Go to a warmer climate, was the answer. Where? To Lisbon, to Naples, to Madeira, to the South of France — all as readily prescribed for me, as if it were only a dose of Iceland moss.

All the enthusiasm of youth would only allow me to listen to such suggestions as hopeless. I must do justice, however, to the kind friends who thus counselled me. They were sincere in their dealings, and when they advised me to attach myself as medical attendant to some family about to migrate to a warmer climate, they gave me letters of introduction to influential people in England, and stated the nature of my case as pathetically as I could have done it myself. It was not at the commencement of my career that I found the world ungrateful or unkind.

It was necessary in my present circumstances to possess such introductory letters as would serve as testimonials of character, and not such merely as secure a dinner at a fortnight's notice; and I found that I had such, addressed to people residing in any of the places which I might choose for my winter's residence. I had my diploma in my pocket and certificates from the medical officers of the Royal Infirmary, as to the manner in which I had performed my duty during my residence in that institution.

Upon opening my pocket book I found letters to Dr. ——, physician to the British factory at Lisbon. These I put aside. I had letters to Dr. Coindet at Geneva, and to Professsor Balbi at Turin;

this was too northern to think of for the present; but I might find them of use in the course of my travels. It is singular what effect the re-perusal of these documents had upon me. The ploughman, who after a hard morning's work sits under a tree at noon, and opens his wallet, does not feel himself more refreshed as he proceeds with his meal, than I felt my spirits revive as I continued my epistolary repast.

I had also several letters to English merchants at Naples from my friends in Leith. These were precious jewels, and offered the greatest temptation, but like the golden apples were only to be looked at. To have accomplished this— to have reached Naples—to have been allowed to visit Virgil's tomb, would have almost reconciled me to my own at this ardent period of life.

I had many other letters to foreign parts, but the home service was at present of the greatest consequence, and the various introductory epistles addressed to the medical men in London were the sheet-anchors of my hope. An introduction to the good folks in Padua or Naples could serve me but little, unless I could find some good folks at home who would take me in their suite. I grew dull again, as I came to the conclusion of my last letter, and putting it aside, walked up and down the deck in despair, passing from one extreme to the other instead of avoiding both.

The Castle Hill was still in view, as I gazed towards the shore, and a provoking wind was

about to tear me from the place where I had spent so many happy months. Indeed, I was very sad. Hitherto all had been as fiction or a fairy dream; for such is the study of the profession when compared with its practice. All my wants had been supplied from sources which could not have failed me. Now I was to rely upon my own endeavours, and to supply my own wants by my own exertions. I had, it is true, a passport in my diploma, which was addressed *omnibus et singulis*, but it no where desired the authorities to aid and assist the bearer thereof to proceed on his journey.

India promised me but little pleasure, for I had not forgotten to apply for a situation in the Company's service, when a warm climate was recommended to me. It had been promised to me upon my first application, but I despised what was so easily procured. I put it in the rear-guard of Lisbon. I had indeed no very exalted idea of the pagoda tree; and although I was assured that two men would run before me to flap away the flies, and many more such temptations were held out to me, still willingly would I have sacrificed them all for one year more of "Auld Reekie." Again I had sudden twinges in my chest; my hands got warm; my face became flushed from sitting in the sun. I could never reach India, I thought, in my present state!

Such were the cogitations of the first two days after I quitted Edinburgh. Nothing amused me; the same objects which upon my former trips had afforded me so much pleasure, and even called forth

my muse, were now unlike themselves. It is a mistake to suppose that inanimate things must be always the same; they are just as we wish to see them; and as no one is to-day as he was yesterday, so nothing bears the same character or wears the same appearance at all times and at all seasons.

As we proceeded on our voyage, however, the sea, which to me had always been a restorative, braced me wonderfully; my spirits revived with my increasing appetite; and when we arrived at Wapping after eight days' beating about, my companions told me that they should hardly have recognised me; scarcely indeed could I recognise myself. Almost as soon as I found myself in London, and moreover, in the city, I felt that inward impulse, which is generated in the metropolis, of proceeding immediately to business. I had forgotten my consumption; I had forgotten the cause of finding myself where I was, in being myself there. Imagination gave place to calculation. I have two strings to my bow, thought I to myself. I have the choice of going to India, the which is certain. I have the hopes of being appointed to some family travelling to the South to pass the winter, the which is uncertain. It was in the pursuit of certainty, however, that I found myself about six o'clock on a fine summer's evening strolling towards Thavies Inn, Holborn.

I never hated London so much in my life. I entered the old Inn where my friends resided, and was informed by a dirty looking wench who opened the door, that the young ladies were gone with their

mamma to take a walk in the country. I waited long for their return; at length the whole party arrived, and the first inquiry satisfied me that my presentiment of being still a long distance from India was correct. The salutations and greetings were not precisely of a nature to encourage or please me. How well you look! Well we are glad to see you, but why have you left Edinburgh? I can never call you doctor, you look so young. Well, what are your plans?

I was confounded at such irrelevant questions, but, overcoming the mortifications of the spirit, I proceeded to make inquiries with regard to my Indian affairs.—"O dear, yes! Dr. C—— will put you in the way, I dare say. It is very easily done; what makes you wish to go to India?" I soon perceived that the promises and assurances, which looked so clear upon paper, took another turn by word of mouth. Indeed my good friend had almost forgotten all about the matter, and was quite surprised that I should think so much about it, when the certainty of my succeeding in my application, as expressed in his letter, had been one of the chief causes of my quitting Edinburgh so early in the season.

The doctor, who was to do my business for me, was actually in attendance upon the family at the time, so that the opportunity was favourable. He was a celebrated character, who had spent half his time and all his fortune in chemical pursuits. He had not succeeded, however, in extracting sunbeams

from cucumbers, nor gold from strawberry roots; though he had been for years occupied in attempting to accomplish the latter object.

I was introduced to him in full form, and when I had detailed my case to him much as a patient would have explained the symptoms of a complaint, he replied very good naturedly, "Oh to be sure, very easy. Call upon my nephew in Broad Street, and he will put you in the way of it immediately." There was no doubt of their relationship, they had been cast in the same mould, morally and physically. Dr. C—— could find no gold in strawberry roots; his nephew could find no contagion in plague. His moral evidence to the contrary was so strong, that he would not believe the evidence of his other senses, as he honestly declared before the House of Commons. The uncle, on the contrary, fully believed that there existed gold in strawberry roots, though his senses never assisted him in the pursuit. "*Arcades ambo.*" Uncle and nephew.

The latter received me in his dressing-gown, and when I informed him of the nature of my visit, and delivered his uncle's message to him, he replied that he had no interest whatever in the India Board, but that if I got an appointment, he would examine me previous to my departure for India, for he was examiner to the Board. He would prove to me as he had done to the House of Commons, by argument at least, if not by noses, that neither plague nor typhus was contagious. I opened the eyes of astonishment, but my ears were closed to conviction, for I was in

my individual person a proof at least of the contrary, having lately suffered by fever from attending upon fever patients. He recommended me to call upon Mr. A—— at the India House, to inquire if there were a vacancy, and to show him my testimonials. I wished the doctor good morning, perfectly convinced that we should not meet again.

To conclude my India affairs. I called the following morning on Mr. A—— at the India House; he looked at me with a frown of perfect contempt, and when I informed him that I came recommended by Dr. ——, he raised his voice to a Bombay pitch, and informed me, he could only receive applications through a director, and that the old fool knew so perfectly well, and returning to his ledger, spared me the civility of a good morning.

I cannot say that I was much disappointed. I was prepared for the result. I had more strings to my bow, and more irons in the fire, and as I could do nothing in the East, I proceeded to try my luck in the West Indies.

Among numerous letters with which I was provided, I had an introductory one to a celebrated doctor who wore a slouch hat, and had endeavoured to pick up a good deal of practice in the neighbourhood of Soho Square. No doubt the reader is already in Dr. Eady's portico, and I must leave him there, unless he choose to follow me; for I protest that I was never there myself. The gentleman I allude to was of a different stamp, although far less famed than Dr. Eady; he was himself a West Indian,

and a native of Jamaica. As I hate presenting an introductory letter, I left it with my address, the servant telling me that his master would be at home the following morning before ten o'clock. I presented myself at that hour. The doctor reminded me of a knight-errant in the Black Forest. He was tall, lank, and lean, had large whiskers, eyes sunk in their orbits, a wildish expression, and a rough cracked voice. He was seated at his breakfast table in Dean Street, in a large comfortless house, and in an equally comfortless parlour — a black japan tea-board much the worse for wear, a queen's metal tea-pot, and a loaf of stale bread before him; for it was Sunday, and no rolls are allowed to be baked on the Sabbath day.

The doctor was seated at his breakfast table, I say, reading the Observer Newspaper. Lifting his eyes from the columns, he greeted me by reading a paragraph from the same paper upon the utility of public executions. He then quoted some Greek and Latin authors, and asked me if I did not think that private hanging would have a much more salutary effect in repressing vice. We discussed the point at some length (a singular introductory topic), and both agreed that public executions had lost much of their effect from their frequency. Soon changing the topic, however, and proceeding to private affairs, he addressed me upon the subject of my introductory letter to him, and promised to give me such recommendatory letters to Jamaica as would answer all my purposes.

There are some characters with whom I can never assimilate. I cannot easily overcome a certain prejudice caused by first impressions, and the more I endeavour to do so, the less I succeed. I am an instance in myself of the atomic theory. I can only unite in definite proportions, without which there is no combination. I could not harmonise with my West India friend; there was no affinity in our compositions, and we could never form a sympathetic friendship. I must stick to Europe, thought I to myself, as I lounged along the alleys which lead from Gerard Street to Long Acre, after having made my bow, and retired with the promise of calling again.

These East and West India complexions are too tawny for my taste, and I felt in my pocket for some more introductory letters. It happened by chance that I took out one addressed to a Scotchman in ——. Chance shall I call it? call that *chance* which was the foundation and corner-stone of all my subsequent career? "call God's good providence a lucky hit?" I had many letters yet undelivered, and the truth is, I awaited the printing of my doctorial card, which I was anxious to deliver with them. I will deliver this letter said I to myself; I have a certain presentiment that this may be of service, and I hurried on to the address. I was ushered into a small dirty parlour, and had hardly time to pace its dimensions when I was re-ushered into the study. A thin, spare, comical looking man received me, with one eye shut, with a cock in the other, and a twist in

the corner of his mouth. I never saw any thing less medical in my life in appearance; for instead of seeing a figure all in black, a uniform appropriate to the profession, I found this inhabitant of the West End manor dressed in a long loose coat, and a red cravat tied loosely round his neck. He was skimming over my introductory epistle, and turning to me—"Well, and so you would be for going abroad?" I replied in the affirmative, provided I could find some means of franking myself. "That's not so easy," he replied; "families do not take medical men with them now-a-days, for they find enough of them every where, and it is a horrid bore to be bothered with a stranger." There was, I thought, a particularly ugly cast in his eyes as he made this speech.

"I know a gentleman," continued he, "who is going to Spain, but he wants no doctor." In a moment I seized the idea, and replied, I have some thoughts of going to Lisbon, where I have friends. He made no direct reply, but I thought there was a more amiable turn in his other eye. "Where are you to be found?" he continued; I gave him the address of my West India friend. "What, is he one of your cronies, the old fool?" and cocking both eyes, he shook me by the hand and told me to call again in a day or two if I passed that way. I observed that he had scribbled my address on a piece of paper, which I thought looked well.

From Pall Mall East I descended a little in the aristocratic scale, and made my next assault upon a

dapper little doctor who lived in Bloomsbury Square, to whom I had very strong recommendatory letters. He was the very antipodes of my Scotch friend; he wore powder and silk stockings, and though not very far advanced in his professional course, was, what is styled in medical parlance, a "rising character." He was under the special protection of an old practitioner, who was putting him by degrees into his shoes, which became daily more easy to their new wearer. He was still upon his legs, and had not even launched his *voiture expectante*, yet the profession looked upon him as a rising man. He was established on the neutral ground, or half way between the city and the west-end; and there is a very sensible medical line of demarcation. All is city from Bedford Row eastward. The neutral ground lies between Bedford Row, which it includes, together with the squares to the right, as far down as Charing Cross. All the rest is west. North and south were not marked in the medical chart at that time. Now the neutral ground is very thick set with doctors. It is aspiring ground, and the public judge much of a man's talents by the way in which he seems to thrive himself. The city is decidedly plebeian, the neutral ground aspiring, the west-end aristocratic.

When young physicians commence in the city, they take a lodging in Fenchurch Street, where they generally reside two years upon their private means, if they have the means of residing there so long. They take no fee during this period, but talk very much of their practice increasing, as soon as they

have taken one, which is about the beginning of the third year. They talk of having doubled their practice the fourth year, which means that they have taken two fees, and they change their lodgings and remove to Bucklersbury. Here they remain stationary for some time, and if they do not succeed, put their diplomas into their pockets, and go into the country to practice as apothecaries. If they succeed, however, and get enough to pay their washerwomen, they take part of a house in Broad Street, from whence they remove to the neutral ground and become rising men.

To return, however, to little Dr. ——, who occupied the middle space, or was an aspiring character. I found him, also, at breakfast, and he was very jocular, had retained a great many of his patron's anecdotes, and invented a few of his own. I found his jokes less stale than his eggs; but who can procure a fresh egg in London? After dispatching both, however, he told me he would do all in his power to further my wishes, and begged me to call upon him the following day, as he had something in view. This was very pleasant to my feelings, and I could not help drawing a comparison between the characters of the men to whom I had already applied, and it was certainly in his favour.

Upon revisiting him—I should perhaps say, redunning him—he asked me if it were worth my while to go to Nice with the Dowager Lady E——. I replied, I thought it would be a very *nice* trip, and was what I particularly thought would suit my case.

He gave me his card, with a note addressed to a fashionable apothecary in L—— C—— Street, who would converse with me upon the subject. God be praised! said I to myself, this is coming to the point. The others have *promised* me a great deal, but this man *performs*. I was prepossessed in his favour at first sight. As I hurried along to deliver the card and the address, I halted for a moment as I suddenly recollected that I had forgotten a very important part, viz. the sum I should ask for my services. I retraced my steps a few paces, and after due consideration, decided modestly upon a thousand pounds. I am but young, I thought, and it will be an introduction.

There are disagreeables in all professions, for I smelt the shop as I entered it. The Galen himself was writing in his ledger when I delivered him the card and letter. He looked upon me with contempt, and told me the situation was not vacant. Lady —— was already half way to Nice; and without taking off his hat, or wishing me good morning, continued to write in his book. At first, I thought my friend the doctor had really played me a trick, but knowing that to be impossible, I vented all my rage upon the apothecary. I had delivered letters to three physicians, and to a first rate west-end surgeon, all of whom had received me most politely; and was I to be treated thus cavalierly by an apothecary in L—— C—— Street; I who was a doctor, too?

I felt no inclination to proceed further in this direction, but it occurred to me as I passed by his

door, that I had not seen my old teacher. I determined, therefore, to call upon him, and state my views to him. A few more letters, I thought, would do me no harm; they were at all events equivalent to certificates of good conduct. He received me with his usual kindness, and forgetting, as he always did, my name, asked me from whence I came last. I am just returned from Edinburgh. "Oh, true," he replied; "I hear that you took an active part in the debates of the Medical Society, and supported the doctrines of the Borough school. What are the prevailing doctrines now in Edinburgh? I remember, that when I was there, I found very few who were thoroughly acquainted with John Hunter, although he was a Scotchman." He is my Magnus Apollo, I exclaimed and was continuing my——, when Charles the servant opened the door for a third time (a hint to patients who bother the doctor too long about their complaints). "Stop," said he, as I was retreating, abashed by the proceedings of the footman: "You are not a patient. What are your plans?" I detailed them as concisely as possible, and as concisely did he scribble me four letters to his medical friends, begging them, if in their power, to further my views. "God bless you," he said, shaking my hand, "if these won't do, come again. Charles, show the next gentleman up stairs;" and I went down, without being "shown" down.

It was not till a week afterwards that I could deliver the letters in *propriâ personâ*. This was accom-

plished, however, upon my return to town; but it was necessary that I should explain the object of my application to each individually, to whom these letters were addressed. This was not so easy a matter as it would have been previously; for my health was now much restored, and I began to grow stout again, so that when I talked of health and consumption, I only excited the smiles of the conscript fathers. There was one exception to this, however: Dr. Warren told me, "Yours is a case for a warm climate; that membrane is weak; when you are older it will be stronger." If I do not die first, thought I to myself. His opinion has been fully realised, however, unless the certainty of not being consumptive at present comes under the nosological definition — "delusive hopes of recovery." All, however, were excessively polite to me, which made me more venomous still against the apothecary. In waiting the result of all these applications, I began to be afraid that I was like the hare, with many friends.

I received a letter one morning from my West Indian acquaintance, inviting me to join him at the Italian Opera. I did so, for I was glad of the opportunity; I had never been there before. I was most grievously disappointed. It was between the acts of Il flauto Magico that the doctor turned round to me, and asked me if I would undertake his practice for a fortnight. He wished to go to Seven Oaks, where many of his patients resided, and if I would attend his dispensary, and visit the few patients

who remained in town, he would gladly leave them under my care.

In a few days I was installed in the Doctor's chair, and was myself become a doctor *de facto*. It required more tact to manage the dispensary pupils than the dispensary patients. I found some of these said pupils my seniors in more than age, and very inquisitive. A good face upon difficulties, and carry all with a high hand: I was an advocate for decided practice, as it is styled — a decided practitioner; and there is no more certain way of imposing upon people, than by impressing upon them this idea — say that a man is a decided practitioner, it is enough. Nobody will inquire in what sense — *bad* or good — this word "decided" is to be taken. I bled, purged, and blistered decidedly, and the cases being of an inflammatory character, as upon Gil Blas's debût, it happened to be decidedly *good* practice.

I never shall forget the joy which I felt when I fingered the first guinea. It was a genuine coin, for it was at this time, and a most memorable period it was, that I took my maiden fee. The old *unreformed guinea*, none of your sovereigns wrapped up with a shilling, as you see them now-a-days. It was pure and without alloy, and often did I finger it over in my pocket, and sighing involuntarily, said to myself, How many more shall I receive in the career which is now opening to me? A conscientious hectic flushed across my face; it was the first and last time that I ever felt embarrassed at receiving a fee. I was in a

few days afterwards presented with a second one; it came quite as a thing of course. I thought it tardy in its arrival. These are the only two fees which I took at that period in London. In awaiting a third, I was summoned to the surgeon who had not inquired after me since my first application to him, so that I despaired of success in that quarter.

"Well," says he, "have you found any thing to suit you?" I replied in the negative. "You wish to go to Lisbon?" Provided I can find nothing better, I shall pass the winter with my uncle, who resides there, I replied. "The gentleman I spoke to you about, the other day, is going to Spain; and though he is not anxious to take a medical man with him, yet I think you might contrive to go together. Call upon me, on Sunday, and we will talk again upon the matter. I shall see Lord ——— in the mean time." Lord! how the sound of "lord" resounded in my ears — physician to a lord!

In a few days all was arranged, and I was to be introduced to his lordship as travelling physician, previous to our departure for the continent. Lord, physician, and continent were three words which I could not have supposed to bear any relation to each other as regarded myself. I had still a fortnight before me, for his lordship had migrated into the country; and as I was not to see him till his return, I thought I could not do better than take a few finishing lessons in the French language, knowing just as much as boys do when they leave school,

where they had a French master once a week. It happened that M. Racine, professor of the language, lived in the same street as myself. The worthy professor told me, honestly, that as my stay would be so short in England, he could not do me any service, and declined the undertaking. Should I have acted as honestly, had M. Racine applied to me for a fortnight's doctoring for some chronic complaint?

CHAP. II.

INTRODUCTION TO MY PATIENT, AND FIRST IMPRESSIONS. PROCEED TO DOVER. RETROSPECTIVE AND PROSPECTIVE VIEWS OF THINGS. EMBARK FOR CALAIS. IMPRESSIONS ON THE SENSES BY AN OMELETTE AUX CONFITURES. I AM PLACED BY THE SIDE OF THE FEMME DE CHAMBRE IN THE TRAVELLING CARRIAGE. CONSULTATION OF PHYSICIANS IN PARIS. ORLEANS. ITS CATHEDRAL. UNFORTUNATE ADVENTURE AT TOURS. TERMINATES SATISFACTORILY. TOURAINE. FINE CLIMATE. PRIMITIVE IMPLEMENTS OF HUSBANDRY. WANT OF INTERNAL COMMUNICATION THROUGHOUT FRANCE. BORDEAUX. ADVANTAGES OF MIGRATION FOR OPULENT INVALIDS. DISCORDANCES AND DISCREPANCIES UPON THE SUBJECT OF CLIMATE. CONSULTATIO N WITH FRENCH PHYSICIAN. EFFECTS OF CLIMATE UPON THE ACTION OF MEDICINES.

In the month of September, 1819, I was introduced to his lordship, and I shall never forget the impression that my patient made upon me. I saw all the features of consumption traced upon his face, and I must have expressed this by my own (one of the most treacherous ever allotted to man), for as soon as we left the room, the surgeon said to me, "I see you think it is all over with him. You are right, I am afraid; but still he may live some time."

If I had none of those bashful fearful feelings, which some anticipate in their first introduction to those of a superior rank, still I had very different

sentiments after this interview from those which I had previously entertained. I found his lordship mild and condescending, affable in his manners, and he wore an agreeable smile upon his face which was at the same time captivating and dignified. I thought that I could trace even in the lengthened mien and haggard appearance no ordinary marks of intellect. There was something, however, restless about him; an agitation of mind, evinced by his bodily movements; and a certain decision in his tone, which, perhaps, bordered upon obstinacy. His was a mind which evidently could not remain a moment unoccupied. There was no approach to a state of rest. . Such was my first impression, and it was a true one. This was the feature in the composition which alone brought us into contact, for the feverish brain had destroyed the outward man, and was now gnawing the vitals.

It was arranged that I should leave the party in London, and proceed *solus* to Dover, where they would join me the following day. I got to Dover, and into the heart of the town, without perceiving it; so dense was the fog at six o'clock in the morning in the month of September. I went to bed; it was Sunday morning; and when I had refreshed myself with a little broken sleep, and with a good breakfast, I began to reflect upon the nature of things in general, and my own affairs in particular. My first idea was naturally to commence my journal. I began by philosophising upon my present situation. It was certainly a new one to me. I was placed in circumstances, which I could hardly, in the probability of

events, ever have anticipated. When I began seriously to reflect, therefore, how I came to be so, it produced a mental excitement, which those only can understand, who, like myself, have suddenly passed into such opposite states; nor can even they appreciate it, unless, at the same age, they have possessed the same enthusiasm as myself. I had lately recovered from an alarming illness, and my nerves still vibrated under its effects. I had quitted Edinburgh under disadvantageous circumstances, having been obliged to resign an official situation in the Infirmary, which, at that period of my medical career, promised to be most conducive to my success. Upon quitting Scotland, I knew not whither I was going, nor what means I should find to carry into effect, what was then indeed the one thing needful; viz. the restoration of my health. My funds were not ample, hardly sufficient indeed to take me to Lisbon, could I find no other port, where I might drop my anchor. I was far from being destitute, it is true, but my pride would not allow me to apply to friends for pecuniary assistance. I had received letters from my father, who was in France, authorising me to draw upon him for a hundred pounds; but the last time that we parted, we had an altercation upon that subject, and I had almost resolved never to apply again to that source. It was an impious resolution, begotten in pride, and reared in ingratitude.

Such were my feelings, two months previous, and they were wrought to excess by the little power my fever left me to resist them. How differently did

I find myself situated at the present moment. I was at once turning my professional studies to account, and putting into my pocket what I had been putting into my head. I was about to work out my temporal subsistence; and how easy, how amiable did the task appear! The same excess of feeling, which once depressed me beyond what was absolutely probable, now raised me above all possibility; for no one ever so little reduced to practice the golden rule of Horace — "*Æquam servare mentem.*" I imagined myself, therefore, at once launched into fashionable life, and was travelling physician to an English nobleman, about to set out upon his travels. How sweetly smooth did the future appear to me; my success I considered certain. I had the first interest, which would protect and patronise me in future. I imagined myself already practising in St. James's, my carriage waiting at the door, until I had dismissed my morning patients.

These, and similarly extravagant misconceptions of my real situation, worked upon my imagination, always prone to look forward to a brilliant future — always paying the price of its ardour in the disappointment of the present. How different did the thing really appear, when placed in its true colours. — What was I, and what was I about to do? A youth, who with some hundred more of his companions, had got a medical diploma, and, by a lucky concatenation of events, was allowed to accompany a family to the South of France, who might repay themselves for the inconveniences such a guest might cause them

by some trifling services which he might render them!

The family did not send for me till the following day, when I was summoned to attend them. I was rather mortified, when I heard that they had arrived the previous evening, without immediately sending for me. Why should his Lordship miss an opportunity of availing himself of my services? It appeared to me rather *infra dig.* Nay, two or three other circumstances piqued me a little, and I determined to keep up the dignity of my cloth. Time and experience put all things to rights.

We embarked the same day, in a small craft. The wind blew fresh, and almost in our teeth, so that we were seven hours in crossing; and physician, as well as patient, suffered cruelly from sea-sickness. As it was dark before we got into the harbour, I was only aware of it by the instantaneous cessation of uneasy symptoms. Never do I recollect such a transition from pain to pleasure, as I experienced, when the vessel doubled the platform at Calais. I was upon French ground, and all was new to me, but not so new as I had anticipated. We went to Dessin's and had a French dinner of odds and ends. Not a leg of beef upon the table, as the invalid Mathews observes, and "You see your dinner, Sir." There was a *ne plus ultra* of all dainties, *an omelette aux comfitures.* Were I asked, what in life had made the most indelible impression upon my senses, I should reply without hesitation, *An omelette aux comfitures!*

I commenced practice this evening, and prescribed

a composing draught for his Lordship, which, perhaps, was never taken. The following morning we started for Paris. Two carriages were waiting in the yard, with the horses, ready. "You will take charge of the calash," said his Lordship, pointing it out to me, as he and her Ladyship mounted the chariot. Dignity of the cloth, I replied, mentally, as I found myself seated by the *femme de chambre*. I was sulky during half of the first stage; I grew better towards dinner time, and in the evening was as happy as ever I remember to have been. We proceeded by slow journies, seldom starting before eleven, nor travelling after dinner, for my patient was in too weak a state to allow of forced marches. This gave me an opportunity of seeing every thing to advantage. The every thing was in reality nothing, but I did not believe so then.

On the sixth day we arrived at Paris; and I had been requested, before I left England, to consult with Dr. M——, upon his Lordship's case. I never shall forget the first consultation. Being the junior physician, I had to write the prescription. I thought it would never end: it occupied one side of a sheet of foolscap. It reminded me of Dr. Paris's apothecary, who shot out all the arrows which he could, in hopes that some might hit. Lady —— took it up and laughed. "What is all this to do?" she asked me. "To do his Lordship good, my Lady." The prescription was made up, and the physician fee'd. I found this consultation a much less formidable thing than I had imagined. We were both agreed as to the nature of

the case, which I thought did me credit at the time — a case of galloping consumption!

It was rather disinterested, on my part, that I should have endeavoured to abridge, rather than prolong, our stay in Paris; but the season was advancing, and it was on the sixth day after we arrived that we found ourselves again upon the wing. Quitting the city by the barrier of the Invalids, we halted at Estampes for the night. 'Twas a cold, dreary evening, and we were not very comfortably lodged. The frequent coughing of my patient, who slept in an adjoining room, discomposed me very much, so that I rose, and rapping at his door, gained admittance. Her Ladyship smiled at my alarm, and assured me it was nothing at all, for such fits were very frequent. I persuaded her to get him to take a little poppy syrup, which seemed to soothe him for the rest of the night.

We reached Orleans the following evening; and its fine cathedral, though unfinished, as most of those continental edifices are, excited all my architectural admiration. I know not how it is, that these sanctuaries, so many of them, remain unfinished; but I hardly recollect having seen one, either in France or Germany, which can be called complete. Raised to the honour of the Supreme Being, the means should have been found of completing the offering; whereas, it would seem that the curse of Babel was upon them for their presumptuous destination. The monument of Joan of Arc, the celebrated maid of Orleans, stands in the market-place, and has received

the last touch of the artist; whereas, the temple of God still remains but half achieved.

We passed along the banks of the Loire, and arrived at Tours on the fifth day, and made it a halting place. I was anxious to apply some leeches to my patient, a practice which had been continued at certain intervals for a long period of his complaint; and I wished him to remain quiet for a day or two afterwards.

I met with an adventure here, which redounds to the honesty or ignorance of the inhabitants. We lodged in the suburbs of this pretty town, and his Lordship requested me to take a draft to the banker's for a hundred pounds, endorsed by himself, and rolled up in one of Hammersley's letters. I put them in my coat pocket, taking the courier with me to bring the cash home. I proceeded over the long handsome bridge of Tours to the banker's, and delivered the letter, but upon asking for the money, I was requested to produce the draft. I pointed to the letter which I had just handed over. This, however, they informed me was no demand for money, unless accompanied by a bill, endorsed by his Lordship. I flattered myself that some mistake must have occurred, and that his Lordship had forgotten to give me the real document, and I repaced my steps hastily to the inn. I found, to my dismay, that the bill had been rolled up in Hammersley's letter, and that I must have pulled it out of my pocket. Judge, therefore, of my confusion at finding myself in this predicament. I was quite distracted, nor could I be consoled by

the kind manner in which the parties treated it, assuring me that it was not the first hundred pounds which had been lost. I retraced my steps, trembling with agitation as I passed along, looking into every hole and corner of the street. I had some faint recollection of having pulled out my handkerchief at the corner of the bridge. To this point I hurried, and seeing an old apple-woman seated at her stall, I addressed myself to her. I inquired if she had seen any thing fall out of my pocket about an hour before, as I passed over the bridge, for I recollected to have seen her there; she replied in the negative. My hopes vanished — they were founded upon the old apple-woman. I continued my search, however, in the nooks formed by each abutment of the bridge, and when about half the way over, my ears were saluted by the voice of a little urchin, who, running up to me, told me his mamma wished to speak to me. Every thing is a reprieve to a mind which is in a state of doubt and uncertainty. The boy's voice was like that of a cherub to me: hope is never long absent from the human breast. I listened to him and followed him to his mother. I could make nothing out of her tale which was likely to encourage me. It ran much thus: her lad had seen another lad, whose mother had seen a walnut woman, whose lad had picked up a piece of paper in some part of the town, and given it to his mother, who had taken it home, not knowing what it was. Notwithstanding this *embrouillement*, after an hour or two's diplomatic inquiry, conducted by the courier, to whom I pro-

mised a handsome reward, we came to the house in a distant part of the city, where we found several women employed in cracking walnuts; the oil of this fruit being a considerable branch of commerce in this part of France. As soon as we entered the room, the woman who had found the draft arose from her seat, and, saluting us, exclaimed, "*Je devine, Messieurs, ce que vous venez chercher; il n'est plus ici.*" She then entered into a long detail, how she came by it, and what she had done with it. A council of war had been held in her quarter, and it was decided, as the safest plan, to take the paper to the banker, where she had deposited it, and whither she accompanied me. We found all in order; and, rewarding her with a Louis, I returned to the inn in ecstasy.

My first impression was, that it was a proof of national honesty; my second, that the woman was not aware of the value of the prize, nor how to turn it to account. The first impression was a kind of instinctive idea; the second was engendered by reading Tom Jones; and I concluded the woman to be in much the same situation as the old beggar, who, when he found out the value of the notes, which he so honestly gave up, cursed his father for not having given him an early education, and taught him at least to read. Truth lies at the bottom of a well, and lucky is he who discovers it after a long and laborious search.

On leaving Tours, we quitted the banks of the Loire, which the great beauty of the weather had rendered doubly interesting.

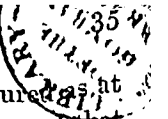
Touraine is a rich country, abounding in wine and oil; the grapes literally hang over the road-side. We travelled for miles through rich vineyards. The climate is so fine, that agriculture is reduced to scratching the ground with a wooden plough, and his Lordship, always thinking of the means of colonisation, stopped his carriage to examine this instrument, as we saw an octogenarian chief skimming over the surface, aided by two cows, apparently as old as himself. It had received no improvement in forty years; it being just the same plough used by the peasantry before the Revolution. In fact, the seed has only to be scattered, and it will come up in due season and ripen. The Indian corn and chestnut tree thrive luxuriantly, and the bread of the peasantry is composed of a mixture of chestnuts, wheat, and Indian corn, ground into a batch; the loaf is very nutritious, but rather too sweet to the taste. The country every where seems to be thinly peopled; but this impression is a very general one upon first quitting England, where the exuberant population and innumerable means of communication between the different parts are such as to make it appear like one immense town, with its suburbs branching off in all directions.

We journeyed from Paris to Bordeaux, a distance of 400 miles, without encountering more than one diligence per day, and we met but two private carriages, and hardly a stage waggon. This disadvantageous torpor of communication is felt in many ways. The grapes rot upon the trees, because the vintage is so abundant that it will not pay for

gathering; and many of the cheap but wholesome wines will not pay the transport: hence the anomaly of manufactured wines in one province, and pure wine flowing to waste in another. The same is observable in the different prices of all kinds of provisions throughout France; and, what is still more deplorable, when the crops fail in one province, relief arrives so tardily from the others, that much human misery is engendered where none need exist, — a state of things impossible in England.

We reached Bordeaux upon the first of October. The weather had particularly favoured us; we had no rain or cold during the whole of the route, except on the evening we quitted Paris. Every thing proceeded as well as could have been desired. I was much pleased with my patient, and I flattered myself that he was satisfied with me. He had certainly improved upon the journey; his spirits were much better, and his cough less troublesome. I attributed it all to the Iceland moss. His mind was diverted from the melancholy which was preying upon him by the excitement which a journey always creates; and, if it be only on that account, it is sufficient to warrant an invalid to leave his home in hopes of curing his complaint.

It has been much doubted whether consumptive patients gain any thing by leaving the comforts and conveniences of their homes, and changing them for all the disagreeables and make-shifts to be met with abroad. If the question be only as regards warm rooms, sea-coal fires, carpets, and a warming-pan,



they certainly are not so easily to be procured as at home. With respect to climate, too, it is urged that the south of Devonshire is as good as any thing which we find in Italy or France, for consumptive patients. It is not this which constitutes the only point of consideration. There are many other circumstances, as we shall see in the sequel, which, taken collectively, must add weight to the opinion which decides in favour of migration to a foreign land for the opulent patient.

Bordeaux struck me as the finest town I had ever seen: its beautiful situation upon the curve of the magnificent Garonne; its quays and noble edifices, and its superior inns, were something quite of another order to what we had hitherto encountered on our route. It was the great autumnal fair, so that we arrived at a period when the town was full, and all was bustle and gaiety. The scene was most lively, and we were lodged in the midst of it. No physician was to be found at Bordeaux of real English education: unhappy town! I proposed, therefore, that his Lordship should consult the first man of eminence, who was a native of the country. This was objected to, however, and could not be over-ruled. What can a foreign medical man know of my constitution is the reply to such advice. This word constitution is only understood by medical men; politically speaking, it may mean any thing, and may have a good or bad meaning. To a medical man, it is the foundation of all his hopes; half our success depends upon the assumption, that by frequent intercourse we un-

derstand our patient's constitution, which a stranger can never do. We quote Celsus in our favour, and even to our humiliation, for we must stoop to conquer.

I shrugged up my shoulders, which I had now learned to do pretty well, and pleaded my inexperience. "You have had great success," said her Ladyship, "and this medicine has done wonders for us: we want no consultation." I felt at the moment that this reputation would not last. I was requested, however, to make Dr. Farboucher's acquaintance, and gain what information I could with regard to climate: for we had now been three weeks absent from England; had travelled some hundred leagues, and were still quite undecided as to our destination. We balanced at present between Toulouse and Valencia, but waited for more information upon the eternal subject of the best climate for an invalid. Nothing is so difficult as to acquire any thing like truth upon this knotty point. It is impossible to find two concordant opinions. If we were recommended to any particular town in the south, we were sure to be told, upon our arrival there, that we had been misinformed, and that we had selected the worst climate possible for complaints of the lungs. This we found to be the case as regarded Montpelier, which was formerly selected for consumptive patients by the English faculty. The people of Montpelier leave the town when they have any affection in their lungs; so prejudicial is the air of that city to such patients. This we found, too, with respect to Pau, which was our final destination,

and was recommended to us, as embracing all the advantages we sought for. As soon as we informed the good Basques of the cause of our selection, they held up their hands, and pointing to the mountains, and exclaiming, Jesus! concluded by saying, "*Qui diable vous a conseillé de venir ici?*"

I know not whether Dr. Clark* has accomplished this most desirable object, which is so great a desideratum, viz. an official and true description of the soil, situation, and general climate of the towns and provinces, which are selected for valetudinarians. I conceive the task to be very difficult to accomplish, and truth very difficult to reach in this matter; so much must be trusted to the accounts of the inhabitants themselves, who are the least trustworthy of all. I have had some experience myself, and have gained some information from conversing with others upon the subject; and we have, upon comparing notes, found our observations agree pretty well. "You must not judge of our climate by this season, which is a most extraordinary one," is the reply to an Englishman's disappointment for having left a better climate at home. Whether you travel north or south, it is all the same — "most extraordinary season, the oldest inhabitant does not recollect the like." Where I am now vegetating, in the month of July, many trees are not yet in leaf. I have been waiting seven years for summer weather. "The most beautiful summer in the world; short, but fine, and the heat overpowering

* See Sir J. Clark's work On Climate.

This is a most extraordinary season"—which has lasted seven years, I might add.

To the discrepant opinions, however, we found one exception. The town of Valencia, in Spain, seemed to have universal reputation. From whatever source and however numerous the authorities, still all bore testimony, and many experimentally, to the salubrity and mildness of the spot. I have often regretted, that we did not go there, but the season was fast advancing. We were approaching a mountainous country, and we were now anxious to get into winter quarters before the cold set in.

I had gone through the ordeal of the consultation at Paris, so that I considered myself no novice in this respect; but to consult with a colleague of the same country, and consulting with a foreigner were, as I supposed, very different things. In Dr. Farboucher I was prepared to meet with a semi-barbarian, and I was, to use the most preposterous of English phrases, most agreeably disappointed. He was a gentleman of the old school, most prepossessing in appearance and demeanour. When I detailed to him the symptoms of the case, he shrugged up his shoulders, and said, "*C'est toute la même chose.*" I mentioned the treatment I was employing, and when I spoke of the blue pill, he shrugged up his shoulders again, and said, "*C'est trop fort pour ce pays-ci.*" This rather lowered him in my opinion, touched as I was at that time with the mania for the Abernethean panacea. The Doctor was perhaps right; time and experience have taught me, that the ptisannery of the French is less

objectionable in many cases than it is supposed to be, and more comfortable to the patient. Dr. Farboucher told me that the English faculty made great mistakes in supposing that climate had no power on the action of medicine. The idea did not strike me so forcibly at the time, as it has done since, and it is one well worthy of investigation. Is the human frame, *cæteris paribus*, susceptible of the same effects from the action of medicine in all European climates? This would not be a bad subject for a prize essay.

I visited the hospital, the worst in Europe; two or three patients in the same bed. The Doctor himself allowed that it was a national disgrace. He gave me letters to his friend at Toulouse, which he recommended as the best climate that he was acquainted with. The letter informed his friend, that I was travelling with my Lord Anglais, and should probably consult him.

We were addressed to Mr. J. one of the first wine merchants in Bordeaux. He was French only by birth, and half only by parentage, but a better specimen of John Bull was not to be found:—

"Larding the lean earth as he puff'd along,"

He was ushered into the drawing-room, and made his bow *à la Française*. He was all perfume, and his hair had suffered half a morning's torture. His coat was covered half-way down the back with the superfluous powder, which fell from his head. He could not disguise the Englishman, notwithstanding this powdered wig, which owed its existence to circumstances. His father

had been proscribed in the Revolution, and owed his life to his hair-dresser, who proved to the National Convention that Mr. —— was no aristocrat, for both his sons were serving as private soldiers. This saved him. It was incumbent upon his sons, as long as they lived, to patronise these embellishers of nature. He pulled, not a pouncet box, but a paper of ortolans from his pocket, which he presented to her Ladyship as a great rarity, and gave particular directions how they were to be dressed, and his mouth watered again, as he spoke of their exquisite flavour; for he was a great epicure.

CHAP. III.

ENVIRONS OF BORDEAUX. THE VINTAGE. THEATRE, PURPOSES TO WHICH IT IS DEVOTED. HIGH MASS FOR MARIE ANTOINETTE IN CATHEDRAL. DEARNESS OF PROVISIONS. QUIT BORDEAUX. CORDUROY ROADS. LANDES. BEGGARS MOUNTED ON STILTS. ROQUEFORT. INTERESTING AND NOVEL SCENERY. LOG HUT. ORTOLANS. FIRST SIGHT OF PYRENEES. ARRIVAL AT PAU IN BEARN. CHÂTEAU DE HENRI IV. REFLECTIONS ON HIS PRIVATE LIFE. APOLOGY FOR RAVILLAC. DEATH OF DUKE OF BERRI. SPANISH REVOLUTION. CHARACTER OF BEARNOIS. SEVERE WEATHER. RETURN OF SPRING. SOLEIL DE MARS DANGEROUS. DEATH OF MY PATIENT. HURRICANE. GREAT DEVASTATION. MULE FAIR. SPORTING COUNTRY. EXCURSION TO MINERAL SPRINGS. FRENCH PHYSICIAN. CURÉ. HOSPITABLE RECEPTION.

THE environs of Bordeaux are not very inviting, the country being universally flat, and the vines rising not more than six feet from the ground. As his Lordship was anxious that his two children, quite infants, should see the process of wine-making, we visited the vineyard for the purpose, where the labourers were at work at the eleventh hour of the morning. The division of labour was not upon so great a scale as in many manufactories; yet even in the simple process of wine-making, it was too evident not to be observed by the children themselves. Whilst one was filling the basket with the bunches plucked from the stalk, another carried away the full

basket, a third emptied it into the press, where a fourth division were employed in treading out the juice, with clean feet, and a fifth transferred the juice to the fermenting vat. "*Prenez garde de vous asphyxier*" said one of the labourers (what a classical word I thought for a peasant), as I mounted the steps to look into the vat. His caution was not unnecessary, for the mephitic gas which exhaled gave me a headache for the rest of the day.

The scene was very amusing to the children, and not less so to the father, who lost no opportunity of impressing upon their minds the advantages of studying political economy. Habits and inclinations are not to be put aside at will or pleasure; they are things which are not to be commanded. The ruling passion remains strong in death, and this passion, with him, was political economy and colonisation, and it occupied him in his last moments.

The theatre of Bordeaux has been described by every traveller who has visited the south; but I have never read any where a description of the real purposes which it serves. It is in reality the Lloyd's Coffee House of Bordeaux. All the merchants subscribe to it, and visit it as regularly in the evening as they do the Exchange in the morning. It is a sure way of filling the house. Between the acts, but especially between the play and entertainment, there is a loud buzz heard all over the house, and pocket books are manipulated, and bills handed round, as if by common consent pleasure had ceased, and business commenced her reign. When the curtain

rises, they draw in their bills and compose themselves into their seats, or retire to the saloon, or do any thing but see the play, which is execrable. Bordeaux, however, is the *gradus ad Parnassum* to the Parisian stage; it is what the Bath boards are to London — the experimental theatre. When M. Paul and Mademoiselle Anatolle, however, arrive from Paris, then indeed the Girondins go to the play for its own sake, and so fond are they of the ballet, that it is proverbial, that the inhabitants of Bordeaux look at acting, and listen to dancing.

As we often in common life pass from the sublime to the ridiculous, at one step, so will I attempt to inverse the order of this much esteemed phrase.

The soul of Marie Antoinette was to be prayed out of purgatory, and mass was to be performed in the cathedral, an old building with two very sharp spires, much defaced in the interior by the hand of the spoiler. The Revolution did not spare Bordeaux. There is over the principal door a sculpture of the Last Supper: the heads of Christ and of all the apostles are knocked off, with the exception of Judas Iscariot, who stands pre-eminent. The cerêmony was very imposing, and the music ravishing. The octogenarian bishop was so infirm that he was supported by two men, as he marched round the coffin and sprinkled it with holy water. As it was the first ceremony of the kind which I had witnessed, I was again agreeably disappointed, and found little for the scoffer or puritan to boast of in his more austere, but less captivating, form of worship.

I know not why, but Bordeaux is one of the dearest towns in France: it is a gormandising city. A turkey with truffles is charged at forty francs, and all good eatables in proportion. We found our inn expenses just double what they had been during the whole rout. By one of those strange anomalies which are so inexplicable to short-sighted people, nothing is to be had in perfection at the fountain head. As there is no good fish to be had at a sea port, so at Bordeaux there is no good claret, pay what you will for it. All is sent to London, which gives the highest price; and the vintage was then sold for seven successive years. The claret exported is not a simple wine, but a mixture of wines. The pure simple juice of that grape, which, when fermented and converted into wine is called claret, would not bear the voyage, as we were informed; but for all these matters, see Dr. Henderson's "Treatise on Wines."

We had made our last halt. The next pull up must be for winter quarters, said my patient, as we quitted Bordeaux. We were still undecided, however, where to pitch our tent. Much had been said in favour of Pau in Bearn, and we determined to take it in our route to Toulouse, whither, at all events, we seemed destined to proceed. The country through which we passed was not uninteresting; but we travelled over a corduroy road, and the jolting of the carriage was such, that the first day's journey fatigued my patient more than the whole distance of our route from Paris to Bordeaux. There is a law

by which the postilions may be compelled to go on the sides through the sand; or lose their "*pour boire*," if they refuse; but the carriage was heavy, and no threats or persuasions would make them quit the corduroy. "*Attendez encore un petit coup de fusil*," they exclaimed, and we shall come to a better road. The point was yielded to them in spite of the sickness which my patient suffered from the jumbling.

After quitting this road of trees, laid crossways, we came into that dreary waste called the Landes, which is a plain of sand, through which we discovered, at a distance, people mounted on stilts, running along like ostriches, who soon came up with our carriage and implored alms. We halted for the night at Roquefort, famous for its cheese. It much resembles Stilton cheese, and has a large proportion of goats' milk in its composition. We had seen several novel sights in our day's journey. Goats in flocks tended by goatherds, the Melibœuses of old. The olive grew wild by the road side. There were chestnuts, and chestnut trees in abundance, so that we might boast of a feast which the shepherd of old offered as a temptation to his guest to pass the night under his roof.

"Castaneæ molles, et pressi copia lactis."

What was much worse, we could get little else for our suppers.

It happened to be the eve of the annual fair: all was bustle in the little town; and we had already perceived a great variety in the different physiogno-

mies of the people. Every thing announced the approach we were making towards the Spanish frontiers. The dress of the people was quite different from that worn on the other side of the Garonne. The *blouse* and *bonnet de coton* were changed for a dark cloth mantle and a cap of the same stuff. The men wore short-knee'd small-clothes, and coarse spun worsted stockings; and the short segar supplied the place of the long pipe. The language was to me quite unintelligible, a *patois* more Spanish than French. The animal creation varied much in appearance; the horses were smaller than the mules, and less numerous. Asses and goats were more plentiful than sheep. The feathered tribe, both domestic and wild, wore also another stamp. Eagles soared constantly over our heads, skimming over the tops of the tall pines which skirted the road side. It was the season for collecting turpentine, and the rosin exuded abundantly from the sides of the trees which had been denuded of their bark to about the height of six feet from the ground.

We were now approaching the Pyrenees, and the country became more and more picturesque after we quitted the Landes. France is here beautiful. The scenery was quite different from that of the large tracts of territory through which we had passed. No straight paved roads which the eye could not quit, though wearied with looking at them. Here hill and dale, wood and vale, occurred in continual succession, and nature appeared in her unadorned and wildest features.

We halted, after quitting Roquefort, at a post house built of logs. I thought it but a rough performance, little suspecting at the time how conversant I should be with such buildings in after life. The humble appearance of the house did not lessen our relish for the delicious ortolans which were served for dinner, and were in high season. It was autumn, and a mistrale prevailed, and under these circumstances, physiologists tell us that they fatten in twenty-four hours. I could quote Haller for my authority, but I forget the page. If this mistrale does not prevail, then artificial means are used. The birds are put in cages near the fire, and the light is excluded, and very soon the whole cellular texture becomes infiltrated with fat. It is true, that honest old Jack said, four centuries ago, that sighing and grief "blew a man up like a bladder," and it is probably upon this principle that geese, ducks, and ortolans are vexed and tormented in order to enlarge their livers and fatten their ribs.

It was a dull afternoon, and the last of our journey, on which we got the first sight of the Pyrenees. Masses of clouds sweeping over their summits hid them continually from the view. We reached Pau at nightfall, and naturally congratulated ourselves upon having performed so long a journey without having had to complain of any untoward circumstance. We had been favoured by fine weather during the whole of our route. The rainy season commenced upon the last day of our journey; and as the rains last long in this country in the autumn

season, so were we happy to find ourselves well lodged and sheltered in a commodious and comfortable inn. The rooms which we occupied had just been vacated by the young Queen of Spain, Ferdinand's second wife, who was upon her road to Madrid. She was a Saxon princess, and her reign was of short duration.

As the day after our arrival proved to be fine, we took a ride to reconnoitre, and seldom have my eyes been more astonished at the majesty of nature than upon this occasion. Every thing which I had hitherto beheld appeared insignificant compared with the scenery which now presented itself. Immediately before us, and under our feet (for the town is built upon abrupt ridges), extended a long plain of meadow land, through which the Gave serpentined in a quick and bubbling stream. The fore ground was bounded by a long ridge of hills covered with the vines festooning from their summits to their feet; these were backed again by forest trees, among which the beech predominated; and to bound the whole, the Pyrenees stretching along the horizon, resembled, by their rugged summits, the back bone of the globe. The four seasons seemed to be blended into each other, and present at the same time. The meadows still wore the aspect of spring. The hills covered with the rich luxuriant grape, in its mature state, indicated the influence of the summer's sun; the blood-red beech and other forest trees began to show, in their party-coloured leaves, the garments of autumn; and, lastly,

the snow-capped mountains presented all the dreariness of winter, save when for a few moments they were illumined by the rays of a setting sun, which had already left the plains in darkness.

From the centre of the long ridge, rose in perpendicular form, higher and more conical in shape than the rest, the Pic du Midi. From the distance at which we then viewed it, it appeared as if insulated from the rest of the chain, and its conical and slender-looking pic was frequently hidden by some hovering cloud, when the less towering heads of its neighbours were distinctly visible. The sight of all this grandeur determined the party upon making Pau their winter quarters.

Although it was now the middle of October, and the approach of winter became hourly more sensible, still sometime in the day the sun would peep out, and the invalid lost no opportunity of taking advantage of such few minutes. It was precisely this which convinced us, after arguing the pros and cons, of the expediency of wintering in a southern latitude. There are more fine hours to be turned to account, and the invalid is benefitted by taking advantage of them. We hired a house immediately, and received from our landlord, during the whole of our sojourn, the most marked and kind attentions. He was one of the last generals created by Napoleon during the hundred days; but as none of those promotions were recognised by the Bourbons, so he dropped down to his former rank of colonel, which was the reward of twenty years' campaigning. It was the first time

that any English family of note had resided in Pau; not that the inhabitants were strangers to the English, for a great part of our army had passed through the town, but a *Mi Lord Anglois*, and his suite, had never, in the memory of the peaceful Bearnais, tarried long in their land. Their town is not without interest to the stranger; for although old and dilapidated, it has ever to boast of having given birth to that redeeming monarch of his dynasty, Henry IV., under the influence of whose name the family of the Bourbons were again restored to their native soil.

The old château, situated upon the best site for viewing the magnificent prospect, was in ruins. "It was a vast and venerable pile;" and although its turrets were dismantled, and wild weeds rankled in the crevices of its mouldering walls, yet it inspired that interest which inanimate matter usurps, when associations with the living seem to animate the dead. It contained, among other relics, the cradle in which he (Henry IV.) first heard his lullaby. And what has immortalised Henry IV.? Whence that charm attached to his name? Can he claim more than the praises of Figaro?—"*Ils nous font assez de bien, quand ils ne nous font pas du mal.*" "I wish that every peasant had a fowl in his pot." This was the saying which endeared him to his people when living, and which has equally endeared him to posterity. A saying has been at once the ample guarantee of the existence of his virtues, and has sufficed to immortalise them. It has been said that kings and

princes have no private character; and yet, after their death, we rake into the moral ashes of their private lives to find some good trait, which shall endear their memory, or cancel some grave misdeeds.

It is not always that the "evil which *they* do lives after them. *It* is often interred with their bones." So has it been with Henry. He has reaped more laurels than his good deeds would have warranted, because he died a martyr; hence the devotion paid to his memory.

Posterity has been unjust even to the assassin Ravaillac. It was not fanaticism which directed his murderous hand; for Henry IV. had renounced his heresies and become a Catholic, in order to be permitted to wear his crown. An injury inflicted by the monarch on the sister of the murderer rankled in the brother's heart. Would not posterity think less ill of Ravaillac had his story been generally made known? But "Henry, with all thy faults, we love thee still." So when we heard this improbable tale, and whatsoever tended to root out a dear and cherished recollection, we said to ourselves "*Pish*," and reconnoitred, with pleasing anxiety, every spot in the old castle where thou hadst walked, and talked, and wooed some pretty Bearnaise. We saw the tortoise shell which formed thy infant cradle, and gazed on other relics of thy childhood. Thou wert nourished with plebeian milk. A simple peasant gave thee thy first food; and from the balcony of thy castle, where thou wert wont to stroll on a summer's

eve, and watch the expiring rays of a setting sun gild the last tops of the mountains, thou couldst see the cottage in which had dwelt thy foster-mother.

I shall not dwell long upon the incidents which may have occurred in a six months' residence in a French country town, nor shall I allude to the different political events which at that time convulsed the kingdom. Suffice it to say, that the Duke of Berry was assassinated in Paris, and that the Spanish revolution broke out soon afterwards. The Bearnais are a sober, quiet, and respectable people, meddling little with politics; and in the great revolution, the inhabitants of Pau affirmed, that only three persons were decapitated in their town. It was impossible to meet with more attention than we experienced from the Basques.

With respect to the climate I can say but little in its favour. The cold was often very severe; and in the month of January the thermometer (Reaumur's), during three or four days, marked 20 degrees of frost. The air was at all times sharp; and the mountains invited the clouds to break upon them when their contents were about the freezing point, so that there was much cold rain in the autumn. With the exception of these few days of severe frost the winter much resembled such as I had remembered it in the middle counties of England. There was, certainly, as far as concerned temperature alone, nothing which should induce an invalid to leave an English climate, with the hope of finding a better at Pau. This, however, was a most extra-

ordinary season. Some credit might be given to the assertion, as the cold was generally severe in the south of Europe. At Nice, the orange trees perished; but, upon the whole, we had not much to complain of. The autumn was long, and there were many fine hours, which could be turned to good account, and then there was the *petit été de St. Martin*, which the French boast of in these latitudes, though sometimes it skips over Martinmas, and ushers in the spring.

During the course of the winter, as I found my patient gradually sinking, I requested that some of the native physicians should be consulted; and some well-informed men met me in consultation. They all saw the real nature of the case; but shrugged up their shoulders, and inquired who in God's name had advised us to winter in Pau, and they pointed to the snow-capped Pyrenees. Some indeed recommended us, even in the midst of the winter, to proceed to Marseilles, or at all events to Toulouse. Such was the advice they gave the invalid; but, in my private conferences with them, they all assured me, what I but too well knew, that it was too late to go any where in search of relief.

Time stole away, and the mountain snows dissolving began to swell the streams which ran along the feet of the hills. Already symptoms of returning spring manifested themselves in the catkins sprouting out from the willows, nor was it merely a genial warmth which the noontide beam shed upon the uncovered head. Such I found to be the case.

When climbing a hill to gather such flowers as were already expanded, I was admonished by a peasant to put on my hat, for I held it in my hand, making use of it as a basket for my flowers. — *Le soleil de Mars est bien mauvais, Monsieur, et vous risquez de gagner une fièvre chaude.* As it is, with me, the law and the prophets to conform as far as possible to the customs, nay, often to the prejudices, of the inhabitants of whatever country I may for the time be a citizen of, I thanked him, and attended to his admonition at the expense even of my flowers.

As nature thus revived, so daily did the invalid droop, and the more his strength failed him, the more did his hopes revive. He suffered much from cough and acute pain in the side, which rendered him occasionally irritable; for the physical was now too much influencing the moral man. Still he projected schemes for the future, and spoke of his intended journey to Geneva, when he had not sufficient strength to walk across his chamber without a supporting arm. He dwelt upon an unmeaning medical phrase, the merits of which I had once discussed with him, and said the stimulus of necessity would not be wanting when the time arrived for calling it into action.

An old sedan chair of Gothic form, and the only one which the town afforded, was put in requisition; and in this he was transported to an adjoining garden, where, seated upon the ridge of a hill, he could admire one of the most delightful prospects which could gladden the heart of man—a genial sun, with cloudless

sky, and mountains covered with snow, bounding the view: the young trees in their freshest green: a verdant carpet spread before the feet. The snowdrop unfolding its head; the crocus, with its yellow tinge, contrasting with the pure white of its companion of spring. The wild cherry tree, covered with luxuriant blossoms, contrasting with the green of the weeping willow, planted by its side. The balmy air of spring, so indescribably luscious to those whom sickness has long confined to their chambers — all nature rejoicing, and promising perfection in its kind — he, alone, perhaps, contemplating the hour of his own dissolution.

It was about eight o'clock in the evening, and in the month of April, when the family was assembled at tea. A few days previous an "*avant-coureur*," not uncommon in consumptive cases, had made its appearance. Slight mental aberration manifested itself for a few hours. This day, however, he was much better, and was stretched upon a sofa, reading a pamphlet, and the children playing by his side. All were in good spirits. The slight delirium and fever of the preceding day had no doubt been of service, and had given a turn to the complaint — perhaps they had produced a crisis. Such things may occur. As we were thus discoursing, the invalid, who had been coughing and expectorating as usual, made an effort to raise himself to clear his throat, but finding that he was too weak, he beckoned me towards him, I hastened to his side, and endeavoured to lift his

head. — The spark was already extinct. He died without a struggle.

During the course of the winter we experienced a hurricane, a thing uncommon in the country. It was in the month of January that for several days successively the weather had been unseasonably mild, when one evening a warm Levant wind came over the mountains, and felt to the faces of those exposed to it like the steam of warm water. It produced a sudden and depressing effect upon the system, such as is described by those who have experienced the sirocco at Naples. The body seemed as if immersed in a steam bath. It blew softly for several hours, till towards eight in the evening, when it came in furious and sudden gusts, levelling several of the large trees which grew in *la place* just before our windows. These gusts continued for about half an hour, causing great mischief. Some hundreds of noble trees in the Bois de Henri IV. were torn up by the roots, and the trees in the different public walks were stripped of their branches. Several houses were unroofed, and many cottages were blown down. This hurricane did not certainly last more than half an hour, but it did its work of destruction upon the vegetable world.

The following morning the scene was most amusing —the whole town sallied out to witness the effects of the previous night's storm; and the poor were all busy with knives, choppers, axes, and saws, in cutting off the branches of the prostrate trees, and carrying them away for fuel, which is so dear in winter that

the people suffer cruelly from cold. To them it was no ill wind. The mayor and all the civil authorities arrived in state, which made the populace so busy with their hatchets, lest they should stop their proceedings. They came to report upon the damages done to the royal domains, for the Bois de Henri IV. belonged to the crown.

I could not but rejoice that the conical wooden covering was blown off the turret of the old castle. Its square dismantled tower looked much more classical without its parasitic looking wooden top.

The frost set in immediately afterwards, and was more severe than the oldest inhabitant of the place ever remembered it. We did not venture out during this period; but as the cold did not penetrate the walls of our house, I had never found my patient in better health or spirits than during this severe weather. This is not uncommon in such cases: a hard and sudden frost braces the system, but the subsequent thaw is fatal. It is perhaps owing to the idea that cold does not affect their lungs as they had anticipated that consumptive patients feel themselves better under such circumstances; for much is due to imagination.

We were much amused with the pranks of the mules as we saw them coming in droves to be ready for the great annual fair; for the *Spanish mule* is bred in France, although never used in the country. In fact they are neither French nor Spanish, but are by country, what they are by breed, an indefinable

mixture, being the inhabitants of border ground which seems to belong to no country.

The Spaniards come over the mountains to purchase these animals. With segar in mouth and mantle on shoulder, with staff in hand and satchel on back, he appears more like a pilgrim come to worship at the shrine of some saint, than what he in reality is, a mule jockey. These animals sell for a very high price: a fine animal of the best breed fetches from 150*l.* to 200*l.* The grandees can of course be the only purchasers of such cattle.

There is also a haras (or stud) for the breed of horses in the neighbourhood of Pau. It is kept up in good style, but at great expense. We were informed that only three haras existed in the whole kingdom, and that it was the intention of government to give them up, for owing to some mismanagement they did not fulfil their destined intention.

To a sportsman, this country is an earthly paradise. Every species of game abounds. The red-legged partridge is found on the hills; the grey in the stubble; hares are most plentiful; but the quantity of wild fowl which frequents the meadows towards the latter end of autumn is prodigious. The geese fly in the air like so many armies, making all possible evolutions; and it is curious to watch them as they change their figure of column in the sky, soaring high above the reach of man's artillery. As the winter approaches, they fly to the Landes, between Bordeaux and Bayonne, and here they are killed in

great numbers. The legs are salted and put in tubs, and the *cuisse d'oie* is an article of commerce in this part of France. We saw these birds on their passage, as they were proceeding to the camp. They live upon the pine nuts and find shelter in the brushwood. They always migrate about the same time, whatever may be the mildness or severity of the season. When we were at Roquefort we saw them fly in strings, and were told that they were the fair geese. They always flew over the fair, as we were informed. I seldom found any on the banks of the Gave, except perhaps a few stragglers, or invalids, who were obliged to leave the ranks and halt awhile on their journey. The ducks and teal, the woodcocks and snipes, abounded every where. A good shot might easily have bagged from twenty to thirty brace of game during the season.

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After the fatal catastrophe, and previous to our quitting Pau, I took the opportunity of exploring the Lower Pyrenees; those mountains which I had contemplated with so much pleasure from afar — I wished to form more intimate acquaintance with them. I first directed my steps to the nearest mineral springs in the neighbourhood; viz. *Les eaux bonnes, et les eaux chaudes,* for these were within a day's journey. I wished to make a kind of pilgrimage of my trip; and procuring a letter of introduction from our worthy host, to a friend who resided in a village adjoining the springs, I set off on horseback,

with a portmanteau strapped behind my back. I started in the afternoon, so as to arrive at my friend's house to supper, and I found the family well disposed to show me every civility in their power. The farmer's wife, for such she might be designated, was exceedingly pretty. There was something like primeval simplicity in the manner and style of living of the good people. It was Saturday night, and the lady was *très dévote:* she would allow no meat to be served at supper. "*Je vous demande bien pardon, Monsieur, mais que chacun tienne à sa religion.*" As there were eggs, fish, vegetables, bread and wine, I accepted the apology, and made a hearty meal. The evening passed off merrily; and the following day I was to have proceeded on my route, but as it rained hard all the night, and continued to do so early in the morning, I was content to stay at home, or what was more proper, to attend the parish church.

I must observe, that here I found every thing more Spanish than French, as regarded the appearauce of the people. The church was crowded, a sign, also, that I was no longer in France; and after mass had been said below, a venerable-looking man mounted the pulpit. He gave out his text in French, but preached the sermon in *patois.* I thought, at first, that giving out the text in French was a compliment paid me as a stranger; but I found afterwards that it was the custom. There was a good deal of vehemence and of action in his manner of delivery; and his audience seemed to murmur out a half-stifled

applause, as they would have done to the bursts of a tragedian.

We dined early, and the doctor of the village was invited to meet me. He was an elderly man, and was very well informed. As usual, he had taken up the idea of his countrymen, that all an English practitioner's science is confined to the administration of calomel. He seemed anxious to be inscribed a member of some learned society in England; and he asked me if a work which he had published upon the springs might not serve as a title to such an honour. I replied in the affirmative, and assured him that it was a much less difficult matter than he imagined. He asked if the Royal Society was not very exclusive. I replied in the negative, and assured him that there were many medical men much inferior to himself in abilities, who could add F. R. S. to their names. We had much conversation together; and I found that though he was the only doctor in the neighbourhood, and held undisputed sway, still he had not made his fortune. He was not likely to do so soon, in the way he was remunerated for his services. He attended all the families by the year, and received a *louis d'or*, or a guinea per annum, for his pains. He was a right merry soul, and seemed to live in peace and good fellowship with all his neighbours. He lived *upon* them, too, for he kept no house, as he informed me — an apology, no doubt, for not inviting me to his table. He gave me some instructions about the springs, and lent me his thermometer, with strong injunctions, however, not to injure it, for it

had cost him eighteen francs; which was almost a year's salary from the family of our host. The rain continued during the whole of the evening, so I had no alternative, but to amuse myself as well as I could with the jokes of the doctor, who was very facetious after supper. I consulted him about my own health; for having indulged rather too much during the carnival, I began to feel some of the old symptoms, and thought that I spit blood. He laughed at me heartily, called me *malade imaginaire*, and told me that my constant attendance upon my patient had hipped me. He recommended me to take a decoction of some of the cruciform plants, which would cure the scorbutic tendency in my gums, from whence came all the blood.

The following morning being fine, I started at five o'clock, and after two hours' ride arrived at a large and wide scattered village, different to any thing which I had ever seen before. It was composed of large houses, built of mud, and thatched over, but not a glazed window was to be found among the whole. The appearance of the inhabitants was as singular as that of their habitations. I thought that I had got among a parcel of Cretins, and I was not very far wrong in my conjectures. The miserable beings were lolling their heads out of the window holes, with their mouths wide open, and they stared at me with a vacant stare. I knew not which road to take; and I asked some of them to put me in the way to the springs. I could obtain no answer; they shook their heads, but made no intelligible

reply. In the midst of this embarrassment, I was suddenly relieved from my dilemma by the arrival of *Monsieur le Curé*, who was jogging along to his church to say mass, and our road lay in the same direction. We toddled on together for some time; but as the path winding through the mountains was very narrow, it was seldom that we could ride side by side, and consequently had little opportunities of conversation. Occasionally, however, in the simplicity of his heart, the priest would ask me some important question, as whether it were farther to go to England from Bayonne or from Calais. Geography was not his *fort*, nor did I think his knowledge of natural history very extensive; for as we passed by some cows grazing in a fine luxuriant meadow, he requested to know if there were any cows in England? The spire of a church situated in a pretty valley, and surrounded by a little hamlet, which was enlivened by a picturesque water mill, now rose in view, and this was the *ultima Thule* of his journey, and the breakfast station of mine. We parted upon the most Christian-like terms; and, notwithstanding that I was a heretic, he bade me *bon voyage*, and alighting at the same time from our horses, he turned into his church, I into the cabaret.

Whilst my horse was baiting, and after I had breakfasted, I sallied forth to explore the neighbourhood. The lower range of hills was still covered with snow, but the sun was fast dissolving it, and the rills poured impetuously down their sides. I, who had now a passion for botany, was delighted at

finding the *Gentiana nivalis* just peeping out of the snow. I plucked up several, and examined them by Persoon, which I always carried in my pocket. There is a feeling of pleasure and pride inseparable from the commencement of a new study, when the mind, intent upon its object, regards every additional acquirement to its stock of knowledge as the reward of its industry. I think that it is Sir William Temple who says, "that a restless disposition to be something which we are not, and to have something which we have not, is the root of all immorality." Is it not equally the root of all good? In the present instance, I had a double pleasure in the prosecution of my study, viz. the prosecution itself, and the field of its exploits — the Pyrenees in all their grandeur. I pleased myself with the idea, that I should perhaps hereafter remember what I then felt, when I might by chance put my hand upon a dried flower, which I had collected on that spot. I had not then felt, nor did I believe, that ever I could be made to feel, the force of Dante's verse — "*Nessun maggior dolore che ricordarsi del tempo felice nella miseria.*"

My beast, also, had been botanizing, and when we were both refreshed, we proceeded on our journey, winding along the foot of the mountains, till we arrived at the *Eaux bonnes*. I leave the reader to consult the "*guide voyageur*," for a minute description of them. A large square building, fitted up with pumps, baths, douches, and all their paraphernalia, was all that presented itself to my view; and even this to disadvantage; for as it was much too early in

the season for the arrival of visiters, all was in confusion. The establishment seemed much inferior to those of the same kind in England; and good as "*les Eaux bonnes* may be, *les Eaux de Buxton sont infiniment mieux administrées.*"

As far as nature alone was concerned, the sight was fine in the extreme. The hot waters gushed out of the sides of the mountains, and the stream which they threw up contrasted beautifully with the icicles which formed on the sides of the rills, pouring down from summits covered with snow. The curative properties of these springs rank high in the country, and are even considered to vie with the pool of Bethesda. It is certain, that many officers wounded in the Peninsular wars received great benefit from a sojourn at these baths. They are particularly useful in chronic affections, combined with syphilis or rheumatism; but the natives extol these waters as being good for every thing, whether used externally, or taken internally, and they were much recommended to my late patient, as being good for consumption.

A small public house was all that the place afforded, at this season, for man and beast, and I believe the latter had much the best of it. As to myself, I was pestered with rats the whole of the night. The bed had a damp feel, and a musty smell; and nothing could be more forlorn or miserable than the chamber in which I neither slept nor reposed. I rose early, and paying dear for my *want* of accommodation, returned to *la belle fermière.* I detailed to my host, as minutely as possible, the history of my adventures, and

made out as good a story as reality and imagination could compose, till breakfast was served. I then expatiated upon the beauties of the country, and the beauty of the hostess, the wonders of the mineral waters, and the abomination of the rats. Having finished my breakfast, and wishing to reach Pau before nightfall, I took leave of my fair hostess, mounted my horse, put my hand to my heart, exclaimed that I was *désolé de la quitter*, and taking off my hat, as I spurred my horse, I heard her observe, "*Il n'est pas triste cet Anglais.*"

CHAP. IV.

INTERMENT AT ORTHEZ. BEAUTY OF SCENERY. EXCURSION TO HAUTS PYRENÈES. AVALANCHE BURYING VILLAGE. BOTANY. MONT PERDU. AMPHITHEATRE OF GAVARNI. AVALANCHE. ST. SAUVEUR. QUIT PAU BY A DIFFERENT ROUTE. TARBES. COUNT —— INTERRED THERE. AGEN. AUCHE. EMBARK FROM BORDEAUX IN BRITANNIA SCHOONER. DROP DOWN RIVER. REGRETS AT LEAVING FRANCE. PASSENGERS ON BOARD. BAY OF BISCAY. ON OUR BEAM ENDS. BEAT UP CHANNEL. ARRIVE IN SOUTHAMPTON WATER.

THOUGH Pau gave birth to a Protestant prince, yet there was now no church or *cimetière* for those of the Protestant persuasion, and consequently it was decided that —— —— should be buried at Orthez. I escorted the body to this town, and it was received with great marks of respect by the good inhabitants. An elderly minister performed the service, and all the good and respectable folks in the town followed the body from the church to the grave. A small stone, with an inscription, marks the precise spot.

The town of Orthez is celebrated for the battle fought between the English and French, when the latter were driven out of Spain. Nothing can equal the beauty of the scenery in the whole route from Pau to Orthez. On the left the Gave winds rapidly at the foot of the mounds which overhang the stream.

The vines cover their sides, and trees of noble growth crown their summits. In the back ground are the majestic Pyrenees, and the *Pic du Midi* towering above the rest, as monarch of the chain. On the right a fine pasturage, and at every league are seen the ruins of some old castle, or some noble mansion, adding beauty to the scene. Of all that we had hitherto seen during our long route, the beauty and grandeur of the scenery between Pau and Orthez surpassed all. The weather was peculiarly fine, for in this latitude the sun when once he begins to obtain power, manifests his influence most rapidly, and nature bursts forth all at once; so that the genial warmth of spring was now sensibly felt, and its influence was seen in the changes of the surrounding verdure. Each day added a tint to the green; every hour a new flower expanded itself; every day another note was heard from the warbling tribe. The river and the brook manifested the same symptoms of returning life; for the fly emerged from its chrysalis to become the prey of the trout, leaping high out of the water to devour it. Alas! that *he* should have perished at the time when all about him began to live!

Upon my return to Pau, I found that, from unavoidable circumstances, our final departure must be delayed for a week or two; and as I had no particular occupation, I determined again to explore the Pyrenees, and as luck would have it, I met with a countryman, and an old acquaintance, anxious to accompany me. We proceeded to *les Hauts Pyrenées*, and took the route to Lourdes, where we arrived to

dinner, and visited the old castle, which is so imbedded in the mountains that it is only to be seen when almost at its gates. It served as a prison for the English during the war.

The entrance to the town, and the little bridge, from a distance, with the mill by its side, and the rich meadows bespangled with flowers, presented a most ravishing picture. I, who had been so impatient for the returning spring, in order to prosecute my botanical studies, had now an *embarras des richesses*, at every step I took. We passed by the *Pont d'Enfer*; a small, slender arch thrown over a deep ravine, down which roared a mighty torrent, dashing its sprays on high. We wound between steep hills, which were cultivated to their very tops; and notwithstanding that avalanches would sometimes sweep away a whole side of one of them, carrying away the loose soil, and garden, and cottage, at one fell swoop, still no man was discouraged by the losses of his neighbour, but each planted his standard in the jaws of death.

We passed near a village, which had been overwhelmed but a few days before by a mountain of snow falling upon it. Nothing was to be seen but the snow which covered it. Some had been extricated from out of their snowy sepulchre, but not again to revive. These occurrences are frequent at this season, in mountainous countries, the inhabitants of which seem to have to contend with a fifth element. Still how happy man feels among mountains! It is a new life — a new existence; it is a feeling of liberty

— a feeling not to be expressed — of liberty, in a situation which is any thing but free — the liberty of solitude! Pent in it as were by nature's boundaries, and by insuperable barriers, the mind is free by contrast. To climb the mountain top — to wind along its sides — to feel alone, and yet in what society! — to watch the eagle on his lofty eyry — to feel as free as he — (oh! for wings!) to soar — to hear the bear growl, as he pushes his head from his bed of dried leaves — to see the sly wolf skulk along the glen — to hear the torrent rushing down the mountain's side — to see the spray dashed on high from the rock upon which the torrent falls — to see the chasms through which it rushes — to meditate upon the huge masses, which, precipitated from the top of a neighbouring mountain, are travelling towards the ocean, there to form a stratum, which some future submarine volcano shall raise again to form a new world — to see the demonstrations of a former world at every turning of the mountain path, corroborative proofs of a former existence of things — to contemplate time and eternity, and to lose one's self in thought — to measure a block of granite, and find it correspond with a chasm in a neighbouring mountain from which it has been precipitated, and compute the time necessary for its progress from its former to its present station, and lose one's self in conjecture — these are the sensations which such scenery excites; these are the never-failing resources of mountain solitude! These "lift the soul from nature up to nature's God."

I had read Playfair's illustrations of the Huttonian

theory before leaving Edinburgh, and I was now enjoying a practical illustration of his opinions; and unsatisfactory as all theories are, upon such a subject, still the Huttonian appeared to me to have more of probability in its favour, and to be less shackled with conjecture, than any other. It was near the *Devil's Bridge*, that, balancing between the two opinions, I resolved to be a Plutonist. Oh! it was a happy moment, and the bliss of such ignorance showed the folly of wisdom.

We travelled on till nightfall, and halted at a small inn, where we contrived to get some fried ham for supper, and whilst we were busily engaged, we were waited upon by a *gens-d'armes*, who very civilly demanded our passports; for we had quitted the department of the Lower Pyrenees, and it was necessary to have a passport to travel from one department to another. We were unprovided with this necessary article; but as it was evident that we were only travellers — *parfaits Anglais voyageant sans dessein*, we had no further difficulty. We started again at daybreak and reached the foot of Mont Perdu, the pinnacle of the Pyrenees, about noon. In our route we were amused with the sight of the little mills, running, as it were, up the sides of the mountains, to be turned by the torrent, which was running down. Halting awhile, we sat down to bask in the sun, which was almost too powerful to be pleasant, and watched with impatience the clouds hovering over the top of the mountain; and it was only occasionally, and for an instant at a time, that we could catch a glimpse

of the summit of Mont Perdu. As we were ourselves lost in the clouds, we were suddenly roused from our reveries by a tremendous noise, and starting up, and looking towards the direction from whence the sound came, we beheld with admiration an avalanche pouring down from the amphitheatre, which the mountains form in this spot. The snow, loosened by the heat, tumbled down in the form of a cascade, with millions of bright gems sparkling in the sun. It fell perpendicularly upon the plain beneath, and the noise was like thunder. The force with which (falling from such an immense height) it reached the bottom was such as to throw it upwards again, resembling the spray dashed from a rock on which the sea has broken. It was a fine, novel sight.

We had originally intended to visit Bareges and Bagneres, but were informed that it was perfectly useless to proceed farther at this season of the year; for that we should find all buried in snow, and probably no accommodation in the inns. We listened, therefore, to these suggestions, notwithstanding that the heat of the sun falling upon our heads at noon almost gave a contradiction to the assertion, and the melting torrents pouring down from the sides of the rocks and mountains assured us that a few days more would have allowed us to have visited these establishments with satisfaction. We passed on to St. Sauveur, also determining to benefit by the waters. The baths are well arranged. The *baignoir* is of marble, and a tube conducts from the bottom of it into the rock from which the hot

water issues. The waters are highly impregnated with sulphur. After tarrying a day or two among the mountains, and enjoying as much of the scenery as the early season permitted, we returned again to Pau to rejoin the family, and make arrangements for our final departure.

As my professional occupation was now ended, I had only to think of returning home. I would willingly have gone into Spain, but the times were troublesome, and the Spaniards burned heretics. I wished, also, to husband my little means, which I hoped would be sufficient for me until I should find some other opportunity of continuing in my present line, with which I was not ill pleased, unsuccessful as I had been in my first case. I determined then upon returning to England, and, in spite of Cato's injunction, upon returning by sea, which would be more economical, and with good luck in our voyage, more expeditious.

We set out for Bordeaux, again, in the middle of April, but took a very different route. We had had enough of the Landes and corderoy the preceding autumn. We now decided upon trying if the longest road should not prove the shortest, and this we actually found to be the case.

It was not without some feelings of regret, that I took leave of the peaceful Bearnais from whom we had received such kind attentions. Hospitality is not a French virtue, at least, as the English understand this term; but there was, nevertheless, a certain *bonhomie*, about the inhabitants of this province, which

I never met with in any other part of France. It is true that his Lordship was rather a "*rara avis*," in the land, and the people might be less obliging in the sequel, when the town was, as I am informed, filled with English.

We quitted Pau in the afternoon, and, proceeding along a magnificent *chaussée*, arrived at Tarbes to supper; and now, what associations does this name produce in my mind; even at the distance of eleven years, how all revives when once the chord is touched. In the church of Tarbes are deposited the remains of Count ———, with whose brother I have passed nine years of my medical career. It is not so singular, perhaps, that the heads of two illustrious houses should repose at the foot of the Pyrences, but it is singular, that with these two houses alone I have worked up the medical ladder of my life. It is singular, that having interred the bones of one nobleman at Orthez, I should return home and become almost immediately attached to the family of him whose bones are interred at Tarbes. The history of this young man would furnish matter for a novel. Inheriting a splendid fortune and an illustrious name, he lost the former at the gambling table, and sullied, by his debaucheries, the reputation of his family. He fell a victim to a disease brought on by dissipation, and died the death of Lazarus. He is interred at Tarbes. I saw his monument.

We proceeded by Agen and Auche to Bordeaux, well pleased at our experiment. The country was every where beautiful, and the goodness of the roads

left us no regret for adding a few leagues to our route, but which spared ploughing through the Landes, and disjointing our bones over the corduroy.

Upon arriving at Bordeaux, I found that a new schooner, fitted up in a superior style, had just arrived on her first trip from Southampton, whither she was again bound in a few days. I had nicked my time, and after taking cordial leave of the family, from which I had received every kindness, I embarked on the first of May, on board the Britannia.

There were only three passengers besides myself. The wind was not fair, so that we dropped down slowly with the stream on a fine evening, admiring the banks of the Garonne, now rich in vegetation; for here the season was far advanced, and it seemed to be already summer. At nightfall the spires of the cathedral were still visible. I climbed the mast to take a long and last farewell of one of the finest cities in Europe. I was still young and enthusiastic, and I found myself about to quit a country in which I had passed eight months so pleasantly; and forgetting, perhaps, how much this enjoyment was attributable to my patrons, I felt as if I could have remained there for ever. I could say, at least, with Mary Stuart, "That my heart was still there."

The wind rising from a different quarter during the night, we found ourselves by sunrise at the junction of the Dordogne with the Garonne, where the united rivers take the name of Gironde. It is a beautiful sight to see two mighty rivers flowing side by side, separated by a point of land, and then to

watch them roll into each other, and form a common stream. The scenery of the banks is, at this point, ravishing. At sunset we were in the open sea. The line of demarcation, between the muddy water of the Gironde, as it widens into the deep blue ocean, was very striking to the eye. A pilot came on board to conduct us safely through the sands.

We had a fellow-passenger, who afforded us much amusement: he gave us convincing proofs of the absurdity of attempting to farm a foreign soil. His brother had quitted England some time previously, with the intention of cultivating some land which would pay him well for the investment of his money. He had also the philanthropic wish to introduce the system of English husbandry into France. He had either purchased, or rented, a large farm in the neighbourhood of Bayonne, and had imported many implements of husbandry from England; he imported also English labourers. In place, however, of teaching the French how to cultivate their land, they very soon taught his labourers not to cultivate their own. The English soon began to drink and quarrel with the natives, and the first of his disasters was the necessity he was under, of sending home, at his own expense, all his English labourers. He was then compelled to employ the natives, who, little disposed to reform any of their habits, would only cultivate the land in their own way. In fact, the trial had completely failed; and instead of getting a per-centage for his capital, he lost the whole of it. His brother informed us that his dairy was the most profitable part of his establish-

ment; for he kept nine cows, and he bought no butter, nor did he — sell any, he observed!

The wind rose in the night, and the morning found us rolling in the bay of Biscay. We were forty-eight hours under storm stay-sails, the sea rolling mountains high, and every wave seeming ready to swallow us up. The mast quivered to the gale; every thing below was turned upside down; chairs, tables, utensils of all kinds, strewed the floor in a disjointed state. Those who were disposed to eat got into a corner, and held on with one hand to enable them to gnaw the bone which they held in the other. For my part, I took the Dutchman's advice, and went to bed until the storm was over, keeping my head tight down upon my pillow, the only way to prevent sea sickness. The fourth day we made the Land's End, enveloped in a fog, which continued all the time that we beat up the Channel.

CHAP. V.

RETURN TO THAVIES INN. INTRODUCED TO AN ECCENTRIC CHARACTER. DISCUSSIONS ON HUNTER'S THEORY OF LIFE. PARTIALITY OF STRANGER TO GOOSEBERRY PIE AND CUSTARDS. AUTHOR OF DR. SYNTAX. HIS EPITAPH WRITTEN BY HIMSELF. CANVASS FOR DISPENSARY. MAKE A SPEECH. CANVASS VOTES. MODE OF PROCEDURE. LOSE MY ELECTION. BECOME A LICENTIATE OF COLLEGE. HAPPY QUOTATION. PROSPECTS OF AGAIN GOING ABROAD. AM FINALLY ENGAGED TO RESIDE IN THE FAMILY OF A FOREIGN PRINCE. REFLECTIONS ON BIDDING FAREWELL TO LONDON.

It was on the 8th of May that we arrived in one of the most picturesque and beautiful parts of our island — Southampton water. I proceeded direct to London, and repaired to my old quarters in Thavies Inn, where I found things much as I had left them. I determined to remain quietly here, till I could decide finally upon the expediency of pitching my tent in London, or again travelling abroad. My medical friends advised my adopting the former plan; I was disposed to embrace the latter.

"You must write a book," said the old gentleman to me, just as he awoke from his nap in the back parlour. "I want to see you write a book. Where are the young ladies?" And he took a pinch of snuff, and yawned again in his chair. "You may make it extremely interesting, and any of your friends will give it a dash of science for you. The

mineral springs in Germany are good food for a physician, and they are of as much service to him at home as abroad." When I was told that I must write a book, and that it would be extremely interesting, I began to think that I had more talent than I was aware of. I replied, however, modestly, that my peregrinations had extended only to one foreign country, and I could not well write upon the German springs unless I had really visited them. "No necessity in the world," he replied, "for leaving the city; you will find every thing that you want without going a mile from your own door." He then gave me such instructions upon the subject as almost made me believe I had been on the spot, which he told me how to describe.

"A young physician must publish himself into practice," he continued, "or he will find it an uphill concern. I have helped more than one in this way. Nay, John Hunter was the worst writer that ever took a pen in hand. I wrote his essay on the teeth for him, and it was a hard job too; for not only could I not understand him, but he evidently did not comprehend his own meaning. It was an Herculean labour to him to compose a sentence, and a week's work to make it intelligible, and yet he was a most extraordinary man, and the most laborious one I ever knew. I cannot necessarily know any thing of his medical reputation, but I believe that it stands very high." I replied in the affirmative, that it certainly stood very high; but that posterity judged very differently of his talents. Even John

Hunter, I replied, has become a party question in this age of cant.

The old man laughed heartily at this idea, and begged me to explain what I meant. It was difficult to do so, without going very generally into the author's views and theories of different things. To touch upon the subject of life is at all times a dangerous experiment, and to reason upon life with a man, who, like my companion, had eked out eighty years of existence, was, as it were, taking owls to Athens. I allude, I continued, to the controversies which have occurred lately between two eminent professors; one of whom has built up all his theories upon the foundation, which he considers Mr. Hunter has laid in identifying life with electricity; the other, who denies that any such inference is to be deduced from any of Mr. Hunter's writings, and is said to be his antagonist, and one of the new school which confounds life with organisation, or, in other words, French atheism.

"There is nothing more atheistical, I think, in confounding life with organisation, than in ascribing it to electricity," said the old man. "Both seem to forget that organisation and electricity have their origin somewhere, and where but with Him who created all things, and without whom nothing was created, which is created." I do not think that either of them precisely forgets this, I continued, but their enemies are very prone to forget it for them.

"Whence all this controversy? Why not be

satisfied, that, whether life is added to matter, or results from matter; is a function of it, if you please — is the finger which plays upon the instrument, or is the tone which proceeds from it; what has this to do with provoking ill blood, or causing schism in your profession?" It involves metaphysical controversy, I replied, and finally terminates in cant. The enemies of John Hunter say, that you have no proof of the identity of life with electricity, and have you any means of definition of life which is not the result of organisation?

"Those who contend for a principle of life say that if it is organisation, then it perishes with the organ, and does it not?" replied my mentor. Then what becomes of the soul? "What," says the old man, who roused himself at the sound of "soul," from the sleep into which he was relapsing, "and pray what has this to do with the soul?" I made no reply. "The soul goes to God, who gave it; but there is no more proof that life and the soul are identical, than there is that electricity and life are identical. May not the soul be added to life, as life is added to matter?" Be it so, I replied.

"I would not recommend you, my young friend, to touch upon this subject in your book; it will do you no good, nor indeed have you any very clear ideas upon the matter." I bowed assent, and asked him which mineral waters I should first describe? As he was about to commence, we were interrupted by the arrival of the young ladies, who, as usual, ran up to him and embraced him as a father. "Is

there any of the gooseberry pie remaining, my dears," exclaimed the old man. "Pray let me have some of it." The girls ran out of the room, and the gooseberry pie and custards were soon ushered in. He ate eleven of the latter, and as much of the pie as the custards could cover; and in order to direct the attention of the company from his plate, he related an anecdote of the Lord Mayor's feast, where the deficiency of gooseberry tarts had nearly put to rout the whole Common Council.

And who was this old man, so fond of metaphysics and gooseberry pie? Who this patriarch with hoary head and furrowed cheek, who, not bent down by the infirmities of old age, proved that man can physically and morally laugh at four-score. Read his epitaph written by himself, and it will afford a true picture of what he once was. It was only in his latter years that I knew him, and then even it was impossible to suppose that he ever could have been younger. Replete with anecdote, and polished in his manners, he won the affections of all who knew him; and notwithstanding the mystery attached to his history, you forgot all that conjecture could suggest, in the fund of entertainment which his conversation afforded. He possessed that inimitable art of suiting his conversation to his company, having first, by an indescribable means, ascertained the bearings of their understanding, and the elevation of their intellects. He then ingeniously entered upon such topics as they could readily meet, and by a power of conversational arrangement, allow them to suppose that they were leading the conver-

sation, when they were in reality but passive listeners to what he said. "As you just observed, and with much justice," so he would tell them something quite new, which, by the manner of doing it, they believed in reality they had themselves told him.

It was the author of "Dr. Syntax," who visited in the family where I then resided. I know not what was his chief attraction in this quarter, unless it were the gooseberry pies and custards, which he certainly demolished with a peculiar gusto. His anecdotes, which seemed to spring fresh from the bottom of an inexhaustible well, paid amply for the cost of the mountains of pastry which he consumed. He was of that age, when the appetite is often apparently morbid, and the stomach receives as much again as in the prime of life. It is not able however to grind all the meal out of the husk, as formerly; and cannot extract the same quantity of nutriment from the same mass, as when the juices are more abundant. All that is taken in may be called food, but not all nourishment. There were a few things in the old man's habits which were not very agreeable. He uniformly fell asleep before the cloth was wholly removed from the dinner table, and he was rather negligent in his person. His conversation, however, was always most polished, and the outer was forgotten in the inner man. He often brought us his manuscripts of Syntax's Tour, to read, as he took them to the printer's, and always insisted upon it, that he had not the slightest idea, nor even taste, for poetry. He was the author of Lord Littleton's Letters, and the famous

ghost story, which once produced a sensation in the moral world. He considered this as the best of his productions, and I should agree with him. Although a most voluminous writer, he never put his name to any thing he wrote. He was supposed by us all to live within the rules of the Bench, and his peregrinations did not seem to extend much beyond the prescribed limits. He was a mortal enemy to physic, and had done without it for eighty years; but he believed physicians to be the most useful, as well as the most learned body of men living; he had implicit faith in them. Many of his early years were passed in France, but he was quite an Antigallican, and allowed the French credit for nothing. He often repeated, what he said was Voltaire's definition of his countrymen — a combination of the tiger and the monkey. I have never met with this in any of Voltaire's works; it is probably of oral tradition, and may be true or false.

In his will we find the following appeal to his executors: — "Whether there will be any desire, or rather means of suspending a piece of marble over my grave, I have my doubts."

"VIR FUIT NEC SINE DOCTRINA,
NEC SINE SERMONUM AC MORUM SUAVITATE;
VIXIT NEC SINE PIETATE ERGA DEUM,
NEC SINE HONESTA DE NUMINE EJUS OPINIONE,
NEC VERO SINE PECCATIS MULTIS,
NEC TAMEN SINE SPE SALUTIS
A DOMINO CLEMENTISSIMO IMPETRANDÆ."

I have little to say of the two years which I passed in the city of London, after my return from my first

expedition. The only feature which I shall dwell upon in this period of my history is the election canvass for a dispensary; and this always forms an important epoch in a medical career. No county election is carried on with more zeal than the election of a physician to a dispensary in London. There is as much bribery in the latter as in the former, and the longest purse is sure to get the day. It will be inquired whether it is honour or emolument which is so contested; for on these occasions it will be difficult to decide between the two; but the fact really is, that a public situation is considered by most, and by those especially who do not enjoy such advantages, as a certain introduction to practice.

I was informed by my friend, Dr. ———, who never lost any opportunity of being of service to me, that there was an embryo dispensary in contemplation, and that I must put myself upon the lists. He informed me, also, that he had mentioned me as a fit person to fill the situation, and there was no doubt of my success, if the thing came to a canvass. Upon inquiry, however, I soon found that there were more candidates than myself in the field; but as two physicians were to be elected, and as there were but four candidates, I was pretty sure of my election. I set about the business, however, very awkwardly, and paid dear for my simplicity. The first step upon all such occasions is to procure testimonials from medical men of note as to qualifications and eligibility, and as I had no difficulty in doing this, so I was the more encouraged, as I thought the people could not resist

such testimony as I was enabled, through my printer, to put into their hands. These testimonials were printed and distributed among all the true and false subscribers to this new institution; and the next operation was to go round and canvass each person individually. This was a difficult part of the business, and a great loss of time and emolument to a physician in *full* practice, for I strove to persuade the electors that such was *my* case.

There was to be a meeting held at a Public-house, in the mean time, to make the arrangements necessary for the day of election, and the appointment of different officers; and it was necessary that all the candidates should be present. My friend, Dr. ———, a fellow candidate, who assured me that my success was as much at heart to him as his own, and that he should not have any pleasure in being elected, if I were not his colleague, invited me to dine with him, and drove me in his *voiture expectante* to the meeting in the evening. We started in good spirits, and both agreed not to speak upon the occasion, unless it were peremptorily demanded of us.

The meeting was well attended. The exciseman was the president, and his son was the secretary, and a candidate, also, for the secretaryship to the institution. The minutes of the last meeting were read over, and it was resolved that two physicians, two surgeons, an apothecary, and a secretary, were to form the complement of officers to the dispensary. It was further resolved that the physicians must be members of the college, and that the surgeons must be pure surgeons,

neither accoucheurs nor apothecaries being eligible to the situation.

This resolution gave rise to a little discussion, and my friend, who had been sitting quietly by me all the time, turned towards me as if moved by the spirit, and said, we must speak. Just as you like, I replied; I am not prepared. He chuckled at this information, and immediately rose and made so eloquent an oration, that the whole assembly were silenced by his learning. He asked me how it went off. Admirably well, I replied; and he was squeezing my hand, when to his astonishment he saw me rise, and heard me open my battery in his ears. I know not whose speech was the most approved of, but I know that I spoke five minutes longer than he did, and thought that I had gained the day. I sat down amidst tremendous applause.—Well, how did it go off, I said. Very well, he replied; I had no idea that you were such an orator.

The fact is, that some years before, and when I was a student, I had composed a speech, which, with slight alterations, would serve for all occasions. It was like the sermon in Tristram Shandy; it would suit any text, and any text would suit it. I had spoken it first in a medical society in London, when a paper was read upon the vital principle. It was then the first essay—"The lost virginity of oratory,"—and it went off with applause.

I next spoke it two seasons afterwards in the Royal Medical Society in Edinburgh, when a paper upon the symptoms of death was discussed by that society.

Here it gained me also some credit; but as between life and death there is but little difference, so the speech required no change, except the substitution of one of these terms for the other.

It required some slight changes upon the third trial, when I was to hold forth to a society of ladies upon the subject of negro emancipation. Still it was the same speech; "for what is life (I exclaimed in summing up) to the slave, is it not death? As long as we are slaves, we cease to live; as long as we are free, we can never die."

I had now, with a few additions and amendments, which did not change the spirit of the bill, made it serve as a palatable dish to a committee of cheesemongers and green-grocers, who formed the committee for the establishment of this new dispensary. The negro emancipation stood me in good service, and suited the original well. "We hear of slavery, gentlemen, and of the slave being better off than the poor labourer; should not we blush to allow the truth of such an assertion? And let me put the question to you, and ask you what is the situation of that man stretched upon the bed of sickness, without the means of procuring such assistance as his case requires. See his helpless ..... wife (a shudder passed through the whole assembly), and his famished children imploring that assistance, which, when in health, he could afford them. See him point to his parched tongue; see his anguished lip quiver as he tries to articulate; see him raise himself upon his bed — I should say bedstead, gentlemen, for already has his bed been pawned

for a few necessaries of life — he attempts to raise himself, and he swoons away; his wife and children believe him to be dead, for between life and death there is but a line fixed, and when we see a fellow-creature in a swoon, can we say what life is? Can we say what is death? It is to rescue fellow-creatures from such a state that your British hearts throb in your bosoms; nay, gentlemen, it is to share your lot with the sufferer, that you have met together this evening."

The following day I commenced my canvass, and to my utter surprise, I found that my competitors had every where preceded me, although I started as soon as I conveniently could after breakfast. I hired a gig upon this occasion, for the greater number of voters resided in the suburbs. I had the mortification of tracing the wheels of Dr.———'s *voiture expectante* wherever I went; still I was well received by most, and many complimented me upon my speech of the preceding evening. It was somewhat difficult, however, to decide upon one's mode of procedure, and to shape one's words to all the motley folk whom I had to canvass, particularly, as two thirds of them were dissenters; and I, being a son of the church, had been brought up in other principles. This was previous to the repeal of the Test and Corporation Act.

I found the curate's wife and children seated at dinner, eating black currant pudding, which I pronounced to be very wholesome; and seeing no wine upon the table, expatiated upon the properties of small beer, which indeed might be better, would the

government do away with the tax; but it was still the drink of the English.

"We cannot afford wine, Doctor," exclaimed the lady, as she finished wiping the children's mouths, all stained with the pudding; "but the time was, when we could put as good a bottle of Port upon the table as the Vicar, and so we shall again, as soon as my husband gets possession of his living."

God grant it may be soon, I replied; I know of no finer cordial than a glass of good Port, when taken in moderation.

"Pray, sir, to what are we indebted for the honour of this visit?"

Your worthy husband is, I think, a subscriber to this new society, which is greatly wanted. I may perhaps be found worthy of his confidence, though it is a responsible situation to look after the health of the poor; but I must do my duty, and our recompense is not here, I added, looking upwards. "Amen!" cried a little boy, who, having finished stuffing in his pudding, supposed that I was saying grace.

"My husband has not promised his vote, I believe, but he will be here presently, if you have time to wait and see him yourself. It is a heavy tax upon us to pay a guinea a year to a dispensary."

True, madam; but you know your servants will be attended gratuitously, and receive medicine free of expense.

"And will not these medicines do for the children also?"

Unquestionably, madam.

"We do not grudge any thing, sir, when it is for the poor; and I am sure my husband will give you his vote."

It is not so much the vote of your worthy partner, as the sanction of his name, which I desire, madam. Well, little clerk, patting the cheek of the little boy who called out Amen, do not you be the first to send for the dispensary physician.

"Oh, no, my family is very healthy; and I find that a black currant pudding once a week is as good as a dose of physic to them."

The most wholesome diet that they can eat, madam, and I made my bow.

From thence I proceeded to the butcher's shop; and passing by the dead carcasses of the once bleating quadrupeds, found the owner in a little back parlour smoking his pipe, and drinking his grog, and resting one foot upon a small stool.

"Before you ask me for my vote, Doctor, for I see by your cut that you be one, and I have been bothered by three of these chaps already this afternoon, tell me what is good for the gout."

There are two kinds of gout, I replied, Mr. Bullman; one is called atonic gout, and arises from poorness of blood and general debility of the system; indeed it should be kept rather above than below the mark—a little brandy and water corrects the acidity in the stomach, which is the origin of all gout; but small beer, Mr. Bullman—tea and small beer—avoid them as you would poison; they are the origin of chalk stones, and stiff joints, and all that host of evils which

you will observe that slop-drinkers are always subject to.

"Well, blow me tight, if you ben't the only clever man of all the lot that have been to bother me to-day. I never could take a cup of tea, nor drink a glass of swipes, but I always was forced to qualify it afterwards with a glass of spirits; and though I do suffer from the gout ——" and his leg gave him such a twinge, that he swore like a trooper. "The gout is what you call, Doctor, a healthy complaint. I think people don't die of the gout, do they?"

No, unless it gets to the stomach or head, Mr. Bullman —— "And what then?" exclaimed the man, half mad with terror, having had it in both these situations — And then, I replied, a good glass of pure brandy is the only thing to drive it back again to the extremities. Gout, sir, is much less understood than people imagine; they always confound the two species, and many a life has been lost by the use of the lancet, when a little stimulus would have put all to rights.

"They shall never bleed me, though," and he made another glass, rather stiff, of the brandy.

Moderation, Mr. Bullman, moderation: remember that the greatest blessings may become curses if they be used improvidently; and although I told you that you required a generous treatment, I did not mean to imply that you must take any thing in excess.

"No, but, Doctor, I feel something queer about my stomach, and I am afraid it is the gout getting there."

No, I replied, it is only the fear of it.

"Doctor, you are an honest man, and I will give you my vote with all my heart, and so shall my brother too," and he gave me his hand; and taking leave of me with a horrid grasp, asked if I would not come to him should the gout fly to his stomach or head.

These are thrifty times, Mrs. Stump, and you know the old proverb, that "a stitch in time saves nine." So did I address an old dowager, who was busily employed in mending her stockings, and who hardly condescended to take her spectacles from her nose to look at me.

Women in dispensary elections enjoy the same privileges that the peers do in parliament: they can vote by proxy. I did not so fully understand this then, as I did upon the day of election; but I was anxious to get as many votes from the fair sex as I could. I attacked my fair voter in all possible ways. I praised her thrifty habits. She smiled contemptuously. I admired four cats which lay upon the rug, and perfumed the room. I praised the stuffed parrot, and wondered how the machine for winding cotton could get into the glass bottle, which stood upon the chimney piece. I could obtain nothing but a grunt; nor did she even inquire concerning the object of my visit. She sat at the window, and went on with her stockings. Her window looked towards the parish church, which the bricklayers were white-washing. They are licking the outside of the platter, madam, I exclaimed, as a last attempt, and I pointed to the

church. She threw down her stockings, pulled her spectacles from her nose, and, rising from her arm-chair, asked me, in a most angry tone, if I meant to insult her in her own house, by daring to attack that most sacred of buildings. Recovering my breath and senses at the same time, I replied — It would ill become me, madam, who am a clergyman's son, to speak irreverently of an institution in whose principles I have been bred and educated.

"Yes, sir, but you speak disrespectfully of the building; and though your father may be a clergyman, perhaps he is one of those faithless sons of the church who would either pull her to the ground, or convert her into a conventicle. A false friend is worse than an open enemy; although, sir, if I may judge by your expressions, you belong to the latter class."

During the time the old lady was employed in these lamentations, I had time to look round, and make a survey of the apartment; and casting my eyes towards the glass case, I observed Mant's Bible, bound in morocco. Had I seen this before, I should have shaped my course differently. How to get out of the scrape I knew not. I thought, however, under the present circumstances, that scepticism would go down better than fanaticism, with which I would charge my colleagues. Humming a little, I commenced by begging pardon for making use of expressions, which I should not myself have tolerated from any body else. But you know, madam, there is an old proverb, that the nearer the church the farther

from God; and they say that a parson's son is never so religious as his father.

"True enough," she exclaimed, "and if you were only in joke ——" she continued.

We should not even joke, madam, in these matters; for the establishment demands all the care we can bestow upon it. But you know, madam, that when we are young, we talk about mother church rather cavalierly, and yet, when sick or old, we pray to be taken into her bosom.

"Yes, sir, happy those who have such a consolation to flee to."

A great drawback to me in the canvass, I replied, arises from the circumstance of there being so many dissenters among the voters.

"Sir, you shall have my vote, and you should have twenty, if I had them to give; but I understand that there are two physicians to be elected — I will give my other vote to whom you please to name."

Madam, you are very kind, but my competitors are all dissenters.

"They shall not have my vote, then; you shall have a plumper. Tell me now, in good truth (for already I had gained the affections of the old woman), tell me your object in addressing me as you did; and throwing out such disrespectful hints against the church?"

Why, to tell you the truth ——

"Stop," she said, "you will not do that. I will tell it you — you took me for a methodist, and so

you thought that you could gain me by such common tricks as those men resort to."

I blushed assent, but sure of my cause. All things to all people, you know, to win some, perhaps.

"But not me by such tricks as those. You are a free-thinker, I see; but any thing is better than a methodist; and you shall have my vote. Call again as you pass by; you may perhaps find that I may help you in your canvass."

It was now drawing towards evening, and I had exhausted all my patience; but as I passed by the last house in ——— Square, I thought I would step in and see what was to be done. A servant in livery ushered me into the drawing-room, where I found a charming pretty woman engaged at the tea-table, and her husband in a dressing gown reclining upon a sofa. They are newly married, I thought to myself, and I sighed that I was a bachelor. The husband rose, and asked the purpose of my visit. I come to solicit your vote, sir, for the election to the dispensary. I am Dr. ——, presenting my card (the most awkward thing to do in the world), and I must really apologise for breaking into your evening amusements upon such an occasion.

"Not at all, sir, but I am not a subscriber."

A thousand pardons, sir. Had I known the disagreeable and irksome task which is imposed upon me, I should never have attempted the canvass.

"Pray be seated, sir. My dear, will you offer Doctor —— a cup of tea?" Who could refuse any

thing from such an angelic creature? I had not yet dined; but could I put away the tea?

"Have you had much success in your canvass?"

I hardly know, sir. Were I to judge from the *promises*, I should say yes; but if I am to judge from the *promisers*, I should say no.

"My dear, the Doctor has a bad opinion of your neighbours." The lady smiled, and offered me another cup, which I declined. "I think it must be a great bore to fag yourself to death."

And for what? I continued — to be a dispensary doctor! Many a man comes into parliament with less trouble, even at a contested election; but as I have entered the list, I must go to the poll.

"Well, sir, I wish you success, and think you deserve it for your trouble."

This was an introduction which proved to me of great service in the sequel.

The day of election at length arrived, and I repaired with my three colleagues to the polling. I have before observed, that ladies voted by proxy. I had secured two thirds of the bona fide subscribers, as I could prove by my books. What was my astonishment, when, towards the close, the candidate whom I feared the least created upwards of a hundred old women, whose proxies threw me into the minority! I was in a rage to find myself so jockied; and the directors were in a rage, and a council was called, and a law was passed which prevented such proceedings for the future, but had no retrospective influence, and it did not help me.

This was my first and last attempt at obtaining a situation by public favour. I made the best of my disappointment, and attributed my defeat to bribery and corruption. There was one circumstance, however, which militated against me, and which my adversaries took advantage of during the last day of the canvass. They ascertained that I was not a licentiate of Warwick Lane. It was true in part: I had not passed through the whole ordeal, which takes three months for its accomplishment; but I had got through one, and the most important, examination; and it was necessary for me to nullify this procedure of my competitors. I found, upon examining the qualification for the office of physician to the famous institution, that I must be a member of the college, or be eligible by education to become so. This was a sufficient saving clause, and I obtained a certificate from the registrar of the college to this effect. The mischief, however, was not so easily repaired as committed. I was anxious to accomplish this, therefore, as soon as possible, and in the course of two months I had no more to fear in any future canvass from this omission. As far as licences were concerned, I could practise in London and seven miles round, and hold all the public medical offices in the metropolis.

I found that these credentials did not much increase my practice, and that, whatever I might say to the contrary, I was doing little or nothing. My friends all persuaded me that I must not be discouraged, and cited the memorable examples of various men of eminence, who received no remuneration for years after

their establishing themselves in practice. This was all very flattering, but there was the difference, that these said physicians had all of them private fortunes to live upon, whereas I had no such advantage. The winter was approaching, and dark gloomy November gave me a fit of the spleen. I strove to disperse it by various means, particularly by joining different societies, which held their meetings weekly; and as each meeting was preceded by a good dinner, with a glass or two of good wine, I found myself better upon all these occasions. I worked hard at my profession; saw many poor sick, and attended the hospital, which was within my reach; so that I kept myself continually before the profession, as it is styled, or in other words, kept up and increased my medical connections. I published also some cases and essays in the different medical journals, and certainly neglected no means which might contribute to my future success.

It has been said by some one, that history is the romance of life, and that the romance of life is history. So have I ever found it, and never more so than at this period. I had been amusing myself in my leisure hours (I will not say how numerous they were), with reading some of the Latin classics, and, having still a retentive memory, could commit to it many of the most striking passages. I had been dipping into Lucretius, one of my favourite authors, and had much of his verse at command.

I had been suffering from a local complaint for some time, a continued relaxation and elongation of the uvula, which London air always produces with

me; and I called upon Mr. ——, a surgeon in ——. He received me with that suavity and urbanity which were always characteristic of him, and told me what to do, begging me to call again upon him in a few days. I did so, and being better myself, was sorry to find him suffering from a nervous affection.

"Can you tell me what is good for nervous deafness?" he asked me in an irritated tone; "I shall lose my hearing altogether; what is good for it?"

"Remove the nervousness, and the deafness will depart," I replied, "out at the same gate," and remembering Lucretius, I continued: "*Lenis enim mens est et mire mobilis ipsa.*" He rallied immediately.

"Oh, you have hit the mark," he exclaimed, "you know me too well already. Will you dine with me to-morrow? I have a few medical friends."

I bowed assent, and repaired at the usual hour, when I was introduced to the family.

Fortune favours the brave; and it happened that I took an active part in the dinner conversation, my mind being stored with the topics which by chance turned up. I remember it was upon the migration of birds, a subject which from my intimacy with the late Dr. Leach had interested me a great deal. I paid, indeed, almost daily visits at that time to the British Museum.

The day passed off gaily. I played my rubber, made another happy quotation, as I dealt—

"Troy owes to Homer what whist owes to Hoyle,"

and turned up a trump. The rubber finished, I made my bow and departed. A few days afterwards, I re-

ceived a three-cornered note, begging me to call at my leisure. I soon found leisure to call, and going into the room, Mr. —— met me, and putting a packet of letters into my hand, told me to take them home, and read them at my convenience. "If the thing will suit you,— and I must apologise to you for making the application, — pray let me know before to-morrow's post. I am too much engaged to talk over the matter with you at present."

I hurried home, as may well be imagined, to examine the contents of this packet, from which, through the influence of secret presentiment, I anticipated much good. It proved to be a request from —— to engage a physician to reside five years in Paris in a nobleman's family. A *carte blanche* was left as to terms, and the recommendation of my friend was all that seemed required to insure me the situation. I need not say that I accepted the offer, and authorised my friend to arrange the business for me.

"We think more," says Dr. Johnson, "of what we shall do, than of what we are doing;" and so did I pass some months in conjectures, as to what might be the result of this appointment. The winter passed away, however, without my receiving any further communication, and I began to think, as did indeed my friend, that some other arrangement had been made. As in all romances, however, heroes and heroines are rescued from inevitable destruction just at the moment when all but hope has left them, so in my romance of life, I received a letter stating that all

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was finally arranged, and begging me to proceed to Paris as soon as my convenience would allow me.

It is a great blessing not to have friends and relations to take leave of, upon quitting one's country for any length of time. All those parting sayings and doings — the "God bless you's," "be careful of your health," "write often," — all are great abominations and drawbacks to the pleasure one experiences in leaving one's home.

The heart-breaking and rending scenes which departures are said sometimes to generate, were spared me in my case, and I must do myself the credit to say that I was not missed even by my tailor. I took an affectionate leave of all my patients; explained to them the reasons of my departure from London; assured them of my never-ceasing solicitude for their happiness and welfare, and hoping that the time might still arrive when I should see them all again in good health.

Farewell, a long farewell to London, then. Adieu to the plans which I had originally formed of working myself by slow degrees into practice. Why abandon the chace? Why leave the helm in the calm? Impatience — want of means to support appearances, which could eventually support me. I felt with the Roman senator, who being convicted of altering a will in his favour, pleaded in excuse, "that he believed poverty to be the greatest of evils." So also, says Juvenal, "*ridiculos homines facit*," and that is the hardest part of it.

I cannot forget, however, the prophecies of those

who would have dissuaded me from my present undertaking. They were friends, who, without making any greater sacrifice than what I had really a right to suppose that they would have made in my favour, might have prevented, by affording me the means of remaining where I was, the results they anticipated from my quitting this field of action. "I know the ardour of youth, the pleasure of patronage, the pride of connection, and the promises which they hold out; but still I think you are wrong in leaving London. You are engaged at all events in the practical study of your profession. Have patience, and emolument will come at last. You leave practical life to give way to luxurious indolence; you have no stimulus to positive exertion; you will lose professional knowledge rather than increase it; and at the end of your engagement you will find yourself less able to practise than you are at present."

This is an extract from a letter I received from an old relation, who never helped me when he was living, and refused even to lend me fifty pounds when I was really in want of it. Was it not too tempting to accept an offer which would provide for me for many years of my life under almost any circumstances? Now that I reflect upon what has passed, after twelve years' probation, I must come to the conclusion of my old relation, that I did an unwise thing. I cannot embody my ideas upon the subject better than I have done in another publication, and I will refer to it here.*

* Observations on Medical Reform.

All the philosophy of the morning vanishes after dinner, as it has been said, and all the prospects of doing better yield to the certainty of doing well. Five hundred per annum for five annums was not to be rejected, and I found myself again at Dover.

CHAP. VI.

FRENCH CUSTOM-HOUSE. MEURICE'S HOTEL. WAIT UPON P——. MISTAKE RECTIFIED. INTRODUCED TO PRINCE ——, AT HIS HOTEL. DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. CHARACTER OF PRINCE. CHEF DE CUISINE. HIS DISINTERESTED CONDUCT. POLISH SECRETARY. VALET DE CHAMBRE. CONTRAST BETWEEN RUSSIAN AND FRENCH VALET. INFLUENCE OF RELIGION.

BUT how different were the feelings upon the present occasion! In the year 1819 no steamboat plied between Dover and Calais; now the mail was daily conveyed by this means, and instead of being tossed about for seven long hours with a strong head wind, I was comfortably seated upon the deck, without the trouble of surmising how long I should be upon the passage.

Upon arriving in Calais, I had some little difficulty in getting my medicine chest through the custom-house, and had not my doctorial title been specified in my passport, I should not have succeeded. This perhaps is the only time that I ever found any advantage in my travels from such specification. I would recommend my colleagues to sink the title of doctor in travelling abroad, if they wish to be considered as gentlemen. The term doctor in France is decidedly *canaille*.

As I was seated at Meurice's *table-d'hôte*, I ob-

served that a gentlemanly looking man eyed me with a significant glance, and with that kind of smile which says, Who shall speak first? I answered his look with an invitation to commence conversation, and he opened by saying, "I think, sir, that you are going to relieve my brother." I hardly knew what he meant, nor how to reply to him. He soon saved me the trouble, however, by continuing, "My brother is physician to ——. He is now with the family in Paris, but is anxious to return to England, and is indeed only awaiting your arrival to retrace his steps homewards."

The dispute which occurred at the custom-house about my medicine chest had let my fellow traveller into my history. I was pleased to have the society of so gentlemanly a man, as he proved to be, during the uninteresting journey from Calais to Paris; but I merely introduce him here to state an observation which he made *en route*, and which was verified six years afterwards. "The French will never rest, until they have placed the Orleans family on the throne." Nor even then, perhaps, I replied: the iron hand with the velvet glove can alone keep them within proper bounds.

The journey was less tiresome, enlivened by the agreeable conversation of my companion. I had passed over the same ground four years before, and only felt the difference of the sensation which arises from diminished enthusiasm, the loss of novelty, and from seeing things as they really are, and not as we wish to make them appear.

We went to Meurice's in Paris, and dined together; my travelling companion despatching a messenger after dinner to his brother to inform him of his arrival, and of mine. The following morning I received a letter from my fellow-traveller, informing me that his brother, the doctor, would be most happy to make my acquaintance, and begging me to call the same day at six o'clock at ——'s hotel. The letter had no date, so that I was obliged to consult *l'almanach des addresses*, to find the residence. Having succeeded in finding it, I put on my silks, and arrived about dinner time in the *Rue des Evêques*, where the hotel was situated. The porter, seeing me well dressed, allowed me to gain the staircase, and the valet in waiting, influenced by the same appearances, announced me to his master, who was in an adjoining room. "*Que veut-il de moi, où est-il?*" said a squeaking, nasal twang, as it issued with its instrument from out the door which led from the cabinet to the room in which I was standing, not in the most pleasant position imaginable. "*Que voulez-vous, Monsieur?*" I replied that my name was ——. I had just arrived from London, and inquired if I was not addressing ——. "*Oui, mais que voulez-vous?*"

I had been in this position long enough to view the exterior of a being who seemed the refuse of creation; a pale squalid figure, a lean spindle-shanked, red-haired, morbid looking skeleton; covered with scars (not made by the sword) from head to foot. I hardly knew how to reply to this abrupt "*que voulez-vous?*"

twice repeated. I felt embarrassed, and was feeling in my pocket for *mes lettres de créance,* when another and a very different sort of tone reached my ear. "*C'est-moi, c'est-moi,*" and lo, and behold! a second Falstaff issued from the same aperture which had let pass his scraggy relation, "*Je suis enchanté de vous voir, Monsieur. J'espère que vous avez fait un bon voyage. Vous n'avez pas reçu une lettre du Docteur?*" I replied in the affirmative, but observed that there was no mention made of the part of the town where I was to find his Excellency. "*Ah comme c'est bête, vous vous êtes trompé donc. Je demeure dans la Rue de——, et j'espère d'avoir le plaisir de vous voir demain.*" I bowed acquiescence, delivered my letters, and retired.

Upon returning to Meurice's late at night, I informed my travelling companion of my adventures, and of the reception I had experienced from the two personages. He laughed heartily, and the more so, as he knew what a dilemma I must have been in, speaking the language too imperfectly to explain myself thoroughly.

I shall sketch, in brief detail, the characters of the *dramatis personæ* in whose society I was soon initiated.

The Prince, then, was a man who lived for the day, and only thought of the morrow as able to procure him possibly more entertainment than the day. He seldom read, and if he did, it was only a pamphlet, or the last new novel published by Avocat. With politics he never troubled himself, or he had, perhaps, been too much troubled by them. As

regarded general literature, however, he seemed to be quite *au fait;* he knew the merits of most authors, and could equally point out their defects. Speak of chemistry, he seemed thoroughly acquainted with the principles of the science. Physics he had a natural talent for, and was often occupied in inventing some plan to counteract the loss in vertical motion. He was a very fair mathematician. He was an excellent modern linguist, and could speak half a dozen languages fluently. He knew nothing of the classics. Hs conversation was replete with anecdote, for his memory was most retentive, and he turned every thing he heard to his own account: he made it in fact his own. So far from appearing to have neglected his education, he seemed on the contrary to have studied a great deal; and yet his whole information was derived from what he had picked up in conversation, and little from books. His social powers were great, and as he was not pedantic, but gallant and amiable in the extreme, so he was adored by the fair sex. The character drawn by Segur of the famous Potemkin would apply in many respects to the Prince:—

"Personne n'avait moins lu que lui, peu de gens étaient plus instruits. Il avait causé avec des hommes habiles dans toutes les professions, dans toutes les sciences, dans tous les arts. On ne sut jamais mieux pomper et s'approprier le savoir des autres. Il aurait étonné dans une conversation un littérateur, un artiste, un artisan, et un théologien. Son instruction n'était pas profonde, mais elle était fort étendue. Il n'approfondissait rien, mais il parlait bien de tout."

To return to the Prince. I may observe, that his occupations were most trivial. He would rise at five o'clock, put on his *robe de chambre*, and sit at his table in his study till ten or eleven o'clock, A. M. During the whole of this time he was employed in sketching something upon paper, chewing the corner of his pocket handkerchief, and taking snuff: wholly absorbed in these occupations, he hardly lifted his head from the table until he was summoned to breakfast. Then his latent faculties became free, and he would converse during the whole of this repast with his *maître d'hôtel*, or his cook, if he had no other company. He seldom, however, was driven to such expedients, for as his table had the first reputation, there were seldom wanting guests in the shape of cousins or nephews, or even of intimate friends. This repast, which generally lasted an hour, was always taken in the *robe de chambre;* and then he retired again to his cabinet, where he remained until it was time to dress himself for the more important duties of the day; such as are performed by a man with plenty of money, and without any official occupation, in the most dissipated city in Europe. It was a promenade with the Duchess of ——, or the Countess of ——; perhaps it was in paying court to the King, or more probably in doing nothing at all, with which he occupied himself till dinner-time.

If the time previous to this important epoch of the day, for to him "*la vie c'était le diner*," was not all disposed of, he quietly undressed and went to bed,

where he slept as soundly as at midnight, until his valet announced to him that it was time to dress. Then his imagination awoke, and he was employed in anticipating the quality of the repast, till he found himself seated by the fair Duchess, and in the act of saying the prettiest thing in the world, or relishing a delightful mouthful of some choice dish. This was his element; he shone here as a bright star in the gastronomic firmament; but what greater eulogium can be paid him, than the one pronounced upon him by his own cook, who, in speaking of him, and discussing his different merits, observed, that it was a pleasure to serve him, for, said he, "*Monsieur le Prince est essentiellement cuisinier.*" Now this same artist had been cook to two empresses, and to many princes, which adds weight to the compliment paid the Prince upon his culinary talents. He paid dear for the compliment, it is true, in more ways than one; nor was he blind to the system of depredation which these artists practised upon him.

If he dined out, and the dinner was at all *distingué*, it served for conversation at the morrow's breakfast; and his cook was sure to criticise the dinner as related to him, and give reasons for administering his own kitchen in a different way; for any eulogium passed on another kitchen was an indirect insult to his own. If he had to cede a point, he always pleaded want of means, and begged for an increase of salary, and then he would compete with any artist in Paris; for he believed himself competent to any thing yet known in his art. He was aware how-

ever of its imperfections, and was alive to all moderate reform and amelioration, although he was practically a conservative. He often replied to the Prince, when he begged him to "*faire sa cuisine un peu plus forte,*" "*Je ne veux pas, Monsieur le Prince. Il faut vivre plus longtemps; il faut conserver un pareil maître.*" He had attended several courses of chemistry, and was always busy in inquiry. He observed to me once, indeed, with great emphasis, "that with respect to cooks and physicians it might be said, truly, that their education was never finished." Though the man was a Gascon, there were some good points in his character. He was honest enough to confess his dishonesty.

The Prince, once shut up with him in his carriage, and proceeding gloomily along the road which leads to Smolensko (soon after the termination of the campaign which reduced that city to ashes), wishing no doubt to change his train of ideas, burst like a torrent upon his unsuspecting artist with the emphatic demand, "Why do you rob me so?" The poor astounded cook, who was at the very moment probably devising some plan of peculation, to make up for the time lost in a long, and for him unprofitable, journey of some weeks' duration, replied in an agitated tone, "Sir, sir, I don't rob you, I only — only —— only make the usual profits of my —— "Stop," said the Prince, "I am not angry with you: I know that you rob me; but I wish to make an arrangement with you. Why do you do it? I give you a handsome salary, you have many perquisites,

and what need have you of more? Now be candid, and speak the truth boldly: you know that I cannot do without you."

There is nothing like making an appeal to a man's feelings; it is by far the best way of attacking him. The cook felt the full power of the concluding part of the sentence, "I cannot do without you."

"Why, sir, I admit that your's is an excellent situation; but you know, sir, that it is not equal to my expenses. I like society — to treat my friends handsomely. I am addicted to play; *enfin j'ai une petite maîtresse;* and you must be aware, Prince, that all these things considered, your wages are not sufficient."

"Good," said the Prince, "this is precisely the point to which I hoped to bring you. Tell me how much all this costs you over and above what I give you, and I will make up the difference; only do not rob me."

The cook laid his hand upon his heart for a minute, and looking with an affectionate, and even grateful expression towards his master, replied in a suppressed sigh, "*Non, Monseigneur, je préfère de vous voler.*" Having said this, he burst into tears, and hid his face in a cotton handkerchief.

The Prince, seeing his distress, clapped him upon the shoulder, and encouraged him by saying, "*Bien, mon cher, très-bien, comme tu le voudrais.*" The Prince did not rightly comprehend the cause of his cook's emotion. It was perhaps just the reverse of what he had imagined. It was the triumph of con-

science over interest. It was perhaps for the first time in his life that he had been really honest, and the effect produced upon him was as upon a sensitive man, who has done some great and good action, perhaps unknowingly, but is aroused to his own merits by the convulsive throb of that inward monitor, whose still small voice found even now an echo in the breast of a Parisian cook.

When the Prince offered to make up the additional sum necessary for him to keep up that rank in the world which his profession and talents commanded, he naturally was about to reply in the affirmative, as was evident by his placing his hand upon his heart, meaning to say, I will take your additional salary, and then what is to prevent me robbing you as much as I do at present? This is what he would have done under ordinary circumstances; for the temptation was great, and to a common man, irresistible; but circumstances and situations work wonders on the moral man. Vedel was a Frenchman. Smolensko was still smoking at his feet — that is to say, it was in ruins. The glory of his nation, the honour of his country, its brilliant achievements, all rushed into his mind in a second. He paused an instant, removed his hand from his heart, and sacrificing himself to his country, exclaimed, "*Non, Monseigneur, je préfère de vous voler.*"

With such an artist, then, it may easily be conjectured how the kitchen was administered. Let us ascend a little, and quitting sensual, turn to mental

administrations; as the existence of such is implied in the office of a secretary.

Somewhat below the middle stature, well made, light and active, neat and comely in his person, a face thinly scattered with impressions from the small pox, light short hair, and a penetrating eye, his countenance rather old for his years, his address insinuating, the tone of his voice commanding, and an effrontery not to be described: — such will give my reader a pretty correct idea of the person upon whose moral character I am about to dilate.

He arrived in Paris only a few days after my own arrival, and I was introduced to him by the *maître d'hôtel,* who informed me of his official situation in the family. The introduction did not appear disagreeable to him, and we sat down to table rather as old messmates than as perfect strangers. He commenced his operations from the first moment of our interview, and began by sounding me upon my political and religious opinions; for, knowing me to be an Englishman, he presumed that I was a radical; and scarcely had he finished his soup, when he expatiated upon the merits of Mr. Hunt, a man, as he observed, after his own heart.

From politics he proceeded to religion, and was very wroth against the priests. He was himself, he said, *bon Arien,* punning upon the faith in which he had been educated. Not finding precisely the corresponding feeling which he had anticipated, he shifted his ground, and gave me some account of his journey. He entered France by Strasburg, where

he remained long enough to squander all his money, so elated was he at finding himself upon French ground. Such was the apology which he offered me, after a few hours' acquaintance, for begging me to lend him forty francs. It was easy for me to perceive that such a blossom would not be long in unfolding itself, and that a little genial warmth would soon expand it; nor did it seem improbable that it would be less rapid in its decay than in its expansion.

So it proved with the poor secretary, whose history, as related by others, tallied ill with his own account of himself.

He was a son of chance, had been educated in a charity school, and at a certain age was put into the army. It happened that he was attached to the Prince's brother, who, when he could no longer make use of his military services, employed him as his secretary. He was guilty of so many peculations, and made such mischief in his family, was in fact so much less manageable in his private than he had been in his military calling, that his employer knew not what to do with him. Not liking to turn him into the street, he preferred turning him over to his brother; and certainly, during the whole time he remained with us, and even upon his departure, he sustained the high character which he had borne in his former situation, of which, however, at this period, the Prince was uninformed.

He soon made himself *au fait* with the establishment, and perceiving his master's foibles, he lost no

time in turning these to account. He discovered that trouble of all kinds was a most uncomfortable thing to the Prince, and he determined, good naturedly, to spare him as much of this as possible. He undertook of his own free will to take every thing concerning the household into his own hands. He christened himself superintendent, sinking the secretary, before even he had obtained any claim to the title. Under this denomination, he contrived to subject unto himself the house steward, the cook, the grooms, and all the inferior tribes, all of whom were compelled to act as he directed them, or risk their situations. For example, he would say to the house steward, "Jacob, the Prince has desired me to look over your books, and examine rigidly every item of expenditure." Jacob, knowing what this meant, replied no doubt, "I will allow you so much of my profits if you will *only look over* my books," and the bargain was soon struck. To the cook, scullion, and other menials, he would make similar proposals; and in a very short time, not a bunch of asparagus came into the kitchen, that did not pay its per centage to the superintendent secretary.

Having in less than a fortnight subjected the whole household to himself, he turned his attention to other matters, and was determined that no one should enter the premises without in some shape paying toll for it. He contrived to occupy a room the windows of which overlooked the chief alley through which all must pass who had business with himself, with the Prince, or with any of the household. If a tradesman came with a

bill which had already paid its tax to the common authorities, he was probably stopped before he got to that part of the premises where the Prince resided, by the eager eye of the secretary, who bade him walk up stairs into his own room. "I am the superintendent," he would observe, "and pay all the bills myself, after having carefully examined them. The Prince has no money at present, but if you will call in a few days, I will endeavour to procure some money for you." This was one mode of extortion, which he always employed; besides which, every tradesman who received largely from the house was sure to be applied to for a loan of money, which he promised to repay upon the receipt of his own salary, which he stated at ten times its real amount.

As to the poor wretches who begged alms, and of whom there was no lack, (for never did the Prince shut his hand to the needy applicant,) they were either totally robbed of their due, or it was reduced to a mere pittance. He stopped them always at his windows, never allowing them to have a personal interview. If they had a petition drawn up, he took it, and promised to present it to the Prince, and desired them to apply for an answer the following day at the porter's lodge. They would then find that no answer was to be given them, or they would get a five franc piece, where fifty had been destined to them. Had they no petition drawn up, he volunteered to go himself to his master, and urge their suit, and he would return to them either empty-handed, or with a trifle, having transferred the whole or two thirds of the original donation to his own pockets.

It was impossible to prevent these depredations upon a man who was so negligent of his concerns as the Prince, and who being actually informed that his secretary was guilty of such conduct, replied coolly — "*Je n'aime pas les commerages.*" He had little to fear, therefore, from such a character, either from his master's observations, or from the representations of others. He soon abounded in luxuries, if not in riches, for a man who could procure money in such a manner must necessarily be prodigal of its expenditure.

I was repaid my forty francs very speedily, and I found myself soon slighted by the servants, who were at first gulled by the lavish expenditure of the secretary, and which was to my disadvantage, as far as regarded the different footings which we held in their estimation.

His wardrobe was fitted up in the first style of elegance, and he who a few weeks previous borrowed forty francs to procure himself a few common shirts, was now sporting his cambric ones, at forty francs each. His tailor, shoemaker, jeweller, all suffered equally for this extravagance; for if his purchases were not a dead loss to them, the amount was sure to be deducted from the Prince's bills, when he paid them; and he always employed the same tradesmen as his master. He was up to the old trick of paying readily at first, to secure his future credit, and would borrow small sums from different shopkeepers, pretending to have left his purse at home. These he punctually repaid, and then subsequently borrowed

larger sums, which he never did repay; and such was his effrontery and address, that he actually got credit in a lottery office for seven hundred francs, and for four hundred with one of the waiters in a public gambling house.

His occupations with his master were trifling. He occasionally read a little in the newspapers; but his whole employment did not occupy more than two hours in the day, except the time he was employed in executing commissions. This was not lost time with him.

With such principles for a basis, he soon reared upon them an aristocratic superstructure. Every thing he did was upon the principle of emulating his master, or as he styled him, his general; for superintendent and secretary were only heard of in the home department — aide-de-camp was the title which he adopted abroad. Dauntless and hardened in vice, and so much a stranger to truth that he scarcely knew its meaning, he would talk of battles in which he had been engaged, and even wore orders which he declared to have been given him for feats of valour, although he did not enter the service until after the general, and as hitherto uninterrupted, peace of 1815. It is true that he would make choice of his society for such displays; nor would he talk at a Russian table in Paris as he would do at an English one. Even when detected, however, it mattered not a jot — "he was joking, and seeing how far he could presume upon the credulity of his auditors." "*Nihil est audacius illis deprensis.*" So says Juvenal, and

so it was with him. His effrontery and good address allowed him to find his way into society in general, and particularly into that of the English. As they have a predilection for the Poles, and as no one could play the patriot better than himself, so he won the hearts of all the fair sex by his talent for conversation, his ready wit, his great originality, and moreover by his excellent heart, which bled at the wrongs heaped on his ill-fated country.

It was not the softer sex alone that he duped in this manner. Men of age and experience would launch out in enthusiastic praises of him; and although many might not go quite this length in their admiration, all looked upon him as — what in fact he really could be — one of the most facetious and clever men in the circle of society in which he moved. Full of anecdote, either true or false, he could always keep the company in a roar; and no pause ever occurred in conversation, which, if he were present, he knew not how to fill up. He knew nothing in reality. Few men had less education to boast of than himself, nor could he converse upon any serious topic; but his conversation was exactly of that nature which pleases people who only wish for amusement, and care not from what source, provided only that they are amused.

It was not difficult for him to find his way into such society. A young Polish nobleman, aide-de-camp to a general of such celebrity, — gentlemanly in manners — independent apparently in his circumstances — exciting an interest also from his national feelings, —

was sure to be caressed by those who deemed themselves honoured by this acquaintance. He determined, therefore, not to lose such advantages as this society afforded him. The most determined hater of the fair sex, despising them individually and *en masse*, of all kinds and distinctions, still he thought he would do well to turn his thoughts towards marriage, as he would then have some certainty to depend upon; for he had a presentiment that his present advantageous position might not be permanent.

The family of Mr. W—— offered him, as he supposed, fair prospects of success; and the second daughter, who was really a pretty, amiable girl, became the apparent load-stone of his attraction. Happily for herself, however, she did not look upon his attentions in any other light than as those of a man who would say any thing for the sake of merriment; and, in reality, K—— was not adroit at an English courtship. He thought that, as in his own country, all might be done through the medium of the parents, without consulting the inclinations of the person herself. He knew you not, O fair Britannia's daughters! It is not thus that you are to be disposed of. No, no: you require to be courted directly, and for yourselves; you must enjoy the pleasures of courtship; to forego which, would imply a coldness of heart, of which none who know you can justly accuse you.

Had he understood this, he might have better succeeded in his undertaking; but how was a man who never felt love himself to attempt to inspire it in

others? Had he known its influence, he would have reaped the advantage of such knowledge; for if they are not cold, neither are English girls cruel; and if they can trust to the sincerity of the person who woos them, they will not often refuse an honourable proposal. This is what K—— did not understand. Like all libertines, he had a profound contempt for what he styled female virtue; like most libertines, he was abashed in the presence of a modest woman. He set to work, therefore, upon a Polish principle, and sought to gain the parents before he had gained the daughter. To accomplish this, it was necessary, as he supposed, to appear much at his ease in money concerns, and consequently supplementary credits were to be obtained, and peculations of all kinds to be pursued with increased energy. Still, all was not sufficient to afford the necessary supplies, and nothing but play could make up the deficit. His dress was now in the first style of elegance; and though he purchased jewels in abundance, there was no vulgar display of them upon his person. To better carry on the deception, he had an aide-de-camp's full uniform made for him, and, armed cap-à-pie, he presented himself to the fair damsel. The uniform was much admired, and the cheat succeeded; for

"Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,
And Mammon wins his way where seraphs might despair."

He had not the same success, however, upon another occasion; for, encouraged by his first attempt, he ventured to wear the same dress at the public ball, given

at the Hotel de Ville, upon the return of the Duke d'Angoulême from Spain. Some Russians, immediately recognizing him, and enraged at seeing him in borrowed plumes, made him decamp from the ball-room; and the police waited upon him the next day, and informed him, that if ever he repeated such a farce, he would be sent out of the country; for he who called himself an aide-de-camp, and wore the uniform of one, was no longer in the service, which he left as an ensign with sixteen pounds sterling for his annual pay.

The military service therefore failing him, he returned again to the civil, and spoke of himself as the right hand of the Prince, whom he represented as a man more happy in the possession of wealth, than in the knack of enjoying it. He played the first fiddle, indeed, at all the Prince's entertainments.

Good luck had hitherto carried him through all hi system of deception with éclat, and fortune favoured him where she leaves most in the lurch. He won considerable sums of money at the gambling tables. He now sported a gig and two horses, and all this was done for a hundred francs per month, which was his real salary. The better to facilitate his success with the young lady, he took some lessons in the English language, which in the course of three months he really spoke tolerably well. Nothing now remained for him but to make his proposals, and this he did to the father. The whole affair was treated as a joke, and there the matter ended. No signs of disappointment ever appeared in his countenance, nor did the

refusal prevent him from paying his visits to the house of his beloved as frequently as formerly.

In speaking of marriage one day accidentally, he observed to me the folly of people of different countries forming matrimonial connexions. He himself had opportunities of marrying very advantageously, had he not made a vow never to marry any but a Polish woman: and he then quoted the father of this girl, who would have given him five thousand guineas with his daughter. This was the first idea which I gained from him upon the subject; for he never initiated me into any of his affairs.

Although this failure had little effect in depressing his spirits, still from this period he began to be unfortunate. Fortune now turned her back upon him. The lottery failed him; though he pursued his ill luck with the most undaunted bravery. Still blank, blank, blank, crowded upon him. He resorted to rouge and noir, which was still more treacherous, and he was in a short time *hors de combat.* As his creditors now pressed upon him, he was obliged to sell his horses and equipage, to dispose of his books, to dismiss his music and English teachers, and to put his clothes and jewels in pawn.

He had, however, another string to his bow, as regarded love affairs. The *fille de chambre* had cast longing looks upon him, nor had he discouraged the idea that he also was smitten. She had just placed about two thousand francs, which she had economised, in a savings bank. K——— thought he might be her banker. Failing with Miss W——, he now met

Titty's glances with reciprocal affection. She listened to him with sentimental fondness; and when he asked her if he could make her happy she replied, *Ginquee panni**, for she believed him to be sincere. It was not difficult for him, under such circumstances, to procure her money; and less difficult was it to dispose of it, for the same day saw it transferred to an adjoining lottery office.

In all his difficulties, and under circumstances which would have thrown any other man into madness or the river, he appeared as calm as at any period of his prosperity. I saw him as usual, and dined with him daily; nor did I find that his appetite or his spirits flagged in the least degree. He spoke of his losses, but not in a tone of despondency. They were quite reparable, and provided that he could only find the means of doubling his stakes for some little time his success must be certain, and he should come off triumphant at last. It was only when all these means had failed him, and when he had no possibility of putting others into requisition, that he disclosed the whole to me, and begged me to inform the Prince of his disasters.

Notwithstanding my dislike to the task which he wished to impose upon me, I was moved by his situation. He told me that he was in debt to many of the tradesmen, that he had borrowed considerable sums of money, and that he was more than ten thousand francs in arrears. I softened the matter as much as possible to the Prince, who was shocked at

* Thank you.

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the disclosure. He immediately sent for him, and, without upbraiding him in the least degree, gave him two thousand francs, and told him that he was no longer in his service.

Still he was not discouraged, but, possessing enough for his immediate purposes, he was as nonchalant as ever, and spoke of visiting England with as much pleasure as if he were going there under the brightest auspices. From London, he purposed joining the Greeks, or proceeding to South America. This was not his intention, however; he thought that something might be done perhaps in London, and that he might still carry on the war as heretofore.

After taking leave of all the household, and promising to marry Titty as soon as he was more settled, he proceeded to England, having procured several letters of introduction to English families.

As soon as he had quitted Paris, his long-continued system of depredation was discovered; and he had, as it proved, in various ways embezzled more than twenty thousand francs of the Prince's money. There was no means of peculation by which he had not profited. The rent of the hotel, the tradesmen's bills, the servants' wages, all had been purloined by himself, and all staked at the gambling table. Nothing that the ingenuity of a rogue could invent was left untried, and every thing had succeeded with him up to the present time. When he arrived in London, he went immediately to the Greek committee, and offered his services; and by dint of application he succeeded in procuring twenty pounds from them.

With this, all that he now possessed—for the remainder had been squandered in seeing the sights of London—he embarked at Harwich for Dantzic, from whence he proceeded to Lemberg, the place of his nativity. The insurrection in St. Petersburg occurring soon afterwards, he was arrested as a suspicious character, and thrown into prison. This to him proved a considerable benefit, for, as the offence was political, he made his detention a plea for procuring money from those who, as he imagined, were unacquainted with his proceedings in Paris; and he obtained four hundred francs as the reward of his patriotism.

During his incarceration he translated a Russian publication into Polish, and dedicated the performance to no less a personage than the brother of the man whom he had so pilfered, and this brought him in fifty ducats; the expenses of the publication, too, being defrayed by the donor of the ducats. He continued to write occasionally to Titty, and told her that he was appointed to a professor's chair in the university of Lemberg. In the mean time he made another attempt at marriage, and was upon the point of concluding the affair, when circumstances came to light which prevented it.

To conclude this sketch—I saw him in 1827, in the public walks of Lemberg: he was as smart and dapper as ever, and there was no visible alteration in his manner or appearance. I doubt not that his career continues to be successful; that he continues to live, himself, by living upon others. Citizen of the world, he is at home in any quarter of the globe, and in

every quarter will he find more fools than wise men, and that, humanly speaking, there are exceptions to the old adage, "honesty is the best policy."

The rest of the household is not worthy of so minute a detail as has been furnished of the cook and of the secretary. My own place was almost a sinecure, for my professional services were seldom required. I enjoyed many opportunities of conversing with the Prince, and I generally waited upon him in the morning, when he was alone in his *cabinet*. He was a man of brilliant conversational powers. I shall relate some of these conversations, which will illustrate the characters of two more of the household. If they are not detailed *totidem verbis*, still their spirit is retained; and the same observation is applicable to all these pages. The memory retains the substance; the imagination may occasionally make some change in the dress.

The illustrious individual is now no more. As a just tribute to his memory, I must state, that a more amiable or upright man I never knew. His word was his bond, and never did he promise what he did not fulfil. "*C'est un homme comme il y en a peu*," was echoed by all who knew him. His habits were regulated by circumstances. He had been a soldier and a diplomatist; and he who was now occupied with the trivialties of a Parisian life, had well performed his part in the great battle under the walls of Moscow.

I shall, with some few exceptions, dismiss without comment all that passed during my residence in

France, a period of nearly five years. If there are many things which are not worth the trouble of knowing, there are still more not worthy of being remembered.

"Next Sunday, the Duke d'Angoulême will be in Madrid," said the Prince, as he raised his head from the map, over which he was poring, and sticking pins in the towns marked upon it; for any thing of this kind was a hobby with him. "Yes, we shall soon have peace again, *mon cher Docteur*," and he held out his hand to me.

Of what advantage, I continued, will this victory be?

"Oh, of none whatever, to Spain," replied the Prince, "for the king is too great a fool, and the people too priest-ridden, to derive any good from it; but Spain, in fact, has nothing to do with it."

No! I replied. Then why interfere?

"Why, to secure the present dynasty to France, and to see how the army will conduct itself under a Bourbon. The French are a warlike nation, and nothing is so likely to attach them to the present sovereign as a successful war."

I do not think so, I replied; at least not under existing circumstances. If it were a war with England, or with Russia, then it might be popular, for the French long to retrieve their character, and wipe out the stain which Waterloo has left upon their arms. But what glory have a hundred thousand men to gain by marching to Madrid, or fighting their way through a few half-clothed, half-fed, ill-disci-

plined troops, and in a country where the people, under existing circumstances, will make no resistance?

"You allow, then," said the Prince, "that the people are not interested in the present state of things?"

Decidedly not, I replied; for what have the people to do with it? Their physical and moral existence is different from that of all the other people of Europe. They are just now what they were when Philip the Second governed them; and if they have not retrograded, they have not advanced a step towards improvement. They have remained on the selfsame tack, while other nations have been going before the wind.

"And yet the Spaniards are not a stupid race; they are proud and haughty, and have done enough to prove their valour. If they took up arms to a man against Napoleon, why should they not do so now, when France is equally interfering with their internal policy? And it is with nations, as with man and wife: he who interferes is sure to make himself two enemies, where before, perhaps, he was considered a friend by both."

So it would be with Spain, I replied, under other circumstances. But, in fact, the Spaniards consider the constitution as the prime aggressor, and they will not interfere with those who promise to take from them this burden. The new order of things, or rather the attempt, interferes with all their former habits and customs; interferes more particularly with their

religion, which it seems to threaten. The poorer classes have much to dread from the destruction of convents and monasteries, which are to them as so many almshouses from which they receive food and clothing. Next to God and the Pope, a Spaniard looks up to his king; and they know very well that Ferdinand was not sincere in his oath which he took to the constitution. They consider the whole of the late proceedings as an effort of ambitious and designing men, to upset the government, the church, and the throne, for their own ends and purposes. I do not think that the French troops will meet with any resistance, for they will not be considered as invaders, and they have already paved their way, and will pave it, as they go along. If things are really otherwise—if the constitution is the work of the people—if the nation is in earnest, then the Duke d'Angoulême will not be in Madrid on Sunday next.

"How not?" asked the Prince, "do not you think that the French troops will soon cut their way through such a band of rebels as Mina or Riego command?"

No, I do not, I replied. I am convinced that if the French meet with the least resistance from the people, they will not fight; they will abandon their chief, or what is still worse——

"*Au nom du ciel*," cried the prince, "be quiet," for as I was speaking, he observed his old valet, Baptiste, coming into the room with a paper in his hand. It was precisely a bulletin from the army.

"Read this," said the Prince, as he handed it to

me. "It is, I think, a proof of what I told you. The troops meet with no resistance." "*C'est cela, c'est cela, Monsieur,*" exclaimed Baptiste in a rage, for he was an old Republican, and had served in the imperial guard. "*Ils ont été payés, ils ont été corrompus.*"

He was proceeding to state his real opinion of this war, which was undertaken against the liberties of France and the Chamber of Deputies, and that ever since the death of the Duke of Berry they had daily been clipping the chart, and was finally explaining how the war would lead to a very different result, "*et que cela sera le tombeau des Bourbons,*" when the Prince interrupted him by ordering him to send his valet Nicholas to him. Now Nicholas was a man of very different metal from Baptiste.

Nicholas was a Russian, and was as full of the glory of the war as his master, and when he entered the room began, as he was wont to do when he was pleased, to throw his face into a thousand contortions; and, without being spoken to, asked the Prince if he had read the bulletin.

"Yes, Nicholas; all is as it should be."

"*Grâces à Dieu, Monsieur.*"

"You see, Nicholas, that it is useless for people to rebel against their monarch."

"*Grâces à Dieu, Monsieur.*"

"For if they do, Nicholas, they are sure to be punished for it in the end."

"*Grâces à Dieu, Monsieur,*"—for this was the phrase which he always made use of when conversing with his master.

Nicholas was a devout man. He never committed the least peculation without preceding it by a short prayer. He prayed that he might not be detected in his rogueries, and if, unfortunately, he should be detected, he prayed that his master might forgive him. He crossed himself even when he drank a glass of water, and the image of the Virgin hung suspended from his neck, attached by a gold chain which he had stolen from his late mistress. He was, in fact, what the Prince himself styled an excellent servant, because he was attached to his master. "*Un bon diable; un grand voleur c'est vrai, mais un bon diable.*"

As he was thus thanking God for the success of the French arms, the Prince unexpectedly asked him what had become of the purse which he had left the preceding evening on his table. "*Grâces à Dieu, Monsieur,*" replied Nicholas, "here it is," taking it out of his pocket as he spoke, not before it had paid its toll, and he gave it to his master. "Oh, you were taking care of it for me." "*Grâces à Dieu, Monsieur,*" and he hurried away as fast as he could. "*C'est un bon diable, qui m'est fort attaché,*" said the Prince.

You should send him to Spain, I observed. He is a decided Royalist, and might serve the good cause; I doubt whether he would go, however.

"Let us see," said the Prince; "keep your countenance. Hey! Nicholas!" "*Seichas,*" replied the valet in Russ, quickly putting aside the money which he had purloined, fearing that it might be found upon him. "*Est ce que Monsieur me demande?*"

"*Mon cher Nicholas,* (a phrase which at once

restored peace to his soul, and convinced him what a coward conscience is,) I am going to make you a proposal, which I am sure, as an old and faithful servant, you will accede to for my sake."

"*Grâces à Dieu, Monsieur.*"

"You know that my nephew is going with his regiment into Spain, and as he is to be employed upon the reconnoitring service, which is a perilous one enough, it is expedient that he should have some trustworthy person with him, who can converse in a language unknown in the country. He has begged me to allow you to accompany him. Should you return safe, which God grant, he promises to obtain a pension for you, and then you may return to me, or not, as you like: if you are unlucky, why you know it is only *la fortune de la guerre.* What say you? I have given my consent, and my nephew desires you to call upon him this evening."

Now courage was not the peculiar virtue of Nicholas. It would require the painter of Death upon the pale Horse, to sketch his different changes of expression during this harangue. At first a smile of complacency stole upon his face at the epithet "*mon cher*"—always a saving clause; next followed a brighter gleam of hope, from the idea, perhaps, of a little plunder. This soon faded, however, overshadowed by fear as the service was better explained to him. When, after speaking of *la fortune de la guerre,* the Prince informed him that he had given his consent to part with him, the anguish of despair came over him. He made no reply, but thumping his chest with his

right hand and pulling the image of the Virgin from his neck with his left, looking ghastly, and the tears gushing from his eyes, he threw himself violently upon the floor, bit the ground, dashed his head three times upon the planks, and, kissing his master's feet, roared out in Russ, "*Boje moi! Boje moi!*" (My God! my God!)

It was impossible to carry on the joke any further. The Prince burst out into a roar of laughter, said it was all a joke, and, calling him a *Doorac*, told him to order breakfast, which inspired so much courage in the soul of Nicholas, that he sprang from the ground and was out of the room in the "twinkling of a bed-post."

"*C'est un bon diable*," exclaimed the Prince: "now all this arises from his attachment to me"——

Or from the fear of being killed, I replied.

"More from what I tell you. I would venture to bet, that were I to take him to the top of Nôtre Dame, and order him to leap from the top of the turret — I say, that I believe he would do it, if he were allowed to say his prayers and cross himself; but he would do it for no other earthly personage; for he is coward enough, as you have seen."

"What a difference in the characters of these two men," he continued, "Baptiste and Nicholas. Were I to ask the former, who is a good and faithful servant enough in his way — but were I to ask him, I say, to do any thing more than he thought consistent with his dignity and the glory of the French name, he would spit in my face. Were I to command

him in the field, he would willingly rush into the cannon's mouth, and this not in mere obedience to my individual command, but with the idea of serving his country through me, and doing his duty as a soldier. Whereas that bear, as you call him, does every thing which I tell him to do, because it is *I* who tell him to do it. He never stops to consider whether I have the right to command him or not. It is true he will rob me with one hand, but then he will burn the other off for my sake. Such is human nature; such the difference between unpolished and civilised life.

"Will you believe it, when I was last in Russia, I told this very man that I would make him free, as the reward of his faithful services; and what did the fellow do? Why, he threw himself upon the ground, and acted just as you have seen him do at present, begging me for God's sake to do what I pleased with him, but not to make him free, for then I should dismiss him from my service, he feared; so I told him to do as he pleased. So you see, *mon cher Docteur*, that liberty and slavery are but relative terms, after all; words which will allow of any signification you may please to give them. The ideas in France respecting the advantages of liberty are very different to what they are in Russia, and only time can make it otherwise."

The difference of character in these two servants was strikingly illustrated when they were under my care. Baptiste had injured his leg, and, the wound spreading, he became alarmed; seeing, also, that I

did not look as if I gave him much hope, he inquired with much agitation, "*Est ce que Monsieur le Docteur en ait une mauvaise opinion ?*"

We shall see, Baptiste: drink no wine.

The following day, as I entered his room, he first pointed to the bottle of wine, which was uncorked, and then undid his bandages with fear and trembling. "Baptiste," I pronounced, and he trembled. "*Cela a changé de face, Baptiste.*" "*Tant mieux, Monsieur le Docteur, tant mieux; mais Monsieur parle très bien Francais.*" What satisfaction did he experience in paying me this compliment!

Now how did Nicholas conduct himself under bodily suffering? He had received a kick from a horse, which had produced a considerable contusion. I was absent when the accident happened; but upon my return I found Nicholas stretched upon a mechanical bed. It was impossible to keep my countenance. He was beating his breast with one hand with all his might, and holding a Bible in the other. If I asked him how he felt, he replied, "*Grâces à Dieu, Monsieur le Docteur.*" He continued his lamentations morning, noon, and night. It happened to be in Lent, and nobody could persuade him to touch a bit of meat; and he said grace over every glass of water which was given him to drink. His friends who came to see him got so tired of his *misereres*, and so disappointed at finding no good cheer, that they soon abandoned him. When left quite to himself, he held sweet converse therewith, and thumping his breast, and turning round the image of the Virgin, he solilo-

quised, "*Eh bien bon Dieu, tu m'as tappé fort — tu as bien fait, j'ai été un grand pécheur.*" Then he crossed himself again. "*Laisse-moi échapper cette fois-ci — Oh bon Dieu — je confesserai à l'avenir trois fois par semaine.*" Thus did he amuse himself for days and weeks, until, the bones uniting, (for he had broken his thigh,) he began to stump about as usual; and as he improved in health, his piety decreased in fervour.

What a contrast did these two men present, under somewhat similar circumstances! Baptiste was afraid that his leg would mortify, and perhaps dreaded death no less than Nicholas; but he had no recourse to his saints in his trepidation. He had more confidence in paying his doctor a compliment, than in howling to his gods. The other trusted to them alone, to mend his leg in this world, and to save his soul in the next.

I think few will doubt who was the happier of the two. To be of no church is dangerous, as Johnson has expressed it, and false gods are allowed to be better than no gods at all. Hence Lucretius was reviled by the pious heathens; and the bigoted Catholic is preferred to the freethinker. He has his penates, which stand at the foot of his bed and hang over his pillow; yes, he has these, and the other has not even these. I have seen their influence in smoothing the bed of death, more than once in my professional career. "*Le curé à été me voir, et il m'a dit que j'avais une bonne croix,*" said an old servant to me, as he pointed to a large crucifix sus-

pended over his tester. His countenance beamed with hope, at this consolation from the *curé*, and he closed his eyes in peace.

Is it for divines alone to teach us that of all states that of the unbeliever is the most hopeless? What can be more terrific than the concluding line in Shakspeare's description of the death of Cardinal Beaufort?

> "Lord Cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
> Hold up thy hand, make signal of that hope.—
> He dies, and makes no sign."

CHAP. VII.

INTRODUCTION TO DRS. GALL AND SPURZHEIM. PHRENOLOGY. DIEPPE. SEA BATHING IN FRANCE. ABUSE OF REMEDY. CASE OF APOPLEXY FROM REMAINING TOO LONG IN WATER. CHARACTER OF ENGLISH RESIDENTS IN FRANCE. CELEBRATION OF NAVAL VICTORY OVER ENGLISH. VISIT ENGLAND. BRIGHTON CUSTOM-HOUSE. RECEPTION BY COLLEAGUES IN LONDON.

DURING my stay in Paris I became acquainted with two professional men who once excited great interest in Europe. The tomb has now closed over both, and their systems will probably, ere long, find repose in the vault of the founders.

When the pleasure of novelty has ceased, and when the enthusisam which it inspires has sunk down into a calm; when moreover any personal feelings towards the founders of systems can have no more influence in biassing our judgments for or against the systems themselves; then we look upon things in a very different light. We sift the materials more and more, and often look in vain for those gems which seemed at first to spangle the surface of the mass.

Such is now the case with that system which from its novelty and plausibility engrossed so much of the public attention and counted so many votaries. In spite of ridicule—the most deadly of all antagonists; in spite of facts—more stubborn even than ridicule,

in opposing its claim to belief — still this system had many followers.

The modern Athens boasted a Phrenological Society within her walls, which Athens would have repudiated even in her decline. One man, and he was of himself enough to save a city from disgrace, opposed with all his eloquence this monstrous abortion of human conception. One man, in the simplicity of language, which at all times speaks volumes in favour of the ideas it represents, would have reduced all this hyperbole, these *sesquipedalia verba*, this farrago of unmeaning jargon, to two simple, pure, and intelligible terms — *inclinations* and *propensities*. Compare this most simple language, this plain unadorned truth, with the language of the system — *Philoprogenitiveness* — seven syllables to signify the monosyllable *lust*. Dr. Gordon might, perhaps, had he lived, have prevented the disgrace which now sullies the once famed school of Edinburgh. Some few, indeed, have retraced their steps, nay, denounced a system which is at variance with God's most inestimable gift, common sense; and the time, perhaps, is not far distant, when the bubble will burst and dissipate itself in air.

Very different were the characters of the two individuals who first, like two meteors, illumined for a while the metaphysical horizon. It was impossible to have been acquainted with them, even for a very short time, without having discovered that two men so differing in character could not have worked upon the same materials, and have produced any thing like similar results. Suppose them to have had portions

of the same clay, at the same temperature, of the same moisture, of the same specific gravity; still you could not suppose that the vases which they might have shaped out of them could precisely have resembled each other. They might have been very like, — they might have had the same form, the same dimensions,— still there would have been something to inform the critical observer that they had not been shaped by the same hands.

Now this was precisely the case with the two illustrious professors who have left us to ruminate upon their systems. They both set to work at a distance, and pursued the same train of thought; they approached each other by degrees, till they came with their heads in actual contact, "*ex fumo dare lucem,*" and they commenced carefully examining each other's skulls, and they found that both possessed the organs of system in no inconsiderable degree. They had therefore every thing in their favour, the materials were of a similar kind, the disposition to labour was mutual, and they commenced operations simultaneously; but they soon found, in the progress of their labour, that there was something in the manipulation of the material which prevented them from producing precisely the same results. Then came into notice an organ which they had overlooked in the examination of their own heads, viz: the organ of *amour propre.* It happened to be of the same dimensions in both, hard and unyielding, or, to speak more technically, incompressible. Each naturally persisted in believing that his work had embraced all the lines of

truth and beauty. They flew off at a tangent, and told the world by their divergence, what the world was not then ripe or ready to believe, viz. that their infallible system, supported as it might be by anatomical demonstration, was as subject to error as any other metaphysical system; inasmuch as they themselves differed upon points which, according to the fundamental principles of their own doctrines, could allow of no doubt, and consequently no dispute.

What the repellent poles were between the two professors I never fully ascertained; suffice it that they disagreed upon a matter which, if ever it can excite a doubt, can never claim the slightest attention from the public, for

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

and who pronounce this to be a religious, or that a carnal bump?

This quarrel did them much harm in Germany; it was a stumbling-block in the way of their doctrines. It did not strike the descendants of Dugald Stewart, and Brown, in the same light.

I first met with Dr. Gall at a patient's breakfast table. He was busily employed in eating dried salmon, for which his organs of taste seemed to have been particularly created. His first expression startled me a little, and the more so as it was in a hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain. "*Tout ce qui est ultra est bête,*" said the doctor, as he was criticising the conduct of one of his patients, who, not having

attended to the Doctor's injunctions, was suffering for his disobedience by confinement to his bed.

"*Permettez-moi de vous presenter le Médecin de mon frère,*" said the lady of the house, interrupting him, "*c'est un Anglais.*" The Doctor rose and bowed in honour of my country. Several commonplace phrases were interchanged between us, but nothing which passed denoted any thing extraordinary in the mental endowments of the phrenologist. Still, as I gazed upon his brow, I seemed to see indelibly imprinted the iron character of his soul; the stern, unyielding physiognomy, which scarce allowed a smile to play upon it. His countenance was one, however, expressive of great intellect; for thus far we will go, but no farther, that the head is the "mansion of the mind, and the index of its powers."

"And how is poor N——?" inquired the hostess.

"*Oh voilà encore un animal,*" replied the Doctor. He has taken some offence at what I said to him yesterday, and I suppose I shall not be sent for again. Indeed, I hardly think that he will live through the night."

"Good God! is the poor old chamberlain so near his end as you say?"

"He has lived long enough," he replied, "to be wiser than he is. He took offence at something which I said to him, and which wounded his pride, but it was true, and had I not wrapped the bird in warm towels, it certainly would have died."

"Pray be more explicit," continued the lady, "and tell me what has passed. You know that we are

related, and I take a great interest in all that concerns the old ——."

"Why, then," continued the Doctor, "if you will know all the gossip of the town, I was sitting yesterday by his bedside, and had paid him rather a longer visit than usual, when one of those convulsive fits of asthma to which he is so subject, and which sooner or later will put an end to his existence, began to manifest its attack. I rose to go away, and see my poor patient at home, and who wanted my care, but the asthmatic man made signs to me to stay with him till the fit was over. I told the attendants that I was in a hurry, that I had a patient at home waiting for me. They pressed my remaining, but I insisted that I could not, for unless I hastened to wrap the peacock, who had caught cold, in warm towels, he might perhaps die."

"Good God!" said the hostess, "and was this the patient who interested you so? and could you leave a human being in his sufferings, to look after a peacock?"

"It is a great favourite of my ——'s," and he stopped himself. "Your relation, the Mareschal, sent it to me from Poland. I would not lose it for any money: and when I could do good in the one case and none in the other, is there anything so monstrous in it, pray?"

Nobody replied, and soon afterwards I took my departure. This was my first introduction to Dr. Gall, and it certainly produced no very favourable impression. I met him frequently in society afterwards,

and had opportunities of ascertaining his opinion with regard to English practitioners. He seemed to prefer English to French practice in general; he was averse, in fact, to every thing French, as most Germans are and have good reason to be. He would not allow that any thing French could be innocent, not even its ptisannery. He reprobated, however, the great abuse of calomel which disgraced English practice; for in this particular he fell into the mistake which most continental physicians make, viz. that the English carry calomel in their waistcoat pockets, and administer it by teaspoonfuls.

Another point of dispute with him, as with most of his countrymen, was, the antispasmodic qualities of bark. The Germans will not allow it this property, and criticise Cullen for placing it in that class of medicines. Musk, camphor, and valerian are alone entitled to their consideration in most of the cases where the English administer bark.

It was in the hospital of the insane that I had an opportunity of realising the opinion which I had formed of the Doctor's unbending mind at my first interview with him. I was invited with some of my colleagues to witness a dissection of the brain, in order to prove that Dr. Gall was mistaken in his descriptive anatomy of some portion of the medullary substance. He attended *in propria persona* to substantiate his opinions, and refute the demonstrative evidence of the dissector's scalpel. Several brains were produced, and the professor convinced all except the Doctor himself, that he had been mistaken in his

description of these parts. Still he was inflexible; he would neither see nor believe it, and shielded himself under the assertion that a dissector may with his scalpel make the parts of the brain appear as he wishes to make them; and asserted that it was necessary to dissect some hundreds of brains in order to be perfectly *au fait* with the real position and appearance of their parts.

To obviate this first difficulty, several brains were placed before him, and the scalpel put in his hand, so that he could, did he so please, use it to his liking. He cut into the substance of several, but found them all *trop enflammées;* and the meeting was adjourned in the most unsatisfactory manner.

Had not the organs of ingenuousness been so stamped upon the Doctor's brow as to be visible to all, he might, by an inexperienced man, have been in the present instance accused of insincerity. I may observe that M. Beclard was present at this dissection, and decided against him.

I have seldom met with a more amusing man than Dr. Gall. His conversation was very entertaining, and replete with anecdote and illustration. When his original work, one of the most amusing books imaginable, was ready for publication, it was stopped by the censorship in Vienna. What was to be done—the labour of a life to be lost? No, said the Doctor: and he packed up the manuscript, threw it across his shoulder, and marched as a pedlar with it to Paris, where he published it in French.

Though long resident in France, he never acquired

the French accent. The last time I met with him was in a druggist's shop, where he was scolding the lads for having made some mistake in compounding a prescription, calling them, with a strong German accent, "*des pêtes et des bolissons.*" Upon seeing me, he mitigated his wrath, and said, "Call upon me before you leave for Russia. *Au reste, vouz ferez bien vos affaires. Les dames Russes aiment les Anglais, mais venez me voir. Avec qui voyagez vous?*" I explained to him my plans, and the promises which were made me, and the patronage which I enjoyed. "*Votre fortune est faite, mon cher;*" and, squeezing my hand, he stepped into his carriage, and I saw him no more.

I made Dr. Spurzheim's acquaintance under different circumstances. I was introduced to Dr. Gall as a physician; I first saw Dr. Spurzheim in the professor's chair, delivering a lecture to a small class whom he had assembled in the Rue de Seine.

"I cannot think, gentlemen, how it is that travellers have never paid any attention to the heads of their fellow creatures. They make long voyages by sea and land, and measure stones and columns; and yet we never hear of their having examined the form and figure of men's skulls. It is to me truly extraordinary;"—and he then held up two horses' heads, to point out the difference, in moral qualities, between an English and French horse; he asserted that French horses are more vicious than English, but that French milliners possessed the *fitting* organs, and adjusted gowns to ladies' waists beyond all comparison better

than British female tailors. Who can dispute the fact?

I listened with interest and attention to the Doctor's lecture; and his anecdotes, in illustration of reason and instinct, were so amusing, that I continued to attend him regularly throughout the whole of his course. He did not convince me, however, of the truth of his system as a whole, although I was convinced of much that he asserted.

No two men ever differed more in their physiognomies, nor in their moral characters, than these two professors of phrenology. Dr. Spurzheim's physiognomy indicated every thing which was kind and benevolent, and he was what he appeared. A better man never lived. He had, perhaps, too great faith in his own opinions. As to the countenance of Gall, I should say that it indicated that feeling had been absorbed in interest, and that it betrayed a disbelief in every thing, and even in his own system; and if the world judges rightly, such was really the case. In conversing with several of the French professors upon this subject, I found them unanimously of this opinion.

"*Spurzheim croit au moins à tout ce qu'il dit, comme un bon enfant. Gall n'y croit pas un mot.*" Such was the opinion in Paris.

As Dr. Spurzheim's sojourn was but short, I had but little opportunity of seeing him; but I must relate the following occurrence, however much it may militate in favour of his system.

Knowing that he was paying a visit in the hotel

where I was residing, I requested him to see a patient. He kindly complied with my request, and without any prefatory conversation, or without a hint from myself, he immediately examined the head.

"Is there any malformation, Doctor?" I inquired. "He has been threatened with water in the head." He shook his own, and replied, that I had nothing to fear from that source. "His moral education requires great attention," he said, and he stated in a few words his moral character, his impetuosity, impatience of control, dictatorial spirit, &c. &c. "He must not be contradicted at present in any thing, nor his mind put upon the stretch. His brain is physically weak; the impressions are too strong for it. As his general strength increases, his brain will increase in strength also; but he must not be pushed beyond his power."

I was so much struck with this, that I detailed to him all the symptoms which I had combated in the beginning. "It was your only chance," he replied.

Never was definition of the present more correct —never prophecy of the future more true. Where did the Doctor obtain all this information? From the examination of the head?

I accompanied the family to a watering-place during the summer months; for Paris is insufferable in hot weather; and they had chosen Dieppe hitherto as a residence during the dog-days.

The town had lately risen into note from the annual visits paid it by the Duchess of Berry; and what had been for centuries a miserable fishing town only, became at once one of the gayest towns in

France. It was here that the Duchess could put aside the etiquette of the Tuilleries, and promenade the streets of Dieppe in a morning gown, with no other attendant than her *cavalier servante*, the Comte de Menars. Naturally affable and condescending in her manners, she was a great favourite with the Dieppois, who received her upon all occasions with every mark of loyalty. A circumstance which at that period was considered to her advantage was the coolness which was known to exist between herself and the Dauphine, who, not forgetting that she was a princess, and would in all probability be a queen, never laid aside those rigid rules of royalty, which the other in reality could never assume. The Duchess of Berry had protested also against the influence of the Jesuits in the education of her children. She was, in fact, a favourite of the liberal, whereas the Dauphine was considered as the chief supporter of the Jesuitical party; — she who was styled by Napoleon as the only man of her family.

The French, daily conquering their antipathies to the English, began already to imitate them in their habits and customs. Bathing was to the French, however, almost an innovation as a fashionable prescription, and Dieppe seems to have the honour of having been the first royal watering place established on an English footing. There was much wanting, however, in order to make it a desirable resort for invalids; and even the possibility of dipping in the sea had many drawbacks to its comfortable accomplishment. The shore is shingly, and the sea often

very rough, and many of the ladies would not venture without a man *baigneur juré* (a man licensed for the bathers) to lead them into the water; many, on the contrary, would not go into the sea, precisely because there was this man. Those, however, who overcame any delicate scruples upon this point, made up for the deficiency of such as could not do so in the quantity of their immersions. Nothing could be more preposterous than the frequency with which they used bathing as a restorative of health. It is true that sea-bathing was to the French almost new, and to the faculty in particular experimental.

A patient about to leave Paris for Dieppe would naturally consult his physician as to the number of times which it would be expedient for him to dip in the sea. The physician would probably tell him to take twenty or thirty baths during the first summer, and this number is quite sufficient in this latitude, supposing the patient to bathe every other day.

The French invalid, however, after a few days' residence in a small town, and when the novelty of the change has passed away,—when he finds that he can purchase oysters quite as fresh in Paris, and that all other comestibles are here much inferior, — when he misses the Tuilleries, the Boulevards, and the Palais Royal, naturally gives way to *ennui*, and only reckons upon the time when he shall find himself again in his metropolis. Still he has subscribed for so many baths, and he finds his complaint no better. How can it be? He has taken ten baths, and he was desired by his doctor to take thirty. "*Que*

faire?" he says to himself; "*Courage, mon ami,*"—and he sets to work in earnest. You see him now at three periods of the day strolling down to the sea-side, and returning each time with a weaker and more faltering step after his immersions.

I was sitting upon the banks which are raised above the shore,—it was a fine summer's evening, just before sun-set, and the wind was beginning to lull, when an old acquaintance passed by, and was going to bathe. He seemed to totter that evening more than usual; but he undressed and went into the water with his bather. He was in the habit of remaining from three quarters of an hour to an hour in the sea, so that I was surprised upon seeing him carried out of the water in the arms of the bather much sooner than usual. The latter beckoned to me, and I hastened to the spot. The spark was extinct, and was not to be revived.

This was already the second case of apoplexy which had occurred this season. Both patients had been carried out of the sea *hors de combat.* Still this did not intimidate others from pursuing the same plan. It was no uncommon thing to see people of all ages, men, women, and children, going into the sea two and three times daily, standing up, like so many posts, against which the waves were beating. Nor did it suffice to them to take a dip or two and run out again, which is the only secret of the benefit of bathing; no, they would remain from half an hour to an hour at a time, return with feeble steps to their houses, refresh themselves with food, and when they

had a little recruited their exhausted strength, they would return again to the charge. These were the patients who did not benefit by sea-bathing.

Dieppe, like most French towns, had a colony of English, and three English physicians to take care of them. It was that class of society which makes a man hate his country, because he feels ashamed of it. It is, as Pelham says, "to die of an Englishman abroad," to be obliged to associate with such. Runaway debtors, condemned bankrupts, false money makers, cashiered officers, discarded mistresses, poor widows of all ages and degrees of respectability, outlawed bachelors, rips of parsons, incarcerated six days in the week and let out to preach to their countrymen on Sundays, divorced wives, and conniving husbands — such formed the mass of society which boasted of its British origin.

"What is done in France goes for nothing, my dear ——," replied Lady A——, to a foreigner who was shocked at her behaviour, and asked if such would be tolerated in England?

It was not for the advantage of such society that we frequented this little town; but the neighbourhood afforded many attractions independent of the sea. There was something much more English about it than the English who sojourned there. Normandy is a fine province, and whether the Normans retain something of English habits, I can hardly decide; but they are a different race of men from what I found the inhabitants of the southern provinces. They have the reputation, however, of being very avaricious,

and they have a proverb, something about a Jew and a Norman. They are, I suppose, the *Yorkshiremen* of France. With regard to their honesty, they make as much of strangers as they can.

Still there is something English about Dieppe. Upon the road to Arques, a beautiful ruin about three miles distant from the town, there are regular foot-paths and turnstiles in the fields, and pretty lanes, enclosed between hanging woods. This I have met with in no other part of France, and it reminded me of those days the reminiscence of which always excites pleasure.

As exercise, pushed to a point short of fatigue, was the thing desirable, so here all conspired to our advantage, and we had a continual change of amusement. To-day it was to bathe in the sea; to-morrow, to pick up pebbles on the sea-shore; the following day, to mount a donkey and ride to Arques; and so on, that each day in the week had its amusement chalked out.

The Dieppois are very expert fishermen, and Paris is chiefly supplied with turbot and skate from this port; and as good claret is not to be had at Bordeaux, so it is very difficult to get a bit of good fish at Dieppe. All is contracted for by the Parisian *poissards*, — formidable women, even in this day.

I wonder the French have not discovered the merits of a John Dory. A John Dory's liver is the finest thing in nature; it is so fine, because it is so natural. Art and science have done much, chemistry and physiology have done much, for the art of cooking.

See the *pâté de foie gras.* It is the triumph of physiology. Let the goose be grateful, and appreciate the science. Render to Cæsar what is Cæsar's. But stand forth, habitant of the deep. Come from your coral caves, John Dory; and point to your great and glorious liver. Say, "This is nature," and retire to your caves down in the deep, blush for your countrymen, who only value you at two francs per head — you, who can sell your children at Brighton for a guinea each!

The Prefet of Dieppe was a Jesuit of the old school; he was one of that class of men of whom his countrymen said, "*Il n'est pas bête que notre préfet, mais il fait des bêtises.*" In his zeal to please the Duchess, whose taste he had completely mistaken, he determined to re-establish a religious ceremony, which had been abandoned for a century, and which was instituted in commemoration of a victory gained over some English vessels about the year 1600. All the authorities were invited to attend this ceremony; and, to do the Dieppois justice, all laughed heartily at the absurdity. "*C'est une bêtise de plus de Monsieur le préfet,* was the general exclamation. The thing passed off with pomp, but the Duchess would take no part in it. Mass was said, the bells were rung, the cannons fired, and all returned quietly to their houses.

I happened to be in the chemist's shop as the procession was returning home; a French officer who had been in the suite entered, and, guessing me to be an Englishman, thought he might bully me a little.

"Did you see the procession?" he asked me.

I replied in the affirmative.

"Do you thus celebrate your victories in England?"

I replied in the negative.

"You would not have many to celebrate," he continued, smiling sarcastically.

"*Trente pour un au moins*," I retorted; and putting his hand upon his hilt, he quitted the shop, growling something about *sacre gens — Anglais*.

I was curious to inquire into the truth of this concern, and I could only find that my friend the John Dory was the cause of the naval victory gained by a French frigate over two Brighton fishing-smacks, who, tempted by the high price of Dories, ventured too far. The boats were taken, and sent into Dieppe, and the Prefet of those days, much such a *bête* as his successor, had a ceremony performed, and the town illuminated, — all for the victory gained over the English fleet.

This was the third summer that we had passed at Dieppe, and it was the last of my engagement. I knew not what I might do in future, but the arrival of the Prince from England decided my prospects. It was proposed to me to winter in Poland, and finally to proceed to St. Petersburg. I decided at all events upon the first part of the proposition, and merely demanded a furlough of a fortnight, to enable me to see my friends in England. This was immediately granted, and the following day I was seated in a coffee-house at Brighton.

The insolence which I experienced from the custom-

house officers made me at first almost regret my visit to my native land. Five years' residence in France had made me oblivious of all that was unpleasant in England, and I returned full of the idea of meeting with every thing at home as perfect as I could desire. I had *declared* what few presents I took over, to the officer in waiting, and was about to show him the bills which I had paid for them in Paris, when he told me, in an insolent tone, to keep them in my pocket, — he should put his own value upon the goods, — he was up to those tricks. There is nothing more galling to an Englishman than to meet with such unprovoked rudeness from his own countrymen upon his arrival from abroad. This specimen of it so disgusted me, that nothing but a fried sole and a genuine beef-steak, which I had not met with since I left England, could have consoled me under such circumstances.

"Gentlemen arriving from the Continent generally take Bucellas — what wine shall I serve you, sir?" asked the landlord, as he watched the last mouthful of sole slide drily down. I should have said Port, under any other circumstances, but I had been too much insulted to feel myself at home. "*Donnez du Bucellas,*" I answered, and it was by mistake that I spoke French. It is only those who have been but six weeks upon the Continent who speak French upon their return. After a five years' residence in Paris there is no necessity for this affectation.

Now Bucellas was a wine suited to my present frame of mind. It is neither French nor English; lighter than the latter, heavier than the former. It was just

what I required. It put me in better humour; and when I had finished my pint, I called for a pint of Port. As I had but a short furlough, I was compelled to make the most of it. I had a good ticket of admission to my medical colleagues, many of whom, being already acquainted with my proceedings during my five years of absence, welcomed me most heartily upon my return. None received me more kindly than the late worthy Dr. B——. I found him somewhat decayed, but the same beneficent smile smoothed away the wrinkles of time.

"Well," he said, as he took my hand and paused, as if not quite sure of his recollection, "it is seven years since I saw you."

"Almost," I replied.

"Ah, now I know," he continued: "and what are your present plans?"

I explained these as briefly as possible.

"Well, then, I shall see you come back a Baron."

"Not quite *barren*, I hope, Doctor," and he smiled.

"Take this with you," and he handed me over a scroll of paper; "it may be of use to you. You will visit the famous salt mines of Cracow."

I opened the scroll, and found that it contained rules for the naturalist in his travels. I took such care of it that I never found it again, often as I sought for it.

"God bless you, my dear Doctor. *Ne frigora lædant*,"— and we shook hands and parted. It was the last time I ever saw him, and I remember well the impression which his patriarchal expression made upon

me. It was impossible to look at him without feeling some of that spirit which his look inspired. I had never known him in his youth; he was an old professor when I first attended his class; but he was much changed, even from that period. The loss of so many of his children at the age of maturity, and in such rapid succession, had weighed down his spirit. The joke and the anecdote had not the same force as formerly, because he himself felt them not the same. The greatest domestic afflictions could not altogether destroy the placid smile which lit up his countenance, even to the very last. In his death, the profession lost one of its brightest ornaments, and Aldermanbury seems no longer the same — its genius has taken wing.

It was not to be wondered at that I should be so well received by the faculty in general, under my present circumstances. To whom could I do harm? In whose path could I intrude? I was again about to expatriate myself. It was barely possible that I might even be useful to some; for, now that distance is abolished, there is even a medical intercourse to be kept up between London and Petersburg. Oh! happy, thrice happy patient! Bless the age in which you live, and learn that in the short space of eight days your case may be submitted to the consideration of the faculties of these two remote cities. The doctors know this, if you do not; and knowing, also, that I had patronage and protection, I found them all very amiable.

I called upon my old friend, Sir —— ——. How

happy was he to see me, but how changed was every thing except himself! There were no crowded anterooms; no incessant opening and shutting of doors; no necessity for slipping a shilling into John's well-greased hand, in order to have more speedy admission into the sanctum; no bread and butter all ready spread and sprinkled; no tea poured out into the wide refrigeratory saucer. Sir —— sat at his breakfast table, as comfortable and as nonchalant as a county magistrate on the day of the assizes.

"Ah, how do you do?" he exclaimed, upon seeing me. "Well, you have found your way back again. What do they say about fractures of the neck of the femur, at the Hotel Dieu?"

"That they unite," I replied.

As Sir —— said this, he laughed in his usual hearty manner. It was impossible to mistake his laugh. "I think," he said, "that La Roux is one of their best surgeons." A solitary rap announced a visitor, and I rose to take my leave. "Call again before you leave England. You will find all quiet in Russia, I hope,"—and he descanted a little upon the death of the late Emperor:—

"It is singular how men may be mistaken in countenances. I have no faith in Lavater. I was sitting for my own portrait to Sir Thomas Lawrence, and there was the full-length painting of the Emperor Alexander in his study. Sir Thomas saw me looking at it, and said to me, 'That is the most perfidious countenance that I ever painted.' How mistaken people may be!" Mistaken indeed, I replied.

"Well, I am delighted with your success, and I hope you will make your fortune."

I shall owe it all to you.

"How?" he replied.

Did you not, many years ago, put into my head what I shall now put in my pocket?

"God bless you!" he said, for he heard a second rap at the door.

There is no greater pleasure than the sensation that we have not disappointed the expectations of those who were kind to us at a time when encouragement was our one thing needful. To feel that he who has bestowed his patronage has no reason to regret having done so, but, on the contrary, is rather pleased with his own penetration, inspires somewhat of the sentiment which Shakspeare ascribes to mercy: it is doubly blest — "it blesses him who gives, and him who takes." It is indeed a goodly thing, and man is not always an egotist when others make him proud of himself.

CHAP. VIII.

VISIT RELATIONS IN COUNTRY TOWN. EARLY REMINISCENCES. OCTOGENARIAN RELATIVES. CHANGES OF RELIGIOUS FEELINGS. RECAPITULATION OF PAST EVENTS. FINAL BLESSING. THE TWANGING HORN. APATHY OF OLD FOLKS GREATER TOWARDS ANIMATE THAN INANIMATE MATTER. GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE BEAUTIFUL IN ITS DECAY. FINE OLD CHURCH. SKETCH OF VILLAGE POLITICIAN. BEDDOES. DARWIN. YOUNG. POLITICAL STATE OF FRANCE FROM DEATH OF LEWIS XVIII. TO DISMISSAL OF VILLELE.

BEFORE exposing myself to the eternal snows and all the horrors which the inhabitants of a country town in England naturally ascribe to Russia, it was incumbent on me to pay a valedictory visit to my early instructor in the "*Quæ prosunt omnibus artes.*"

Half way between London and Holyhead, situated in a pleasant valley, is to be found the English Krahwinkle,—for to no other town bears it a greater resemblance in the manners, aspects, and philosophy of its inhabitants. Nay, with a very little change, a slight transposition of letters, some curtailment and a free imagination, it would be as easy to prove that ——— is a corruption of Krahwinkle, as that *Quirliquitch* is a corruption of "*querelarum quies.*" The town contains about two thousand inhabitants, among whom are a parson and three doctors.

Here it was that I drew the first inspiration of aromatic life. Here was I initiated into the mysteries of the healing art. Ten years had elapsed since I was numbered among its inhabitants — perhaps then hardly worthy of such a title, had I not claimed it by some of those youthful pranks which are remembered in after years. All appeared as I had left it. Indeed I might have supposed that even I myself was not much changed, for as I walked up the street every soul recognized me. One tendered me his hand, asking me if I had sown my wild oats? A second said he forgave me for having once poisoned him; a third spoke of my having lamed his horse.

"How long have you been absent?" they all exclaimed.

Ten years, I replied.

"He was a chip of the old block," all uttered as I passed along and saw the old fixtures gaze upon me with an eye of half pleasure, half astonishment. I found my old preceptor in the land of the living. He had been a rake in his day; but *Philibert marie.* He was fond of all sports, and excelled in most. He was one of the best shots in the country; no man tumbled so many pigeons over at the frequent shooting matches which were held in the neighbourhood. All his geese were swans. He was a man of naturally good understanding, but vanity got the better of it. He was an optimist in every thing which concerned himself. His dogs, his horses, his wife (naturally), were the best in the

country. He had no children by the latter, but he had adopted a nephew, who was to inherit his property — a youth of fine parts, and worthy of being his successor.

When I first went to him he was already beginning to find that his passions were leaving him, so he became outrageously fanatical, and left his passions. He was converted suddenly — it came upon him like a flash of lightning. No man ever forced his religious opinions upon others as he now did. Krahwinkle was in an uproar. The people stood still in the market-place; the old women sat down upon their eggs and butter. What dire event had taken place? What strange news to tell! "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" The doctor is turned methodist! Then that spirit of all uncharitableness, which is ever awake, but which soars on the wings of eagles upon such occasions as the present! Then all those sayings and backbitings, that raking up old offences, those unkind doubts of the sincerity of the convert, or the still more galling conjectures as to the cause of the conversion! Some, more carnally-minded than their neighbours, ascribing it to female influence; — others, supposing themselves better informed, opposing lack of physical power to warrant the truth of such ideas; — all finding something uncharitable to say upon the occasion, and hardly one still small voice to whisper, that it is not too late even at the eleventh hour! Some, indeed, did instance the thief on the cross; but it was a poor compliment. All, with one accord, united in

the cry, that it would not last long — it was but a change of passion — a new game, which would soon lose its interest, and be exchanged for something else.

It was disagreeable for me to hear such things; but time and the persecutions which I suffered reconciled me to the language, and finally compelled me to join in the cry.

How much mischief has this unchristian spirit done to mankind! How many have been driven to infidelity by those who would make them believe too much! How many have been thus turned from the paths of soberness and truth!

I found, upon conversing with him, that his zeal had much abated, and the storm had subsided to a calm. He looked forward to a happy futurity, having sincerely repented of such errors as all are prone to commit. Where honesty, integrity, and a faithful discharge of those duties which our profession demands, form the basis of a character, we are not to look after such foibles as are perhaps useful in humbling us in our own esteem. They are worldlings only who judge the world so harshly.

Dr. Johnson showed much compassion for the foibles of human nature; and I think Madden has not done him justice in his "Maladies of Genius." He has forgotten this part of his character; and when raking into his viscera to discover the cause of his spleen and vapours, he has quite overlooked his bowels of compassion.

Ten years of absence had obliterated from my memory all the persecutions of my youth, and ten years had put the schoolmaster into the yellow leaf. I found him feeble, sickly, and decayed — a remnant of himself. Still self predominated, even in the remnant. It was a part of the once entire piece. He received me affectionately, and with tears in his eyes. When I spoke of my present plans and prospects, he listened with attention; and when I had finished, he replied, "I said so — the seed was well sown." He allowed me no merit, but took all the credit to himself. It was he who had taught me every thing, who put me in the right path. It was the "bread cast upon the waters, and found after many days." He then recapitulated, as in olden time, all the difficulties under which he had laboured at the commencement of life. How different were the circumstances between himself and myself at the onset of our careers! He had no friends to assist him; his father, God help him! (and he looked upwards, as if to implore mercy for his parent,) had not even given him religious instruction; whereas I had been received into the bosom of the family, had been helped every way, and had slept on a bed of roses. He had earned by the sweat of his brow what I now saw, — and he pointed to his field, and his cows, and his neat cottage; and putting his hand into his pocket, he looked at me affectionately, and said emphatically, "I have always a hundred pounds to play with."

Had he looked round, he might have discovered some look of disappointment in my face, when after

mentioning the hundred pounds, he drew his empty hand from his pocket, and, patting me upon the shoulder, exclaimed, "Seek first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you."

You keep the hundred pounds though! thought I to myself.

His better half was as I remembered her some fifteen, and as others could remember her some fifty, years before. It was one of those faces which has nothing to gain — nothing to lose — by age. Time had wrought no change upon her. She had not lost a tooth. She had lost the use of both eyes, but both had been restored to her "*te veniente*," Alexander.

What was he of Babylon compared to you? He blinded mankind, you restored to sight. You were more to her, than all the Alexanders that ever lived. You enabled her to discover, as in olden times, every spot upon her far-famed mahogany tables. How often has she been dunned for the receipt of that famous polish! In vain did she insist, that there were but three necessary ingredients in the art of polishing mahogany tables; and suiting the action to the word, she put herself in the attitude of Demosthenes, and exclaimed — "Rubbing, rubbing, rubbing!"

Again could she discover, thanks to thee, Alexander, how the maid performed her duty on these tables. She could again see to pluck up every daisy from her grass plat, to pull off every faded rose, to

twist out any hair, which might disgrace her upper lip, to write her incomparable letter, and to choose the pen, which never spelt amiss. Still she was growing old; she sighed and asked me for a receipt for tooth-powder. Her teeth were as white as snow, each firmly fixed in its socket, not a deserter in either rank!

The servant brought in the newspaper. She took it from him, and reading of the death of some octogenarian, she asked me, if it were not the medical opinion, that people lived longer than in former times. "It appears to me," she said, "that with due attention, we may arrive again at the patriarchal ages. Thanks to Alexander," she continued, "who has delivered me from the only warning which I have ever had. I am neither blind, deaf, nor lame now;" and she proposed to take a walk with me; and laying down the paper, and rubbing her eyes, she said, "Thank God! I can see as well as ever I did." She had more than accomplished her 70th year, and still she was most touchy upon the subject of age. I did not dare to mention it. As we walked arm in arm, I observed that she wheezed a little more than I remembered her to have done some ten years previously, and particularly as we ascended the hills. Still she made a bold march of it, and cleared the stiles in the fields in a manner worthy of Diana Vernon.

There was much pleasure in trotting along the old paths, which we had once trodden so frequently together. The *vis admonitionis in locis* was not

small in us. She squeezed my arm as a reminiscence started up.

"Well," said she, after rather a long pause, "what do you think of Mr. ——?"

He is feeble, I replied, but I see no immediate prospect of a change.

"Thank God! my dear," she sighed; for I was a favourite with her. I had always taken her part in all domestic feuds; right or wrong, she had always my support. Comfort must always depend upon being on good terms with the mistress of the house.

"Do you not perceive a great improvement in his mind?"

Decidedly, I replied. His conversation is more calm, and more rational. Enthusiasm has subsided into religious meekness, and his ideas of a future state are very cheering.

"Thank God! You talk very rationally; you see things just as I do. I am glad to find that your residence in France has not changed your religious feelings."

By no means, I replied. Religion and patriotism are only strengthened by associating with those who are devoid of both. It gives me much pleasure to see him again in his real character. It was a fanatical delusion, which at one moment bordered upon insanity. You recollect the scene, which once took place, when he called all his family around him that they might witness how a Christian could die? You recollect how he took leave of us all, and told us that death

was the passage to a better state, and that he felt himself already in Abraham's bosom. At this instant, you remember, a patient of high rank sent for him, and he rose from his bed, dressed himself, mounted his horse, and rode seven miles . . . . . You remember——

"For God's sake," she replied, interrupting me, "do not recall such painful recollections. You know how I fought against such conduct, but it was all in vain then. All subsided by degrees:—he returned by little and little to those very amusements which he then stigmatized as impious. He even took up his gun again, and shot with as much pleasure as formerly."

To what do you attribute this second change? I asked.

"God knows," she said. "He got tired of it, and the general enthusiasm, which existed all around us at the time, died away by degrees. Discredit fell upon the cause by the immoral conduct of some of the instigators."

Thank God! I continued, that a man so gifted should have renounced his errors, and been found at the last worthy of his Maker.

We had now wound down the hill which we had ascended perpendicularly from the opposite side, and she turned to me and said, "Let us sit down a while, for you have led me on too fast for body and soul together."

The Wrekin was in the distance, and the sun lingering still upon the hunch, which rises near the

summit. It forms a beautiful break to the flat which surrounds it, and seems to stand as the avant-guard to the blue Welch mountains rising behind it.

"All friends round the Wrekin." We repeated at the same moment the Shropshire toast.

"It is some years," she sighed, "since I climbed its summit, and I shall never do so again; and yet I feel that I could still do it. There is something so melancholy in that word *last;* I cannot even bear the idea of having climbed that hill for the *last* time, and yet it must be so. You are still young, and have all the world before you. Oh! there is something in those bells, and in the evening altogether, which makes me feel unhappy. You are the cause of it;" and she squeezed my hand.

How so?

"Is it not the last time we shall ever meet?—Oh, that last! *last!* LAST!"—and we rose together, and quickened our pace homewards, to make tea for her invalid, as she styled her husband.

He received us at his Gothic gate, and, extending his hand, said exultingly—"I have been taking a long walk too;" and he leant upon my arm.

"Well, my dear boy, I am happy to see that you have not forgotten us; but so soon to part! And oh! where are you going? Well, God bless you, lad! I cannot blame your ambition—*Sic itur ad astra.*"

As we were drinking tea, which was served in the same cups as I had remembered in my youth to have used—as I observed with pleasure the same china tea-

pot, the same little muffineer, nay, as I was gazing round the room, and saw the stuffed heron in the old corner, they both smiled and said—"You see things do not grow old at the cottage."

No forsooth; not even the inhabitants!

"God bless me," she exclaimed of a sudden, "why, what have you done?"

I looked round with surprise, as she ran towards the bell. "Why, you careless lad, you have put your hot cup upon the mahogany table; see what a mark it has made!"

The servant opening the door—"Send Betty quick with her rubbers, to take out this mark, or she will have a hard day's work to-morrow, and Friday is not rubbing day."

No wonder, I thought, that nothing gets old with such care.

The guard of the Wonder coach blew his horn, as it entered the town. Hark! I said. "What! To the twanging horn?" she replied. Even so. She was a passionate admirer of Cowper's Task, and the sound of the horn put our feelings so much in harmony, that she even forgave me for marking the table.

"You have forgotten nothing, I see."

Nothing, that I could wish to remember.

"This coach is to take you from us to-morrow. I shall not like the twanging horn as I used to do."

As we were talking over old times, her husband pulled out his invaluable chronometer, which he believed to be the only good watch in Christendom.—"How does it tally with London time?" he asked

me. "But, my dear, it is time to go to bed. Will you ring for the servants to come to prayers." I never felt more disposed to be serious. It was the last time that we were ever to pour forth our orisons, and it was an harmonious offering.

The "twanging horn" found me prepared at five o'clock in the morning, and on my road to London. I question if I was even missed at the breakfast table. These partings do not much affect old people. It is not so much the loss of friends or acquaintances, as the separation from inanimate objects, which they regret. They will see with but little emotion their neighbours and their relations drop off one by one; but endeavour to drive them from their habitation and premises, from the land in which they have long tarried, and their hearts will break. To the young, this is a pleasure; to the old, it is death.

How often have I admired the painting, in the Louvre, of Lot and his family quitting their homes. How the elders look back with regret and sorrow; with "wandering steps and slow," do they quit; whilst the younger branches hurry on, eager to explore other lands. The parents but pray to die in their own. How often does this idea occur in the sacred writings. We know that all living beings must pass away, and we regret them not; but an old castle, an old church, have something of immortality about them. We identify ourselves with them, and lean upon them as a support; we think that we may lie more quiet by their sides, or that the change

will not be so great, nor so terrific, upon our own spot of earth. To have been at the same school; to have lived in the same town; to have been born in the same county; to have frequented the same church, create feelings which require a long time to eradicate. So do individuals get attached to inanimate matter. What pleasure is there in the remembrance of an old post which has stood in the same place for half a century, and when every thing living about it has changed and tergiversated, still remains true to its calling, under whig or tory administration — still the self-same whipping post.

I must not quit the scene of my boyhood, without informing my reader of what is worthy of note. The church is a noble building, erected in the form of a cross, upon a rising ground, by *bloody* papists. I wish that this merit of having been such good architects, and of having, as Mr. Bulwer observes, scattered their charities over the face of the earth, could be taken from them. All that is beautiful in the Gothic, we find to be the work of the papists, who are lovely even in their fall.

What will our edifices of public worship resemble three centuries hence? Will they stand the test of time? Out of all that are now built, will there be one to vie with a Tintern or a Netley Abbey? Pull them down, pull them down, O posterity, as soon as they begin to decay. Let no invidious comparisons be drawn between them and their Popish forefathers, who will then be even fresher than their children; and oh! how much more beautiful with

ten centuries more to boast of. Make use of your strength whilst you are young. Bully and persecute if you feel yourselves sufficient in yourselves; but remember, you will never be strong in your weakness. The ivy which may grow upon your square heads will not festoon as over a Gothic arch; it will not save your brick and mortar from being sold in detail. I question whether the owl will inhabit you. I think she has more taste. She will be afraid of destruction herself. Her moping moan may be tolerated in the deserted refectories of olden times, weeping her lamentations as a cracked convent bell, and recalling to mind the hour of the good and frugal repast, which assembled youth, beauty, and innocence at the board.

Yes, my old church has a look about her, which says, "I was built before the Reformation;" and something echoes, "Yes, and the Reform will unbuild you." Not if I am there to wield a cudgel in your defence. You have lost your chief pillar, your strongest prop. I looked for him where I used to find him. He had passed away; his shadow was gone. John Smirkum, blacksmith, poet, politician, and musician, had paid the debt of nature. Oh! and what an end — crushed by his own weight (he only weighed twenty-two stone); suffocated in his own bed, with a broken thigh, and no steam engine to raise him up! His horse had fallen with him; what horse could have done otherwise? The thigh bone snapped in two. It was set *secundum artem;*

the bones united, all went on well; but there was no means of raising the load — he was smothered in a feather bed. He died the death of an hydrophobic man, who, like himself, has every thing in his favour, but is condemned to be smothered like poor John Smirkum.

Where are your jokes and your gibes now? Who replaces you in the president's chair at the free-and easy, astounding the audience with your pronunciation of Russian names, as you read the papers to them during the retreat of Napoleon? How much are you missed at the court-leet dinner, where you were always the first guest at table, far enough from the seat of honour to avoid the honour of carving, but still near enough to get the slices hot from the joint. I seem to see you now, sitting at table, waiting impatiently for the hour of three, sitting with your hands reposing in the luxuriously contrived, slanting waistcoat pockets. And then at an oyster feast, who will be found to eat up the decayed hermaphrodites? Who can prick the peal of bells— the bobs and treble bobs? Who preside at the hebdomadal tripe shop, and discuss the politics of the home department, after eating as much tripe as would make a modern-sized waistcoat? There you lie, buried in the churchyard — nay, in the very path which has often groaned with your living weight, under which you were yourself finally crushed. Hear you the merry peal announcing the new year, after having rang out the old? How often have you performed your part in that ceremony! Where

are your companions? Buried in the same vault? No, not the same; one vault could never contain more than yourself. Louis XVIII. was a shrimp to you, and hardly could they stuff his body into the vault at St. Denis.

Shades of Beddoes, can I pass you over? Have I not reason to glory in the place which gave you birth? Have we not walked in the same street, drank from the same well, bathed in the same mill-pond, fished in the same stream, worked in the same laboratory, turned the handle of the same electrifying machine, and then, both ungrateful for such benefits, left the fortune which was provided us, if, unlike rolling stones, we could have consented to have toddled on as peaceful, quiet, regular mill stones? Was it not here that you first studied the sexual system of plants? Are not the names of Darwin, Beddoes, Young, enough to justify me in the assertion, that my town has its wonders to be proud of? How far is it from the sound of that clock, by the dial of which Sir John Falstaff fought a whole bloody hour? Adieu, my scenes of youth, never to revisit you! May you not discard him from your memory, who is grateful enough to you to confess that he is desirous to be worthy of you!

I remained but a few days in London; and upon my return to Paris, I found the family already making preparations for the journey to the north.

With respect to the political events which occurred during my residence in Paris, they should hardly find place in any diary; but who can live in

the present time, and not be a politician? Sir Robert Walpole always introduced certain topics of conversation at his table, because they were suited to the capacities of all his guests. Who does not believe that he understands politics? Who does not discuss them at least, as if he did?

In passing in review the different political events which marked this period, and referring to the expression of general feeling elicited at their occurrence, it is impossible not to be struck with the idea, that all that was passing, manifested the gestation of that important change which was ere long to have a being.

It was a few days previous to the departure of the Duke d'Angoulême for the army which was about to invade Spain, that I arrived in Paris. What would the commotion have been, under similar circumstances, in the time of Napoleon? All Paris would have sallied out to have given him their valedictory bravo; nay, they would have done as much for one of his favourite generals. The Duke departed in solemn silence, and it was impossible to avoid perceiving the general feeling which existed, and which was unfavourable to his expedition. The opinion of old Baptiste was that of eight twelfths of the city; viz. that the war was waged against the liberties of France, and that it was to gain the army to the Bourbons that it was alone attempted.

It seemed that the evil spirit of Napoleon had again visited France; for all attributed the decline of his empire to the first Spanish war. So much was this the case, even in the zenith of his power,

that they applied to him the words of the old man to Scapin, who had informed him that his son was made prisoner by the Turks: "*Mais pourquoi est-il allé dans cette maudite galère;*" and this became so general that the piece was forbidden to be played at that period.

The bulletins which arrived of the army, and of the Duke's crossing the Bedissoa, were hawked about the streets with stentorian voices, but they found no purchasers; or did a solitary individual take one from the hands of the crier, he read it, and threw it down again. It was evident, that the whole was a proceeding, in the success of which the people took no interest; nay, that they looked upon it as the rivetting of their own chains.

The war could not be unsuccessful, and the Chambers were dissolved, as soon as this was ascertained. The immense majority which the ministers held in the new chambers, the rejection of almost the whole liberal opposition of the former chamber and of the royalists, or contra opposition, as they were then styled, alarmed the people more and more; and although order was perfectly maintained, and France was declared to be more tranquil than she had ever been, it was evident that there was an under-current of deadly feeling to the existing authorities.

The war was soon concluded, and the *vainqueur pacificateur* returned in triumph. A temporary arch was erected over the unfinished arch of triumph, which was commenced by Napoleon. The guards were drawn up on each side the Champs Elysées,

from the arch to the Tuilleries, and the Duke rode at a foot's pace at the head of his staff. I followed him the whole way, nor did I hear one single shout or expression of pleasure from the people, welcoming the return of their Prince.

The increasing feebleness of Louis XVIII., and his aversion to business, left all in the hands of the Minister Villele, who contrived to fall into that error, which is the ruin of all good government. He adopted a system of compromise to each party; for the Chambers were now divided into three sets: the Ultra, the Ministerialists, and the Liberals. The last, it is true, had by the late elections been almost annihilated; but among the ministerial members, many would have gone over to the small few, had the government yielded to the ultras; and yet it was not possible to entirely crush the ultra party, under existing circumstances: for the opinions of the successor to the throne were well known; and during the latter days of the old king's reign, these had much weight in the council. It was evident that Villele feared his dismissal in the succeeding reign, should he too grossly offend this party. Should he on the contrary, allow the party to triumph, then he feared, what was still worse, a general revolution. It was his object, therefore, to gain this party by concession, and finally to amalgamate himself with it; but he was too precipitous in his plans; and the Jesuits, tired of waiting, hurried him on to his own destruction. The liberals were silenced in the Chambers, but the royalists, led on by M. de la Bour-

donnaye, thundered against him, and made him tremble in his seat. They had observed his wavering, and had determined to crush him. He resorted now to the last means that could insure his downfall — he re-established the censorship of the press. It was during the last days of the agony of Louis XVIII.

I was walking upon the splendid terrace of St. Germain, where we were passing the summer, and was met by an old Frenchman and a red-hot royalist, who stopped and asked me if I had read the *Journal des Débats?* I replied in the negative. "*Cela ne vous fatiguera pas, mon cher, allez le lire;*" and I stepped into the adjoining coffee house, where I found a whole society in hot dispute, holding up the very paper which I sought. Three sides of *blank* explained to me the meaning of the old royalist.

St. Germain is a *foyer* of royalists; it is inhabited by the remnants of ruined fortunes. Old cocked-hats, and tied queues, still stalk about the town, and Napoleon used to say that only the air was good at St. Germain en Laye.

This censorship, therefore, imposed upon the journals because the country was in danger, and so declared by a minister who but a short time before spoke from the tribune, "*que la France n'a jamais été si tranquille,*" enraged the royalists to the utmost pitch of fury; for against them alone was it directed. "*La famille Bourbonne n'a pas besoin de cela,*" they exclaimed with one voice, as they took up and simultaneously threw down the blank paper, and the café was soon deserted. The death of the old king

occurred soon afterwards, and Talleyrand, exclaiming "*Le Roi est mort, vive le Roi,*" ushered in his new master.

No monarch ascended the throne under more inauspicious omens; none ever so soon dispelled, by his first acts of concession to popular feelings, the evil prestiges which were formed of him. It was supposed that the reign of priestcraft would be triumphant, and that the sins of the revolution would still be expiated in the conduct of a king, whose fervid piety was hailed as a guarantee for the re-establishment of what was still looked upon by most as a degraded church.

Louis XVIII. was an enemy to the clergy; he was himself a free thinker, and no persuasion of his courtiers could prevail upon him to take the last sacrament, till, sunk into a state of lethargy, the ceremonies were performed over him, unconscious at the time of what was going forward. His remains were transported with great pomp to St. Denis, where they still lie on the threshold of the vault, awaiting another royal death for their removal into the inner sepulchre. The *cortége* was splendid; the troops of the line and national guards lined the streets through which the body passed; but no priests accompanied it to its last home, excepting three or four officiating chaplains. Nothing seemed to please the people more than this circumstance. "*Il n'y a pas de prêtres, vous voyez,*" was the general exclamation. "*Il n'etait pas bigot que celui là.*" Had not he suffered from corporeal infirmities, few men were more calculated to

please the French than that monarch; but he could not show himself in public; he could not take the sword in his hand, nor ride up the ranks, nor flatter that vanity of the people, which is the only avenue to their gratitude.

Charles X. was believed to be the essence of bigotry. A libertine in early life, he was said to be atoning for his sins; and indeed the public exhibitions of his faith, his mingling in all the religious processions, and the enthusiasm and fervour of his cantations, gave some weight to the assertion. It was curious to catch the eye of an old soldier, standing under arms, and allowing the *Host* to pass through the ranks unmolested; did a foreigner watch him, he would give such a look as plainly said — "Things are changed since we were imperial guards." Still, upon his accession, the king seemed to win the hearts of all his people. The first act was the abolition of the censorship of the press, and the journals appeared again without any blank between their lines. Then were published immediately all those articles, which had been expunged by the censors, and it was often difficult to see why they had ever been condemned. There was too much private pique discoverable in this censorship; for the most moderate of the journals, and one devoted to the reigning family, and to royalty in general, "Le Journal des Débats," was rendered all but a blank sheet. This paper was then under the influence of a man who has been much reviled for his tergiversations; but whose conduct on the whole will bear more rigid scrutiny than most

are disposed to give it. This man was Chateaubriand. As far removed from ultraism as from democracy, he stood at the head of a party, who wished to see France become a constitutional country. He was opposed to the existing state of things, because he saw very plainly that there could be no stability in them, and that the Jesuits or the people would ere long rule the kingdom. The first attempt he made in favour of his late master, whom he never deserted, not even in his misfortunes, was a pamphlet entitled "*Le Roi est mort, vive le Roi.*" It was at this moment that the censorship was removed.

A second popular act of the king was the re-establishing of the schools of law at Grenoble, which had been suspended on account of some riots of the students; and indeed it was impossible to witness more enthusiasm in a people towards a monarch, than was manifested towards Charles X. during the first few weeks of his reign. His entry into Paris, from the château of St. Cloud, was as enthusiastic as he could desire, and he was hailed with shouts of *Vive le Roi* as he passed through the lines of national guards who were drawn up from the arch of triumph to the palace gates.

Nothing could be more different than the enthusiasm evinced towards him upon this occasion, and the cold, still, and repulsive feelings manifested towards his son, who not long before had paced the same ground, upon his return from Spain. "*C'est un roi chevalier,*" was the general exclamation; and as he was like his name-sake of England, always famed for good sayings,

so many things were treasured up, that he said upon this occasion.

This popularity lasted but for a short time. Still he was well received by the troops, when he reviewed them in the Champs de Mars; and as this was only a few days after the abolition of the censorship of the press, so the general enthusiasm was at its height. This was his last appearance in public which could have caused him any pleasure; for from this time his popularity began to decline. He fell into the *juste milieu*, and the *juste milieu* ruined him.

The ministry of Villele had become odious to all parties, in spite of his majorities in the Chambers; it was too evident that the country was against him, and yet, at this moment, it was almost impossible to accuse him of one oppressive act. The country was tranquil and flourishing beyond all precedent, and his ministry, with the exception of P—— and C——, was composed of enlightened and honourable men.

The great unpopularity of Villele's ministry arose from his reducing the interest of money, and paying off the emigrants. No party was satisfied, and it was impossible, in a constitutional government, that any minister could stand, when the tide of popular opinion was so much against him. He had only the king for him. The Peers and Commons united against him.

The daily press, now free from censorship, was soon assailed by the goverment in form of prosecution, and the courts would seldom condemn the editors. Villele was himself soon compelled to change his tactics; and

finding that his endeavours to put down the Jesuits were more likely to result in his own overthrow, he began to use them as an arm of preservation. By law they had been expelled from France. This law was repealed, and no constitutional government could tolerate its existence any longer. The men were not so much the object of hatred, as the spirit of religious intolerance which daily manifested itself.

The king, finding little sympathy in the hearts of his people, gave himself up to the care of the priests, performed mass in his own person, and walked in all the processions. The levees and soirées at the Tuilleries were crowded with bishops and archbishops, and many of the discarded performers in these religious ceremonies were restored with full honours. The court itself complained loudly against the system; but with Charles, as with his predecessor, Ferdinand of Austria, a priest was the image of God upon earth, and to him alone did he listen.

The spirit of insurrection became daily more and more apparent, and circumstances occurred in the pursuit of my professional and other studies, which marked its progress. Having been requested by a colleague, a Frenchman, to assist him in a desperate case, I accompanied him to the house of a poor woman, who had left the fields in which she was working, to be confined. The poverty of the people was such, that three or four small children were crying over a pot boiling on the hearth, in which potatoes were cooking. The famished children could not wait with patience for their meal. The nature

of the poor woman's case was very afflicting; and after having rendered her all possible medical assistance, my colleague begged me to sign a paper, which was merely a statement of her case, and a recommendation for relief to one of the charitable societies, which hold daily sittings in each district of the town. We signed the paper conjointly, and sent it to the office. Upon our next visit, we found that, instead of relief being sent her, a message was forwarded, saying that in future no application for relief could be received, unless it were accompanied by a certificate of confession, or a verbal message from the priest of the parish that relief might be given. I could not enter into all the particulars of the case; but my colleague swore at the *sacres Jesuites*, who now meddled with every thing; and it finished by our raising a sum of money for her among our medical friends, and the woman would not re-apply to the society. "*Nous avons flambé les Jesuites*," said my colleague, as I gave him the sum which I had collected.

Tracts and religious pamphlets, all stamped with the cross, were daily distributed gratuitously in the streets of Paris, and parcels containing similar publications were sent sealed to many houses, and even to strangers.

It was surprising to see the daily increase in the number of clerical figures, who in the form of students and missionaries swarmed in the streets. It was easy to perceive, also, by the manner in which they were found grouped and conversing together, that their kingdom was in anticipation. Many trifles, such

as are hardly worth detailing, showed, nevertheless, the arrogance and intolerance of their creed.

Philippe, a respectable actor, died suddenly; he was seized with apoplexy, and expired even before medical assistance could be given him. The clergy would not allow his body to be taken into the church, nor mass said over him. This circumstance produced much commotion, and excited general discontent.

Confession became daily the *sine qua non* of admission into any of the public offices; and in many cases marriages were prevented from being celebrated, from one of the parties refusing to obtain a certificate of confession.

I had attended some lectures on mathematics, delivered by a private teacher, who had a small class twice a week; and going one evening as usual, found that his class room was shut. The following day he informed me, that it was done by order of the police; and in future no teacher could give lectures even to a private class without this same certificate. He was an engineer guard, which will allow the reader to calculate upon the number of oaths he swore upon the occasion.

I pass over many more occurrences, nor have I perhaps detailed these in precisely the order in which they happened; but I speak merely of that unquiet feeling, which, low and tremulous when I settled in Paris, rose by degrees to a more audible sound, and was eventually to extinguish itself in the peal of revolutionary finale.

The press had still been kept unmolested, with the

exceptions of the prosecutions which were issued against it. The blow was now to be struck which would make it triumphant, or silence it for ever, during the reign of the present monarch. The Chambers were opened with a speech, in which the law was proposed to be introduced, prescribing the pains and penalties upon conviction of libel, and many regulations as to printing in general. This produced its effect in the Parisian circles, and every means were employed to make the law appear as heinous as possible. It was to be brought forward by a man most odious to the party who were now certainly the strongest in France.

M. de P—— was a red-hot royalist, who as a young man had distinguished himself in Bordeaux by his desperate conduct in support of the Bourbon family, and had often defended his opinions by his sword. His situation as keeper of the seals, and the superintendence over the press and public instruction, which were combined with it, did not tally well with the open defiance of all morality in his private life, and even of many of the opinions which he avowed in public. He was hateful to the liberal party; nor can it be denied that his superior talents and powers of elocution, which were very considerable, contributed much to the evil feeling which the Chamber entertained against him; for he was almost the only exception to the monopolizing extemporaneous talent of the left side of the House. His bill for the re-establishment of a primogeniture had been thrown out by the Peers, who, at this period of the restoration, were become the

only defenders of the liberties of the people. It is easy to imagine what reception a bill framed by this individual would meet with from the public. What added obloquy to the odium was the title which he bestowed upon it, "*La loi d'amour.*" As it was originally framed, it was found, even by its partisans, to be impracticable in its application. It was even in a certain sense retrospective, and applicable to the republication of old books. In its minor details it went so far as to prevent even common circulars of invitation to dinner being printed without permission. This was taken hold of by the *marchands de comestibles*, and Madam Chevet of the Palais Royal tied black crape to her *patés de foie.*

In spite of all opposition, however, from the most furious as well as from the most lenient of the opposition, the bill, variously amended by the commissioners, some of the amendments being more jesuitical than the bill itself, passed into a law, "*de parfait amour,*" as the Parisians styled it.

Such was its fate in the lower house: it was all triumphant; but another reception awaited it in a Chamber over which had been inscribed by the people *Spes, Honor, Gloria.* Such changes were made in it by this Chamber, and such amendments, as not only rendered the bill of no effect, but in reality made the press more free than it was previous to its introduction.

No alternative remained to the minister, and he withdrew his bill. This produced the greatest sensation in Paris, and the enthusiasm was beyond all

bounds. Groups were assembled at all corners of the streets, with flags and banners with *Vive le Roi* inscribed upon them, and there was no other cry than this, mingled occasionally with "*à bas le ministre!*" The next operation of the defeated minister was a species of *coup d'état*, which gave his ministry its *coup de grace*.

The annual review of the National Guards was to take place a few days after the rejection, and subsequent to the withdrawal, of the *loi d'amour* bill. Many conjectures were afloat as to the conduct of the National Guards upon this occasion. It was supposed, that, as the king passed through their ranks, they would present petitions, demanding a change of ministry.

The day arrived; and as the king left the Tuilleries with his staff, he was greeted by a multitude of people who followed him, and lined his path, shouting "*Vive le Roi*" with stentorian lungs. It was too evident, however, that the loyalty was not very sincere. Arrived at the Champs de Mars, he met with the same reception, and the day, which was supremely fine, passed off without a regret to those, at least, who, like myself, could see things only from a certain distance, and *en masse*. The evening royalist journals expressed their feelings upon the occasion, and the most jesuitical of the journals, the *Gazette de France*, observed, "*que ce jour a déjoué de mauvaises espérances.*" The king returned to his palace, delighted with his reception. The ministers dined with Madame A———.

What was the surprise, then, on the following morning, to find the first paragraph of the *Moniteur* contain these words, "*La Garde Nationale de Paris est licenciée.*" People ran out into the streets, as if an earthquake had shaken the houses. The guards, some of them in their uniforms, were strolling about with their muskets in their hands; and many of them with whom I myself spoke, had no idea of the cause of their disgrace. In the Rue St. Denis there were marks of angry feelings on their part. Their regimental jackets were hung up in the street, and ticketed "*à vendre.*" The muskets were ticketed "*pas à prendre.*" At length the explanation of this act was given by the minister in the Chambers. It seems that one company had presented petitions upon the points of their bayonets, as the king passed by them. Upon one man crying out repeatedly, "*à bas le ministre,*" the king ordered him out of the ranks, "*comme un séditieux:*" instead of obeying the command he cried out "*bas,*" and his companions came forward and crossed their bayonets over him to prevent any of the staff interfering. It appeared also that the Dauphine had been insulted as she passed along in her carriage; but the fact really was, that the dismission of the National Guards was one of those measures which had long been concerted, and which only required opportunity to effect; and it must be allowed that the measure, considered impartially, was justifiable under such circumstances. A soldier upon duty is not a free man; he must obey. To present petitions against the ministry, and to utter seditious cries,

when his monarch is himself his general, is an act of insurrection. The measure was opportune for the minister, but the king and the Duc de —— resisted it with all their might. In vain did the latter insist upon the injustice of disbanding a whole army for the fault of one company; but the minister was deaf to any entreaty. The king, completely deceived as to the nature of the act, signed it in the night.

"*En êtes-vous contente, Madame?*" exclaimed P——, rubbing his hands, when he saw Madame A——, the following day. In fact, she was instrumental to the transaction.

This was the last act of the minister Villele which I witnessed in Paris. It was evident, in spite of all appearance of calm, for the people took no umbrage at this act beyond the momentary expression of their anger, that things could not last long.

Villele had declared, upon coming into the ministry, "*qu'il mettrait la charte sous les pieds du Roi.*" This expression was recalled into being, and the dismission of the National Guard of Paris was looked upon as the *charte revoquée.* It would have been easy for him to have continued his ministry, however, notwithstanding the ill-will which the disbanded Messieurs Pigeons bore him; but there were deeper interests at stake, and a more powerful interest operating against him.

Upon a review of the transactions which passed in the political world during my stay in Paris, and I do not carry them further at present, I must con-

clude in the terms which a lady, a stranger to the country, and an inhabitant of the Faubourg St. Germain — guarantee sufficient for her loyalty, — has since written to me: —

"*Les uns faisoient tout au monde pour perdre, les autres faisoient tout au monde pour gagner.*"

CHAP. IX.

SET OUT FOR POLAND. PREDICTIONS OF VALET REALISED. CHALONS. ELEGANT SPIRE OF CHURCH. VERDUN. METZ. BORDER COUNTRIES. NATIONAL CUSTOMS. FRANKFORT. DETTINGEN. SPLEEN EXTRACTED FROM SOLDIER ON FIELD OF BATTLE. SLOW POSTING IN BAVARIA. GERMAN BEDS OF DOWN. AUSTRIAN FRONTIER. EGRA. SCHILLER'S ACCOUNT OF WALLENSTEIN'S DEATH. HANGMAN. FRANCIS BRUNEN. WATERING PLACES DESERTED. CARLSBAD. PRAGUE. ANCIENT PALACES. UNCOURTEOUS DISMISSAL OF AMBASSADORS. CATHEDRAL. BRIDGE. PATRON SAINT. ABBE SPINOSA. TYCHO BRAHE. OLD TOWN CLOCK. SIEGE OF PRAGUE. MASSACRE BY EMPEROR FERDINAND, AFTER GRANTING AMNESTY. THEATRE. GERMAN DANCING.

"YOU will be so good as to take charge of the calash," said the Prince, as he embraced his son, and, shaking me by the hand, continued, "I shall join you at Frankfort. Go slowly down the hills, and let your carriage lead the van. *Au revoir, Docteur,*" — and the four postilions smacked their whips in concert, as they passed slowly down the alley of the Hotel de ——.

In quitting Paris, I had to separate myself from all that was near and dear to me; but as it was but for a few months, the pangs of parting were not very severe. We rolled along the Boulevards, and passed out of the Barrière de Pantin, and I was myself lost in reverie, till the stopping of the carriages roused me, and informed me that we were already at the

Forest of Bondy. Was it possible for me not to reflect a little upon past events, and meditate upon the future, upon a slight consideration of what had turned up in my chapter of accidents during the last seven years? Could I help reflecting upon the uncertainty of life, upon the folly of pretending to chalk out a career, or commanding circumstances? Could I help reflecting that seven years ago I was fanning my imagination with the leaves of the banyan tree, preparing to set out for India, and now I was shuddering at the idea of a frozen nose and blue fingers, starting almost for the pole? These are ideas which intrude themselves at present; whether they occurred to me at that time I hardly recollect.

It was a fine summer's evening, late, perhaps, for summer, for

"Corn was housed, and beans were in the stack,"

and the leaves began to wear a yellow tinge; it was a fine evening, however, and we slept at Meaux, having decided, ere we set out, to take things coolly, and, tortoise-like, to proceed slowly but steadily in our course. The carriages and servants were good of their kind; there was no lack of means; and when, after supper, the fumes of philosophical reasoning were dissipated by more material and solid ingredients, I began really to imagine that there were worse situations than the one in which I found myself. All Germany before me, and Poland the resting-place, I was satisfied, under such circumstances, to be a travelling physician.

We quitted Meaux about eight, and rolled quietly along the banks of the Marne, without any thing to distract our attention, till we reached Chateau Thiery, the birth-place of La Fontaine. Soon after quitting the town, an ominous circumstance occurred, which might have influenced all our operations. I was first made sensible of it by the yell of my Polish servant, who, seated upon the box, and seeing a poor hare run across the road, began to roar out, in a hideous manner, "*mauvais, mauvais, ours, loup, bon, lièvre mauvais!*" He assured me, that nothing was so unlucky in travelling, as to see a hare run across the road; to meet with a wolf or a bear did not signify, but some accident would happen to us before night-fall. I laughed at his superstition, but he shook his head and crossed himself, repeating, in his unintelligible lingo, "*toujours mauvais.*"

The man was right; the spring of the calash snapped, as we entered Dormant; and as we again quitted the town, the pole broke into two pieces. It was difficult to say which pleased him or displeased him the most, the fulfilment of his prophecy, or the delay occasioned by the accident; he kept muttering to himself, "*moi raison, moi raison, lièvre canaille.*"

I have heard of a fine champaign country, but surely, by this is never meant the country in Champagne. If a vast plain, without a tree big enough for a walking-stick, is worthy of this appellation, I can understand what it means. It was a relief, after a whole day's travelling through such a country, to

see the spires of Chalons rise from the ground, like two hop-poles. The cathedral which they ornament, is, upon the whole, a fine Gothic building; the town is something in the Venetian style, being built upon a cluster of little islands, and has to boast of thirteen entire bridges, and of as many dilapidated churches.

The prettiest church which I have seen in France is situated upon the road-side, a league out of Chalons; the principal spire consists of a variety of little arches, supported so slightly upon each other, that a breath of wind might seem to blow them away. Sir Christopher Wren's daughter, who is said to have first modelled the spire of Saint Dunstan's in the East, must certainly have taken her pattern from the spire of l'Epine; the similarity is at all events very striking. As there is neither symmetry nor harmony in France, so here the whole is disfigured by a telegraph mounted on the sister spire. A telegraph to announce the drawing of the Strasburg lottery disfigures the temple otherwise worthy of Him to whom it has been erected!

If Champagne has but little to recommend it to the sense of sight, it sufficiently gratifies another sense; and my servant particularly recommended me to lay in a stock of wine, which was here only half as dear as in Paris, and which I should find cooling and refreshing on the road. I would not profit by his suggestion; but the exorbitant demands of the landlord, the following morning, when we left the town, and the subsequent bursting of a bottle stowed in

the pocket of my calash, proved to me that he had followed his own ideas upon the subject.

We slept at Verdun, and a better place for a prison could not well be devised. It is difficult to get out of it, but there is little temptation to do so, as far as regards the surrounding country; all is waste and desolate to behold; not a tree or a hedge. One might rejoice to feel within prison walls, when so little tempts one to go out of them. It is from this circumstance that many English families have made themselves citizens of Verdun — when the cage was opened, the bird would not fly away. The inhabitants have the reputation of being very hospitable. Bread and wine are very cheap.

From Verdun to Metz the country improves gradually. This city lies in a valley filled with vineyards, which furnish the Moselle wine. Those who have not travelled out of England, can only understand what fortified towns are by description, and, if they have never seen them, can ill appreciate the enthusiasm of my uncle Toby, when discoursing on the bastion and glacis. All that a fortified town has to boast of, is to be seen in great perfection at Metz. Moat, draw-bridge, portcullis, and rampart in treble order, and a garrison of 10,000 men; sounding of trumpets, beating of drums, large guns, small guns, powder magazines, arsenals, "all that makes ambition virtue."

The cathedral is a superb Gothic building, and its beautiful architecture is only disfigured by a portico of a different order, erected by Louis XV., as a token

of gratitude to the inhabitants, whose prayers were supposed to have been efficacious in rescuing him from the grave during a severe illness which he suffered in that town. That Louis XV. should have lived a year or two longer, could never have been of much consequence, even to the inhabitants of Metz, but that he should have spoiled the work of centuries past, and of centuries to come, was not worth his living to accomplish.

They have a vile practice in this and other countries, of filling up the spaces between the abutments of the body of the churches, with shops and stalls, and one whole side of this sweet building is thus disfigured. The interior is in high preservation, and the windows beautifully coloured.

It is difficult to draw a line of demarcation between two countries that have no natural boundaries, and such is the case with France and Germany, on this side of the Rhine; the country is neither French nor German. The language, the looks, and even the manners of the people, all bespeak a blending of character, that has nothing purely original. You feel and see that you are entering another country, and yet the gradation of difference is so trifling that you are puzzled to find out in what it directly consists. You are placed in a kind of purgatory, and anxiously await the moment that shall transport you into regions which have a more defined character. If you occasionally meet a peasant with a large slouch hat, or an Israelite in his Jewish gabardine, you imagine yourself no longer in France; but when the postilion

at the end of the stage tells you, in very polite French, that he has driven you very well, you find that you are not in Germany.

It was not till we arrived at the village of Saint Avold, very prettily situated, and surrounded by hills and forests, that we could be made fully sensible that we were quitting *la grande Nation.* The style of architecture of its church differs entirely from any thing we had seen in France; but, on the other hand, an inscription only half effaced, over its portal, leaves no doubt that the revolution proceeded to the very frontiers. "*Le peuple Francais reconnait l'existence d'un Etre suprême, et l'immortalité de l'ame.*" Such is the noble declaration of the French people. With this exception we might have imagined ourselves emerged from the territories of this enlightened nation. Many little differences were here visible. The peasant smoked his pipe over a mug of beer; salted cucumbers and *sauer kraut* were served for dinner; and the ostler, demanding a pittance for putting-to the horses, observed that it was the last town in France, and that "*cela commence ici.*"

It would have been more congenial to my wishes to have embarked at Mainz, and have navigated the Rhine as far as Cologne; to have seen the embryo of one of the finest cathedrals ever meditated by architectural imagination; to have seen fifty churches, and whatever else the town may be proud of; but this was not in our march route; and, following orders, we crossed the Rhine at Mainz, over a bridge

of boats. Here, at the confluence of the Main, it rolls proudly and rapidly along, as if conscious of its superiority over other European streams, and proud of the hosts of battles which once made it blush. It was but a hasty glimpse which we could enjoy of its bubbling waters, and yet the momentary view was long enough for the mind to conjure up a thousand associations, a history of our world; for Europe is a world to us.

We arrived at Frankfort in time for dinner, and lodged in the Zeil, famous for the number of its magnificent hotels. They are like so many palaces; and the internal arrangement and cleanliness are not surpassed by the Pulteney in Piccadilly, nor the Clarendon in Bond Street. There is the difference, however, of fifty per cent. in the charges, and on the right side too, which gives them a decided advantage, and ensures them plenty of guests to partake of their excellent cheer. I could, at this period, read German tolerably well, having devoted some time to it in Paris; but speaking it was out of the question; yet I did contrive to say to the waiter, "*geben sie uns ein recht gut mittags-essen,*" and, what is more, he understood me too, and fulfilled the orders given to him. Such a dinner I shall never forget; it was a perfect era in my existence; it was a triumph of two of the senses over the other three; who can forget such a circumstance? We may forget the style of architecture of a convent, which we have seen externally, for this implies the use of one sense only; we may forget when we first heard the waltz in Der Freyschütz, for this

implies the sense of hearing only; we may forget what we have felt with our fingers, for this requires the aid of another sense to make it complete; but to forget the *taste* and *smell* of twenty dishes, exquisitely cooked and served up, at the very moment when the palate, beginning to be oblivious of the last, is regaled by the taste of its superior flavoured successor —to forget this, I say, would imply a want of general delicacy of feeling, which no man can accuse me of. I forget many things which occurred in our route from Paris to Cracow, and perhaps they are not worth remembering; but the dinner at the Weidenhof I shall never forget.

Till I had fairly crossed the Rhine, I would not believe myself out of France, of which this river is unquestionably the natural boundary, and might have been the political one, too, had not the aggressive spirit swept away all natural limits in its soaring flight. The impression was very different, however, in quitting France bounded by a river, and France shut out by a chain of mountains. There was not that striking contrast between two people, which I found some years before, upon another limit of the empire, when I saw the swarthy Spaniard, with mantle on his shoulder and staff in his hand, leading his string of mules, as he puffed away the fumes of his cigar. Between him and the Frenchman there was a most marked and striking contrast. Between the inhabitants of Frankfort and Metz, there was the difference of language only. Some slight shades of difference were to be seen in the lower orders; the

blouse and bonnet de coton were exchanged for a garb of different trim; and there was something more sedate, if not more sullen, in the physiognomies of the men themselves. We found a great difference in the expeditien of travelling; a slower race is not to be found; and although you do call the postilion *Schwager*, which, being interpreted, signifies brother-in-law, still he does not quicken his pace.

I had time enough, therefore, to reflect upon the advantages of having quitted France, as we wound slowly up the hills. And what were these advantages? I had resided in Paris for five successive years, in great prosperity — in health, and in the enjoyment of every faculty. I had neither been annoyed by the politics, nor by the religion of the state. I had been in the bosom of my family. I had been successful in my profession; prosperous in the extreme. Can a man own all this, and speak ill of a country in which he has experienced all such favours? No! I will not. I will say, with all her faults, I love her still. "*Ce n'est pas ma patrie, mais c'est mon pays.*" Such were my feelings on quitting it.

The use of the spleen had long been a contested point; I speak of the organ called the spleen — what cooks call the *melt*, and make gravy of; not the spleen of which so many English die every year. Some contended that it was of no use at all, because they could not find any use for it; and, generally speaking, this is good logic. Others contended, that

of all organs it was the most important to life, because precisely its use could not be ascertained. The mechanical physiologists said it was put on the left side, as a counterpoise to the liver, which was on the right side. Various were the opinions founded upon the subject; when an accident happened, which put all these opinions to nought, but did not quite clear up the mystery.

After the battle of Dettingen, a soldier having been found alive upon the field, with this viscus protruding, it was removed by a sabre, and the man lived and recovered, and could never die of the spleen, though he may have perished from vapours! How many spleenless dogs were to be found, after this circumstance became generally known! Every physiologist who had a dog immediately cut out his spleen, and those who performed the operation carefully had their endeavours crowned with success.

I lived two years in the neighbourhood of a dog whose spleen had been extirpated. He seemed very happy, and much like other dogs. He used regularly to howl every day, during the whole time that the bells were chiming for morning service, so much did he dislike their sound. Now this, in another dog, would have been called spleen, but not so in him!

We passed by the famous field of Dettingen, and entering Bavaria arrived at Aschaffenburg to dinner. We were again in a Catholic country, as readily perceived by the crucifixes on the road-side. After having recognised *l'immortalité de l'ame*, we met with no external mark or sign indicative of any peculiar

faith, (for churches are the resort of all believers,) till we got to Bavaria. In France, the churches, though a little brushed up, bear all the marks of revolutionary devastation about them. In the little part of Germany through which we had hitherto passed, we were not particularly struck by any edifice worthy of observation in the form of a church or cathedral; but now, on the eve of a great *fête*, we found all the churches full of images, bedecked with flowers and laurels, and the *child*, as he passed down one of the aisles of the church at Aschaffenburg, and saw all in such apple-pie order, observed very significantly, "*il parait que la revolution n'a pas passé par ici.*"

After dinner we proceeded on our route, but posting in Bavaria is very bad. You cannot make the postilions drive faster than at the rate of four miles per hour, pay what you will. This, together with a hilly road, caused us soon to be benighted in the middle of a wood. A heavy storm of thunder and lightning, making darkness just visible, as each flash illuminated the tops of the trees, afforded us a little of the romantic, for which Germany is so celebrated. The romantic is more dignified than entertaining, after all. We had no lamps to our carriage, for we hoped to arrive at the post-house before night-fall, and it was so dark that the postilions could not see to guide their horses, so they dismounted and led them at a foot's-pace for a considerable way. We at length met a coach coming from Prague, with its lights burning, and we borrowed a lantern, which allowed us to perform the rest of the journey at a somewhat

better pace. A few banditti would make the romance more complete, but we had enough for our evening's amusement.

We halted for the night, and put up with bad accommodations and German beds; to be smothered between beds of down, in the month of August, is no joke. It seems as if the geese would be revenged upon strangers, for the tortures the natives put them to; it would break Mr. Martin's heart, to see hundreds stalk about quite bare from the head downwards, not a feather left upon the breast or abdomen. Unhappy birds! to suffer martyrdom in every country upon earth; at Toulouse and at Strasbourg are you kept by the fire-side, your eyes put out, and your feet nailed to the board on which you stand, to swell out your livers. Here in Bavaria, you are plucked bare, to be converted into beds of down. He who is compelled to sleep in a bed of your feathers in summer, will be in much the same situation as Coleman's single gentleman. He will require no sudorifics, and he will have so much to compassionate in himself, that he will be unmindful of your sufferings.

These are the only beds to be procured in the smaller towns—two large pillows, upon one of which you lie, and are covered by the other, and they mould themselves to your form. If you stir, off tumbles your upper bed; for the nether one is kept down by the incumbent weight, and then you must rise, get up and take up your bed, and place it upon you; all which, to a fidgetty person and a restless sleeper, prove most uncomfortable; besides which, he risks

catching cold, from checking the perspiration which the warm covering has necessarily produced.

We proceeded on our route the following day, and arrived at Wurtzburg to dinner. We passed through a magnificent country in this day's journey. Bavaria abounds in palaces, and Wurtzburg is a royal residence. The palace is modern, and in excellent taste; and as we wound down the hill which commands the town, we were saluted by a salvo of artillery from the castle. It happened to be the fête of Saint Louis, the patron saint of the king; but the salute from the castle, and the parading of the troops in the town, were the only symptoms of rejoicing which we noticed.

We proceeded on our journey after dinner, and slept at some village, of which I forget the name; but in the night we were aroused by the arrival of the Prince, with two more equipages, so that the following day we had somewhat of royal magnificence about us. Four carriages and fifteen horses, all belonging to one individual, seemed to astonish the natives, who lined the streets, and huzzaed us, as we started. We did not halt at Bamberg longer than was necessary to change horses, but proceeded to Bareuth, where we slept. The following day we were delighted with the beauty of the country, and, leaving Bavaria, saw the spread eagle of Austria at the gates of Egra, where we arrived in the evening.

It was easy to perceive that we were in Austria. Hitherto the bare sight of our passports had been deemed sufficient to procure us a ready transit

through all the towns: now we experienced an inquisitorial system of police at every stage. The custom-house officer asked me fifty questions perfectly unconnected with any part of his duties, but to all of which I had my answers ready; and I know not whether he was more tired with my replies than I was with his interrogatories.

* * * * *

Egra has all the appearance of antiquity, and is renowned in history for the assassination of Wallenstein. The house in which this foul deed took place has been so modernized as to lose much of the interest attached to it; but the window still exists, from whence he called the guard, when he heard the noise of arms near his chamber; his sword is shown, like that of Bruce at Stirling, and it humbles us to think that we live in degenerate days, so unwieldy does it appear for our modern strength.

Schiller gives an animated account of his last moments:—"Wallenstein rejected the advice given him by his friends of conciliating the emperor; and retiring to Egra, he shut himself up in his castle with his astrologer, Seni, consulting him as to the dangers which awaited him. 'The danger is not yet passed,' said the astrologer, in a prophetic tone. Seni had withdrawn, and Wallenstein was in bed, when Devereux, an Irishman, and the chief of the conspirators, arrived at the house with six armed men, and was allowed to enter unmolested by the watchman, as it was not unusual for him to have free access to the general at all hours of the night. A page, who

met him upon the staircase, and would have given the alarm, was run through the body by a pike. In the ante-room the murderers met a servant, who came out of the Duke's chamber, and had taken the key out of the door: laying his finger upon his mouth, the terrified slave signified that they should make no noise, because the Duke was asleep. 'Friends,' cries Devereux, 'it is now time to give the alarm,' and so saying he ran towards the bolted door, and battered it open with a kick of his foot. Wallenstein, awaked by the discharge of a gun out of doors, had gone towards the window to call the guard. In the mean time, Devereux and his companions had entered his room. Wallenstein was leaning upon a table near the window, just in the state he had left his bed. 'Art thou the wretch,' cried Devereux, 'who would lead the emperor's subjects to the enemy, and rob his majesty of his crown? Now you must die.' He waited a moment in expectation of an answer, but surprise and despair had shut Wallenstein's mouth, and, throwing his arms wide open, he received the deadly dagger full in his breast, and fell weltering in his blood, without uttering a groan. So fell Wallenstein," says Schiller, "not because he was a rebel, but he was a rebel because he fell."

There is a modern antique, a living curiosity at Egra, to whom every stranger pays court when he visits the town; for, curious in himself, he possesses curiosities of all times and ages. A gentleman and a scholar, a man of genius and a poet, a naturalist, chemist, and antiquary, possessing great urbanity of

manners, and a most prepossessing exterior; were he not indeed the common hangman, we might add, "*Integer vitæ scelerisque purus.*" Such is the person to whom I with many others have had the honour of being introduced. This miserable office is doubtless not of his own choice, but by the laws of the country it is an inheritance, and there is no cutting off the entail. He showed me his collection of minerals, which were very nicely arranged, and labelled in German and Latin. He showed me also his collection of hostile weapons, and his famous collection of medals. He has disposed of the latter to Prince Metternich, for an annuity of about twenty-five pounds sterling, but the Prince has made him a very hard bargain. He has specimens of the wonders of the three kingdoms of nature; his house is in fact a museum. "Alligators stuffed, and other skins of ill-shaped fishes," are suspended from the ceiling. There are some portraits, also, and one of Wallenstein, supposed to be painted in his thirteenth year. The sword of his rival, Gustavus Adolphus, hangs by its side. Nothing can be more courteous than the manners of the antiquary of Egra; verily, at that awful moment it would be no trifling consolation to be hanged by such a man.

I now took upon myself the responsibility of making an elbow in our route, in order to visit the springs of Francis Brunnen, which lie a little out of the direct road, and where there is a considerable establishment. These mineral waters contain some reputation for their tonic powers; and invalids, who

have been weakened by the aperient qualities of the Carlsbad waters, finish their season here, and restore their strength. As the waters are brisk and cool to the stomach, it is customary, particularly with the Poles and Russians, to add a little champagne to them, which takes off the chill, and makes them more agreeable. Report says, that a son of Esculapius did all in his power to resist this innovation; but as scientific reasoning availed nothing, being an amiable man, he finally went along with the stream itself, which carried him further than he desired: not satisfied with champagne and carbonic acid, he took to drink stronger liquors, became insane, and died in a madhouse.

We halted but a few hours at Francis Brunnen, and proceeded on our journey; for we arrived just in time to find that the annual visitors had taken wing. A few stragglers still remained, but these were the old and the infirm, who, having as yet experienced but little benefit from the effects of the waters, still hovered about, in hopes, perhaps, that one more goblet full, or one more bath, would do wonders for them. They reminded me of the wounded stragglers of an army, which, victorious in pursuit, had left them in the rear; or of

> "The wounded bird which hath but one
> Imperfect wing to soar upon,"

when the rest of the covey has escaped whole. So were these few still waiting in hopes of relief and of the healing of their wounds, when they might

again rejoin the main body, and enter the city in triumph.

We were greeted upon our arrival in Carlsbad with the sound of trumpets; yes, and it was for us that they blew. Perched upon an eminence commanding the road which winds through a valley, stands a trumpeter; and when he perceives a carriage with four horses in the distance, he gives a blast with his horn, which announces to the publicans, the shopkeepers, and the doctors, that there is another customer arrived. This is an ancient usage. What is not ancient in Austria? When this horn blows, there is joy in Carlsbad.

We arrived about four o'clock, and drove to the Rothen Schild; but it was with the greatest difficulty that we could procure any dinner; it was almost supper time with the regular and staid visitors at Carlsbad, who rise at six, dine at one, and go to bed at nine in the evening. We procured something to eat, however, and then sallied out to see the Sprudel boiling up from the ground, and enveloping the valley in a cloud of white steamy smoke. We strolled along some of the walks; and though it was quite early when we returned to our inn, still it appeared to us that all the town was asleep, and that we were the midnight wanderers even before dusk. In this respect, there is a most marked difference between Carlsbad and all the watering places I had hitherto visited.

The faculty is generally accused of sending patients to watering places when they can no longer

be treated successfully at home; when they want such changes of society, and such changes of scene, as locomotion can alone procure them; and their cure is attributed to the change of habits, and the excitement of play, or of the usual amusements which such places afford; so that springs and spas have in general more the appearance of the resort of the dissipated, than of the sick.

Now the moment you enter Carlsbad, you are struck with the valetudinary stamp of the place itself. Its situation, surrounded by hills, which close it in on every side, does not afford a bad idea of Dante's three stages of hell, purgatory, and paradise. As long as you remain in the valley below, you see nothing but the spray of the Sprudel, and hear its bubbling noise; but all around and above you are gradations to a better state; for the hand of man, having overcome all natural obstacles, has made every point not merely accessible, but most commodiously so too. The highest pinnacles are reached by tortuous and gradually sloping walks, which are intersected by horizontal paths running round the rocks, and at short distances are commodious places of shelter from the constant little summer clouds which break upon the heights. Here early in the morning, or early in the afternoon, you meet the valetudinarian with stick in hand, and umbrella under arm, measuring his strength by the height to which he mounts the hills, and congratulating himself each day upon an additional twenty paces. To cheer him on his way, the Muses have not been

idle; for hardly a stone is to be seen which does not bear some poetical effusion in all languages, ancient and modern, breathing acknowledgments of gratitude for the good received from the springs. If he be seriously disposed, and have faith in wooden images, there are crucifixes in abundance, at whose feet he may lay down his spiritual burdens. All is kept in most perfect order; hardly a weed is to be found in the paths; soft music resounds through the groves.

The inhabitants of the North flock here in great numbers; and it is penance to their souls, but a balm for their bodies; for it is the only watering place with which I am acquainted where no public gambling table is permitted. The Emperor has always resisted the introduction of a rouge-and-noir table, although most liberal offers have been made to the government; and this firmness on his part gives to Carlsbad a degree of respectability which few other watering places enjoy. Gamblers and blacklegs are not encountered in the walks of Carlsbad, unless their livers are diseased, or unless they have obstructions requiring the use of the waters, which flow free for all.

There is a sort of conversational freemasonry to be found in all these resorts, which exists no where else. The water gods seem to inspire a degree of freedom which the more dry deities do not permit or encourage. You have little scruple in addressing a person with whom you are totally unacquainted, when you have met him three successive times in the

pump room, or encountered him as often in the lonely path. You are upon the most friendly footing with him at Carlsbad, and you see him again at Vienna and you know him not. These are matters perfectly well understood.

I was strolling along one of these walks, "*nescio quid meditans nugarum,*" when I came suddenly upon a temple with an inscription eulogising the paternal government of Austria, under whose protection an English nobleman had passed many happy years of his life. Lord Findlater lived fifteen years in the neighbourhood of Carlsbad, and devoted the greater part of his fortune to embellishing the grounds. There may have been causes, perhaps, which prevented him from acting as generously at home. A British nobleman spending his fortune in beautifying a foreign land must appear a suspicious character.

The history of the discovery of these springs is buried in obscurity. There is a popular tradition to this effect. An Emperor of Austria, Charles IV., was hunting the stag in the neighbourhood, when one of the dogs in pursuit fell over a precipice into one of the hot springs; the howling of the animal from the scalding of the water induced the huntsman to go to his assistance, and then was discovered the boiling spring which goes by the name of Sprudel. The Emperor afterwards used these waters to cure his leg, and ordered a town to be built, which was called after his name Carlsbad — Charles's bath. The rock from which the dog was precipi-

tated is called Hirschensprung, and is now one of the favourite walks.

So speaks tradition only; but the story tallies well with the scenery of the place. All this information I procured from some officers, who found me reading the inscription on Lord Findlater's temple, and, inspired by the conversational freemasonry, addressed me without any ceremony. One of them held a volume in his hand, which, as soon as he discovered that I was an Englishman, he opened, and pointed to the title-page. I smiled upon seeing Scott's "Napoleon" already translated into German, and at Carlsbad.

"What do you think of this work?" he asked.

I prefer "Ivanhoe," I replied.

"They are both romances," he continued.

We entered more generally into conversation; and as I was then pretty well versed in Schiller's works, I asked him if he did not think that there was some resemblance between Wallenstein and Napoleon.

"*Nein, nein,*" he answered, as if piqued by the question, "*ein tapferer mann als Napoleon;*" and I pushed the subject no further, but soon took leave of the party, who mounted the hill, as I descended to a coffee-house at its foot, where I found in the great saloon an English lady reading "Humphrey Clinker."

After having visited the different sources from whence the springs flow, taken their temperature

myself with a thermometer, drank the waters, and seen them analysed, I began to think, with my old friend who advised me to write a book upon the mineral waters of Germany, that it was as easy to do so before, as it would be after having seen and done all in *propriâ personâ*. What had I to say of them, that has not been better said by Klaproth, Berzelius, and Mr. Todd Thomson? They have all analysed the waters, and have found the three great sources to be composed of precisely the same ingredients, but differing in temperature from 165 to 145 degrees of heat. This will do for the dash of science which the old gentleman told me to give my book.

I should perhaps have said that Berzelius was wrong as to the precise quantity of sulphate of soda, and that Klaproth had fallen into error as to the quantity of muriate of lime, and that Mr. Thomson was incorrect in his analysis also; for dwelling upon the trifling inaccuracies of colleagues and predecessors, forms a principal item in the recipe of book-making.

Not having had an opportunity of analysing the water myself, I may with safety mention its taste, for I drank a goblet full of it. It has a very unpleasant, bitter, alkaline taste, and just the reverse of Tam O'Shanter's ale, for it gets worse and worse as you drink it. It is in fact sipped in half-pint goblets, and boiling from the spring; ten minutes is the time prescribed for consuming the whole of the goblet full; and as during this time much vapour has escaped, so

the latter sippings taste more of the salts. Although there are several sources from which the waters may be drunk, still, as in all sublunary things, so here is the god of fashion lording it over the water gods, and all flock to the Sprudel.

The water drinkers assemble only in the morning in the long gallery, erected for the purpose of protecting the patients from the vicissitudes of atmospherical temperature. In the centre of the gallery rises, with hissing noise and with quick succeeding jets, the boiling spring. It falls into a basin formed by its own incrustations; the jets, however, which frequently overleap the margin, are lost in the Teple, where, condensed by the colder air, they form a continual cloud of smoke. The servants of the inns make use of this natural hot water to scald their poultry, and even their pigs.

The water is brought here by means of pipes, but the spring itself has formed a natural basin of very large size, which is called the caldron of the Sprudel, and over this three layers of calcareous incrustation have been formed by time, serving as covering to the reservoir, and being nearly two yards in thickness. The depth of the basin is about four yards; but the diameter of the interior part cannot be well ascertained, the heat and steam of the water preventing very accurate researches. It is probable, that the whole town of Carlsbad is undermined; for wherever the soil is pierced, the crust of the Sprudel is discovered, and the boiling water escapes in jets.

Those at the fountain from whence the waters are drunk are repeated eighteen or nineteen times in a minute, and rise to the height of six or seven feet, indicating at all seasons of the year the same degree of temperature.

The water either escapes, as I have mentioned, into the river Teple, which it prevents from freezing in winter, or part of it is conducted into a large basin for the manufacture of salts, which is performed by evaporation in about fifty pans placed over the surfaces from which the water issues; so that the Sprudel itself monopolises the whole operation, and furnishes salts in a soluble or dry state at the same time. These salts are the property of the town, and are packed in little boxes of a pound and half pound weight for exportation.

The theatre was built by the produce of these salts. Some hundredweights are manufactured in the course of the year, but it has been calculated that the waters of Carlsbad would, if properly evaporated, furnish ten thousand tons of Glauber salt, and fifteen thousand tons of carbonate of soda, per annum. These waters were formerly so much esteemed, that their exportation was rigorously prohibited, and a bottle of them was considered a more valuable present than a bottle of Tokay. Some special permits, signed by the Emperor Charles's hand, are still to be found in favour of the house of Brandenburg and foreign ministers.

We remained three days at Carlsbad, which was quite sufficient for us to see all the lions of the place;

and on the first of September we proceeded on our route towards Prague, *much benefited by the waters.*

It was the first of September, and. a fine sporting morning; the dew was upon the turnips, and a German sportsman was beating a field with a pipe in one hand and a gun in the other. Every stage that we proceeded indicated our approach towards a northern latitude. The vine was no longer cultivated in the fields, nor was wine furnished as a matter of course for the table. Good beer supplied its place. The rooms were heated with stoves instead of grates; the windows were double, and all indicated what kind of winter we had to anticipate. The peasants were clad in long loose coats made of sheep's skin, with the wool inside, and their tenements were built of logs of wood.

As we were now in the paradise of Popery, so monasteries and convents crowded upon our view. Every height seemed to be occupied by some building devoted to religious purposes. The style of architecture is very barbarous in this country, and the roofs and cupolas of the buildings are covered with red tiles, than which nothing can be less romantic.

As we approached Prague, we passed through a line of little chapels, or confessionals, placed upon the road side, like so many sentry boxes. We arrived there about one o'clock; and finding the Black Horse and Angel taverns both full of visitors, we with difficulty got two rooms at the Red House. During the summer months Prague is always crowded with

strangers, for it is a clean, commodious town; has many resources, good accommodations, and is a thoroughfare to many important parts of Germany. It is a garrison and fortified town; is full of military, which always enlivens a residence; and being situated in a productive and well-cultivated country, the addition of some hundred soldiers does not make any essential difference in the price of provisions, which are very reasonable.

Being Sunday, all the shops were shut, and the inhabitants were flocking to the different churches in great order and decorum. It was the first time I had seen a continental Sunday so strictly observed. In the afternoon I found that the people relaxed a little, and crowded to the tea-gardens and ball-rooms, as in the French metropolis; for the Catholics make a distinction, which English Protestants do not, between pleasure and labour on Sundays; the former being perfectly compatible, the latter incompatible, with their creed. Every country has its customs, which are to it as laws, the infringement of which is always more or less dangerous to the welfare of the state; for it is not so much by breaking an individual law, as by subverting the spirit of the law, that innovations are dangerous; for who must not otherwise allow that a fiddle is a much more innocent weapon than a pot of beer often replenished, and that a body of peasants walking quietly home at dusk from a ball are less mischievous than the outpourings of taverns at midnight?

Prague abounds in palaces; but as such edifices

are all alike in the interior, I shall only detail a short history of an occurrence which took place in the imperial palace more than two hundred years ago, viz. the uncourteous dismissal of some ambassadors through an open window, which is still shown to strangers. Schiller thus describes the transaction: —

"On the 23d of May, 1618, the Deputies presented themselves before the castle, and thrust their way into the Council Chamber, where the Stadtholders, Sternberg, Martinitz, Lobkowitz, and Slavater, were assembled. In a threatening tone, they addressed each of them by turns, demanding an account of their conduct, and whether the Imperial Edict, which had given so much offence, had been sanctioned by their approval. Sternberg replied in a conciliating tone; Martinitz and Slavater answered disdainfully. This decided their fate. Sternberg and Lobkowitz, who were more feared than detested, were conducted quietly out of the room. The other two were seized, conducted to the window, and precipitated into the castle court, a distance of eighty feet; their secretary shared the same fate. Such a proceeding surprised the civilised world; but the Bohemians defended it, as being a custom of the country, and expressed no other astonishment than that the parties should have received such little injury from so high a fall. A dunghill, or heap of rubbish, which lay under the windows, preserved their bones." *

* Schiller's Thirty Years' War.

Prague has witnessed more unceremonious scenes. The cathedral, situated in the castle square, has been a fine building in its day, and is the only bit of Gothic architecture in the town; but it is only a remnant of the original building, the greater part being in ruins: where attempts have been made to repair it, the architects have displayed great taste. A fallen spire has been restored in the form of a Turkish dome, placed upon a Gothic tower, and the interior of the church has been prettily daubed to represent marble. Some of the monuments are splendid, particularly one lately transported from Vienna in massive silver, containing the body of the patron Saint Nepomucene, concerning whom wonderful things are related. His tongue is still preserved, and shown to the faithful. Time has only paralysed its talkative faculty; in other respects it is fresh and red, bleeding, when it is exhibited for the modicum of a few florins.

The history of this good man is grievous to relate. Being importuned by a jealous king to divulge the confessions of the queen, he was inflexible, and suffered martyrdom for his fidelity; thrown into the river (after being massacred), his body would not sink: he was found by his faithful followers, and the holy tongue was excised as a relic. It was said to bleed profusely at the time, and continues to do so upon any necessary emergency.

Among the illustrious personages interred in this cathedral, is the famous Abbé Spinola. The vaults of the Wallenstein family and thirteen Bohemian kings

sanctify the aisles; all the rest is leather and prunella, as in all the temples of popery. Though this is the cathedral, it is not by any means the finest church. The Jesuits, who have been expelled from Prague, had formerly possession of the church of St. Nicholas, a very fine edifice, the interior of marble, and adorned with many valuable paintings.

In this part of the town there are some magnificent private hotels. The gardens of the palace of Wallenstein are open to the public. The Emperor of Austria pays a triennial visit to Prague, and is much more commodiously lodged here than in the Imperial Palace of Vienna.

The observatory of Tycho Brahe is close to the palace; the bones of that renowned astrologer are deposited in a church on the other side of the river. A very long and narrow bridge, guarded at each extremity by two uncouth-looking towers, is one of the Lions of Prague. Sixteen arches support twenty-eight statues in double row upon the balustrades; among these the patron Saint Nepomucene divides the honours with the Virgin in the number of salutes that are paid to him by divine, soldier, and laity, who salute him as they pass; he is the only one of the twenty-eight that is embodied in bronze.

The University is still considerable, though not what it was in former times; but there are many students of divinity and of medicine. There is a most striking difference in the physiognomies of the Austrian clergy, compared with those of the French;

they are, generally speaking, good-looking, nay, gentlemanly men, whereas in Paris it is almost impossible to find good countenances among the priests. The medical students have also a more respectable appearance than the carabans of the Hôtel Dieu. The college, formerly the property of the Jesuits, is very large and commodious, containing a valuable library, in which there is said to be a manuscript of Pliny.

I must not forget to mention, however, a very valuable piece of antiquity — the old clock, which is too old to continue its march, and as the genius that invented it was probably exhausted in its completion, so there is no means of repairing it. A representation of all things both in heaven and in earth is to be found upon the dial, and probably when in motion it was equal to any thing, except telling the hour, which it could only have done by algebra, and was no doubt the work of Sydrophel.

Churches abound in every street in Prague, but few worthy of observation. In the one where Tycho Brahe is deposited the beadle presents you with a history of the birth, life, and death of that renowned star-gazer; and a portrait of the same — dressed in full armour, one hand resting upon his sword, the other on algebra, the glove and helmet lying upon the ground, as a challenge to all astronomers — is distributed gratis.

Near the town was formerly to be seen a stone upon which Frederick the Great is said to have

rested when he planned the memorable siege. Some verses *à-propos* were engraved upon it, but the whole has been removed; "for who knows," says the author of the "Beauties of Prague," "how this painful remembrance might not operate in troublesome times?"

This city has been more than once a lesson to the pride of monarchs. It was here that the Emperor Rodolph was compelled to renounce the kingdom of Bohemia to his brother Matthias, and afterwards to absolve all his Bohemian and Silesian subjects from their oath of allegiance; and, driven to despair after having signed the deed, he threw his hat upon the ground, and tore the quill in pieces that had served him for so humiliating a purpose. The subsequent siege by Ferdinand was a striking feature in that memorable war, and proved the fickleness of fortune in the duration of her favours.

Frederick V. had been chosen by the unanimous voice of the Bohemians for their King and Protector. His elevation to the throne was hailed as the salvation of the Protestant cause in Germany; but, dazzled by his popularity, he devoted his time to adorning his crown, before he had well secured it upon his head. His extravagance soon brought him into difficulties, and, levying new taxes, he discontented his people, and his allies deserted him. Ferdinand entered the town with his whole army after little more than an hour's resistance. Frederick was at dinner when his troops were beaten under the walls; he had

not anticipated the siege on this day, for he had ordered a public feast. A messenger dragged him from table, and pointed to him from the walls the dreadful scene beneath. He demanded an armistice of twenty-four hours; eight only were granted him. Frederick, taking advantage of them, escaped during the night with his wife and some of the élite of his army. The flight was so precipitate, that the Prince of Anhalt left behind his private papers, and Frederick his crown. "I know now," said he "who I am," in reply to those who were endeavouring to console him. "There are virtues which misfortune alone teaches us, and it is only in ourselves that we princes discover who we really are."

The conquering enemy had not yet learned this important lesson; his conduct is almost unparalleled in the annals of cruelty. "The town surrendered the following day, but three months passed away without any act of revenge towards the inhabitants. Those who were terrified in the onset regained confidence. The wanderers had returned to their houses; all relied upon the clemency of the Emperor; all were taken in this snare. In one day, and in one hour, the storm arose. Eight and forty of the factious party were dragged before a special tribunal, and seven and twenty died upon the scaffold; of the plebeians, an innumerable multitude. The emigrants were summoned to appear, and as they dared not obey the summons, they were declared traitors to his Catholic Majesty, and death pronounced upon them. Their

names were nailed to the gallows, their goods confiscated, as was also the property of several individuals deceased before the capture of the town. All the Protestant ministers were banished. The Toleration Act was torn in pieces, and the seal burnt by the Emperor himself. The whole of Germany was now in his power; the happiness or misery of millions depended upon his decision: never had one man so much power in his hands, nor ever did the delusion of one man cause such dreadful calamities."

Prague cannot but inspire interest in those acquainted with German history. Its revolutions during the religious wars, which ended in the subsequent establishment of Protestantism over so great a portion of Germany, teem with interesting facts; and, whatever political influence this kingdom may have lost, Prague is still the capital of Bohemia: and who has not heard of the King of Bohemia and his seven castles?

In the evening I went to the theatre, which boasts a famous orchestra. The house was full, and in a roar of laughter at the representation of a burlesque called "*Die neue Alceste.*"* The scenery and decorations were very good. An Austrian zebra-painted pole was placed as a barrier at the entrance of the infernal regions, and an Austrian soldier mounted guard. The scene in which Alceste died was ludicrous enough. Having made her will, and remembered every body herein, she left some prescrip-

* Schiller.

tions and empty bottles to the doctors. Apollo came down from the clouds on an eagle's back, with a parasol in one hand and a lorgnette in the other. The piece went off with êclat. The dancing was far inferior to the Parisian school; the waltz is the only dance in which the Germans excel.

CHAP. X.

MORAVIA. CATTLE. ROAD TO CRACOW. CARPACK MOUNTAINS. FÊTE OF THE VIRGIN. LUDICROUS SCENE WITH POSTILION. THREE TUMULI IN VICINITY OF CRACOW RAISED TO MEMORY OF CRACUS, VANDA, KOSCIUSKO. CASIMER. STATE OF JEWS IN POLAND. THEIR MORAL AND PHYSICAL CONDITION COMPARED WITH THAT OF POLISH PEASANTRY. CONTEMPT IN WHICH THEY ARE HELD BY THE LATTER. AMUSING ANECDOTE.

SOON after quitting Prague, we got into a more interesting country; for we entered Moravia. The houses are all built upon piazzas, and a town sometimes consists of one long street with a double row of arcades throughout its whole length.

The direct road to Cracow, which was our destination, is through Brunn: but we were informed that we could save eight German miles, nearly forty miles English, by cutting across the country, and passing by Leutomischel. We found, to our cost, that we had done a very foolish thing; for the road, which at this time of the year was said to be very good, was, in fact, only practicable for Jews' equipages (little four-wheeled narrow carts in which they jumble to the fair at Leipsic). It was with the greatest difficulty that our large barouche could be forced through the lanes, even with additional horses. We were all

obliged to alight, and walk the distance of eight English miles. Some of the precipices were tremendous, and the breadth of the road just allowed the wheels of the carriage to rest upon solid ground; a restive horse or any unforeseen accident would have precipitated the carriage from an immense height into the meadows below. Had we taken the direct road we should have passed over the field of Austerlitz, where twenty thousand men put down their arms without drawing a trigger. Such at that period was the panic, which Napoleon's name struck into the breasts of his enemies.

As this is a fine grazing country, we met droves of oxen coming down from the mountains to supply Prague and the towns in Bohemia. They were fine animals, but inferior in size to our cattle. They were all of the same colour, a light grey, and had small heads and short horns. We generally met them in droves of fifty, driven by one man at a smart pace, for they were not much encumbered with fat, so that there was no necessity for the driver to be stout either. It was curious to trace, by slightly perceptible degrees, the difference in the appearance of all the animals, as we approached towards the North; all diminutive in size, but more formidably wild in aspect. The pigs had all long manes, and resembled the wild boars in the forest of St. Germain; and the shepherds' dogs wore a rougher exterior, and had a more savage nature.

The badness of the roads caused us to arrive late at Olmutz; but the night was most lovely, and the

slender tall spires of the town glittered from afar in the soft moonlight. In this country and in many parts of Germany the cupolas and spires of the churches are covered with plates of *tin,* which give them a glittering appearance. The town is well fortified, and has been well battered in former times. It was here, that the Imperial family of Austria retired when Napoleon took possession of Vienna. The houses are kept clean externally, as in most of the Austrian towns.

We determined to dine before we left the town, as there was the probability of getting a good dinner—a desideratum since we quitted Prague; for in the small towns the fare is miserable; greasy soup, and the beef of which it is made, are the only things to be procured, and that only at the hour when the landlord himself dines; for here the word *table d'hôte* is restored to its primitive signification.

We were now on the frontiers of ancient Poland, and had the Carpacks on our right, as we rolled along the hilly roads which lead to the Vistula. Near the town of Freideck we encountered some hundreds of peasants, of all ages and sizes, plodding barefoot along, and singing to the Virgin. They came from a long distance, and were proceeding with her banners to the next church to celebrate the fête of Maria. They reminded me a great deal of the Scotch peasantry, whom I remember to have seen on a Sunday morning proceeding to their kirk with their shoes in their hands, which they put on in the churchyard. So those in this procession who had shoes or boots

slung them over their shoulders: perhaps it was part of the penance to walk barefoot, and better too than to have peas in their shoes. In the midst of the procession, a carriage with six horses came up with two outriders; it was the Prince ——: I thought to myself, a greater than the Virgin is here; I was deceived—the peasantry paid no attention to him. He stopped the carriage, got out, and, kneeling upon his left knee, crossed himself, said a prayer, and then proceeded on his journey; he was on a lêvel, in the sight of the Virgin, with the humblest of her train.

We were now in ancient Poland, as it was before the first partition by Maria Theresa of Austria; nay, tradition says that the very town where we dined was won by the Austrian Empress, at cards, from the King of Poland; so my man informed me, as he commenced his daily maledictions against those who had sold his country. "*Moi noble, même chose que le Prince — canaille — point d'argent.*" Such was his mode of telling me that he was originally of a noble family, which had been ruined in the different disasters of the country, and that he was reduced to serve for his bread. I could not help sympathising with him in one of his expressions, "*François toujours canaille — Polonais battre pour Napoleon — François non battre pour Polonais.*"

We should have reached our journey's end to-day had it not been for the Virgin; but the morning hymn to the Jungfrau was changed into a bacchanalian song towards the evening. The roads were blockaded by tipsy peasants, standing, reeling, sitting,

and lying in all directions: men, women, and children were all in the same predicament; and, what was more serious for us, the postilions were so drunk that they could not guide their horses. After many escapes, my calash at length came in contact with a peasant's cart, containing about a dozen inmates, and the pole snapped in two. The post-boy, who was upon the box half asleep, was now roused from his lethargy, and, swearing a few oaths, alighted; but, instead of proceeding immediately to repair the injury, began by flogging the peasants most unmercifully. Having satisfied himself by this mode of punishment, he next took the pony from the cart, and fastened it to my calash. As I could neither understand nor make myself understood, it was difficult for me to reply to the entreaties of the poor people, who had been thrown out of their cart by the carelessness of the post-boy. I alighted, however, and immediately the unhappy wretches prostrated themselves before me, and began to kiss my feet. Understanding soon the cause of their disquiet, I untied the horse, and restored it to them. Their joy was excessive, but of short duration; for whilst I was occupied in front of my calash, endeavouring with the help of my servant to lash the two ends of the pole together, the boy had again taken the horse from the peasants, and was returning with it. I again restored the horse; but when the postilion found that he could not carry the point, he began to lay about the women and children in the cart with his whip.

I determined to take the side of the weakest, and

prevented him from revenging himself in this way, by holding him tight by the collar, and bidding the peasants drive away as fast as they could. It was impossible for us to mend the pole, and so, leaving the servants with the carriage, I got upon the postilion's horse, and rode on to the next town for assistance. I informed the post-master of the conduct of the postilion, upon which he grumbled out "canaille," and told me, that he had inflicted forty stripes upon him in the morning, and promised that he would give him double the number for his supper. This explained the cause of his rage when I defeated his plan of securing the peasant's horse, which he meant to show in justification of his own conduct, and to the condemnation of the peasant.

The postilions are a brutal set, and being employed by government, whose uniform they wear, they make use of their brief authority in abusing the defenceless peasants. We never passed by a cart which was within the reach of the postilion's whip, that he did not wantonly apply it to the inoffensive people.

We slept at Wadowitz, and the following day terminated our long but prosperous journey. Crossing the Vistula, we arrived at Cracow. We had been about three weeks upon the road; but, as all turned out well, we hugged ourselves with the idea that we had done right in taking the tortoise for our travelling model.

Three terrestrial monuments surround the town of Cracow; three mounds of earth, three tumuli. The first is situated on the Austrian side of the Vistula,

the other two are within the pale of the republic. The first is called Cracus, and is of very ancient date, having been erected to the memory of him who founded the town, and rendered many services to his country. The historians of those times assert that he was a Roman by birth, and of the family of the Gracchi. He retired to Poland, to shelter himself from the troubles which disturbed the country after the death of the brothers, Tiberius and Caius Gracchus. He died at Cracow, about the year 700, and this monument was erected to his memory.

Soon after the death of Cracus, his daughter Vanda was elected to the throne of Poland, in hopes that by marriage she would give them a sovereign capable of securing the happiness and extending the glory of the people. This princess is said to have been a perfect beauty; she was chaste and virtuous, but had more courage and ambition than common sense. She disdained the passion of a German prince, who was enamoured of her charms. Enraged at the refusal, he declared war against her, and marched his troops to the frontiers, in hopes that she would relent, or that her subjects would compel her to marry him. She ordered her people to take up arms, and put herself at their head. The armies marched up to each other, and, when front to front, Rudiger, the German prince, again made her the same proposals; she replied, as before, that she knew the value of her crown, that no prince should ever share her throne with her, and, mistress of her subjects, she was unwilling to become the slave of a husband, who, whatever his

character might be, would be always more in love with her power than with her person. The officers of the prince, struck with the justness of her reply, and seeing that little was to be gained by a war under such circumstances, refused to obey his commands, and excited a rebellion in the camp. Deserted by his friends and subjects, he was driven to despair, and put an end to his existence.

Vanda, rejoicing in so easy a triumph over her enemies, returned to Cracow, where, after having sacrificed to her gods, she resolved to throw herself into the Vistula. She is said to have done this to prevent any future aspirant to her hand from following the example of Rudiger — a method as effectual, as the idea was noble. Her body was found on the banks of the river, about four miles from the town. She was buried in a picturesque spot, and to her memory was erected a monumnnt of earth, similar to her father's. The race of Gracchus became extinct by the death of this princess.

Vanda is still a favourite name with the Polish females, and some of them inherit the virtues of their namesake. I knew a Vanda who abstained two whole years from eating animal food, in gratitude to the Almighty for restoring her sister to health. These vows are common in Poland.

The third monument has been erected to the memory of Kosciusko, and is the largest of the three. It is situated at a little distance from the town.

The suburbs of the city (Cracow) have little to recommend them. The town, which now goes under

the name of Cracow, is divided into two parts; and the name of Casimir is still given by the inhabitants to that part of it which lies immediately upon the banks of the Vistula, and which is separated from the main town by a fosse. This is the abode of the Israelitish tribe, who muster here to the amount of from ten to twelve thousand.

Miserable and forlorn as the whole of Casimir appears, still the Jews are not permitted to inhabit the principal street, but are all huddled together in the narrow lanes and alleys which diverge from it. It is impossible to describe the sensation which their appearance creates in the mind of the stranger, when first he sees them walking about the streets like so many spectres, lank and lean, dressed in a long black robe reaching to their feet, and a hussar's fur cap, or a large slouch hat, upon their heads. They stand gazing around, apparently without any thing to do; no apparent trade, nor profession; neither cultivating the land, nor defending it in time of war; they only seem to cumber the ground on which they tread. This state of inaction is only apparent, for they are a very active, though not a laborious people, preferring the pittance they may gain without trouble, to a competency which common labour would easily procure them; living six days in the week upon black bread, and happy if they can get a morsel of meat on their Sabbath; cooped up in a hovel, lying pell-mell together without chair or table in their room; their bed consisting of a bundle of dirty straw; their gar-

ments tattered, leaving their bodies half exposed, for they never mend their clothes; no change of apparel, no difference in their dress, night or day; age alone stripping off their rags; compelled to dwell in the most obscure parts of the town, subject to persecutions inflicted upon them by their own laws and those of the government, which may be said rather to tolerate than to protect them; the sport and derision of those who deal, and often hold no faith, with them.

Such is a true picture of this tribe, which is said to amount to more than half a million in Poland. Pale and haggard in their physiognomies, rendered more hideous by their long dirty beards, there is nevertheless a certain animation in their eye, and a cheerfulness in their countenances, which almost lead you to believe they merit less commiseration. They address you at every instant, either to buy their merchandise, or serve as factors, or do any thing you may please to order them; money is their sole object, against making which they have no law; and though they live chiefly by what is styled trick and cheating, yet they seldom rob on the highway, or break into houses; and few classes of men are less castigated by the penal law. They rob without being robbers, beg without being vagrants. Influenced by no laws, and yet so conforming to those under which they live, that they are almost independent of them. There is no means they will leave untried to pilfer you; nothing that they will not willingly undertake for money; proof to all kinds of rebuke; callous to offence. Load them with opprobrious epithets; call them unbelievers,

cut-throats, dogs, or spit upon their Jewish gabardine; nothing makes any impression upon them. Nay, I have seen them struck by passers-by, and that with the greatest injustice, and yet show no resentment even in expression. Give them the slightest pittance, they are content, and will kiss your garment. Detect them in their frauds, they neither deny nor justify them; but if too severely rebuked, they show you, rather by signs than words, that you can have no pretensions to fair dealings with those with whom you yourself deal so hardly. They are neither destitute of feelings of pride, nor lost to virtue. They are united to each other by indissoluble bonds. They relieve their poor on all occasions, who are never reduced to absolute starvation, however near they may approach it. In this respect they form one large family.

Without wishing to detract from the little virtue they possess, still the expressions of Goldsmith may be reversed, and their virtues may be said to lean to failing's side, for they turn their charities to their own advantage, and receive interest for the smallest pittance they lend to their neighbour. They have two modes of relieving their poor, and two of profit to the lender. They furnish money on merchandise; upon the former the borrower pays an interest at the termination of a specified time; in the latter case a per centage is paid him upon whatever he has sold. This may amount to the sum of a halfpenny, with which he will maintain himself and family during

the day, and the morrow will provide for itself. When it is remembered that two pounds of black bread may be purchased for this sum, the statement will appear less extraordinary. They are ever upon the alert to gain this pittance. You are followed by half a dozen whenever you go into their quarter of the town, and you can only drive them away by force. As they speak German, though in a wretched dialect, they serve as interpreters in this country; and, wishing to find the post-office, one of them readily accompanied me. We had not proceeded far, however, before he entered a house which proved to be a money changer's. I had not mentioned a word to him on the subject, but, knowing that I was a stranger, just arrived, it occurred to him I might have some money to change, and he would not lose the opportunity of gaining something upon that which his friend the changer would necessarily dupe me of; and this is a specimen of their daily industry.

Notwithstanding the poverty of the greater part of them, some of them are very wealthy; though they live with the same frugality, and are but little better clad than the most indigent. The women have a peculiar dress, consisting of a gown in the shape of a pelisse, which they always wear, and a cap fitting very close to their head, which is bedecked with spangles; and some of the wealthier wear broad rows of pearls and diamonds, which are all displayed on their Sabbath. They observe this day most rigidly, doing, as it literally were, no manner of work; neither buying nor selling, nor even meddling with

household affairs; having Christian servants to dress their food, and make their beds, if they are fortunate enough to have any. On this day they strive hard for a meal, and fish is their favourite food. Some of their religious ceremonies are very singular, and very painful to perform. They have the day of judgment, during which they remain in their synagogue four and twenty hours in an erect posture, without taking a particle of food during the whole of that period, which is passed in prayer and lamentation. Their sanctuary resembles a charnel-house, breathing poverty and infection. No idea of them can be formed from individuals dispersed over divers countries, and living promiscuously with other people. Here they are a nation, having laws and customs of their own, with which the whole body complies.

I expressed my surprise to a Pole at their manner of living, and the possibility of their supplying the absolute wants of life. He replied to me nearly in the following words: — "This is not at all extraordinary in a large town, because in every large community there are numbers of people who rise in the morning without knowing how to subsist till evening, and yet always find the means. This is common every where. But," says he, "imagine a Jew in the interior of Poland; in an insulated hut, in a climate where the thermometer is often below the zero of Fahrenheit: imagine a being who has nothing; neither bed, nor table, nor covering, nor trade, nor profession, nor even a garden to plant

potatoes, and yet 'that lives, and raises eight or ten children.' '*Cela vit et élêve huit et dix enfans!*'"

I replied, that he must be speaking figuratively; for life must be supplied. He replied, "I tell you what is literally true. His only means of subsistence consist in going to the neighbouring villages on the market day. He there bargains with the peasants for their fowls, taking them upon credit, till he has sold them in the neighbouring town, having previously stipulated with the peasant to give him a certain sum; and he lives upon the surplus during the rest of the week, when he recommences the same trade."

This is a faithful picture of a Jew in the interior of Poland. He is the greatest curse to the peasant, and the cause of half his poverty; but those who allow this, allow also that there is no doing without him. They are the servants of every body, and of the peasants in particular; they are the brokers through whom they transact all their worldly affairs, and to whom they apply for all they want in shape of food, clothing, and money.

It is singular that, such is the force of habit, the peasants will only deal with each other through the medium of the Jews. They take consolation to themselves in the idea, that they can revile and spit upon them, and speak to them as to inferior beings beneath even the rank of themselves. It is natural, therefore, that they should pay for this privilege, and the Jew's object is to make them do so as handsomely as he can; for it is by this that he lives;

and he does contrive to make all their gains pass through his hands. He is the baker and the publican to whom they are in debt two thirds of the year, and the other third he is employed in gathering his tithes. As soon as the corn is ripe, the first person to be seen in the field is the Jew. There he is, collecting and taking home the capital and interest of what he advanced in the winter. He is, however, at all times with the peasant, and is his companion in his hours of recreation; for a Jew has no time to spend in mere pleasure. If it is but the mite of a mite which he has to gain, he is ever employed upon the means of gaining it.

When we consider his situation, and his means of existence — moreover, when we consider who he is, and what brought him there, we must allow that much exaggeration exists upon both sides of the question as regards the feeling expressed both for and against him. When we hear him reviled, therefore, as the extortioner and consumer of other men's goods, as the cumberer of the ground, and the oppressor of its real tenant, we must in charity ask, How is he to help himself? He is placed there by chance; he has no means of removing farther; he has no where to go, no place of abode, no home, no dwelling, no country; he is under the curse of the Almighty for his unbelief; and it is perhaps the only instance in which the professors of the Christian faith manifest their perfect and eternal obedience, in keeping up the curse which is entailed upon the children of Israel. Though it is allowed to persecute

a Jew as much as possible, it is not permitted to slay him downright, nor to compel him to starve; and it is his business to prevent his Christian brother from doing either, should he be so disposed. It is not to be objected to him that he will not dig, for no one would purchase his labour; it may be said more truly that he will not beg, for he will not, and never have I been importuned by a Jew, however miserable, for a single sou. If he chooses, then, to gain his existence in his own way, if he prefers to deal and dabble in little merchandise, this should not be imputed to him for shame, seeing that there is a law of nature which forces every man to provide for those wants which are not supplied without personal exertion, and that however he may differ in his religious creed, or how unhappy soever he may be in his unbelief, still a Jew is a Jew, and, as Shylock asks, "Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter as a Christian is?" The rest of Shylock's speech will not apply to a Polish Jew, for no one ever tickles him to make him laugh.

It is dreadful to witness the injustice exercised towards him. If a Christian has wronged a Jew, it is counted to him for glory that he has outwitted him, and the Jew has no redress. Should a Jew wrong a Christian so as to come under the penal code, not only the individual culprit but the whole

of the tribe are mulcted for the offence; and perhaps, after all, the accused is innocent.

This leads us to consider the other side of the question, and avow that there is much want of consideration in all the sentimental philippics pronounced at taverns and coffee-houses regarding the wretched state of this people. As applicable to them in the more civilised parts of Europe, these ideas are wholly unfounded, for where is the Jew who is persecuted for his creed in England? In France, and in the greater part of Germany, he may lose by his non-conformity, but this can be no reproach to any government. There can be no protecting special laws for sects, or things would soon stand still. When we consider that two thirds of the capital of Europe are in the hands of those people, and that "Jew ——— and Christian ———" are associated in the same sense, it is ridiculous to speak of persecutions. If the Jews in England are more dirty and untidy in their personal appearance than the labourers of the same class of society, they are not in worse circumstances; and why should they be better? There are all degrees of misery among mankind, and the Jews do not, in relation of their numbers to the mass of mankind, suffer more than their neighbours. Now it is precisely the same in Poland with respect to their existence under common circumstances, for the arbitrary interference of government hirelings cannot be taken into the general question. They are not worse nor better provided for than the peasant. I question if they suffer so many priva-

tions; for they are a sober people. I hardly ever saw a Jew intoxicated; and drunkenness is the curse of the peasant, as it is the blessing to the Jew.

It has been said, with some justice, that private vices are often public benefits; but here, public vices become the private benefits. It is by drunkenness that the Jew lives at the expense of the peasant, whose all passes through the Jew's hands to gratify this passion. There are many in wretched condition, and the squalid misery is appalling; but it fares no better with the peasant. A circumstance also must be taken into consideration. The Jew inhabits the town, and the road side; he is always to be seen — nay, he lives by displaying himself in public; he is always in view: whereas the peasant hides his misery in the fields — in a low glen, out of public sight, and to be sought for, if to be seen. It is this, also, which leads travellers astray as to the population of the country through which they pass. The villages are not, as in France and England, always by the road side, and hence a country which is really over-peopled has often the appearance to the traveller of being almost depopulated. The villages lie at the foot of the hills, as much under shelter as possible, and out of the high road, and I have (not far out of the republic of Cracow) seen a village upwards of two English miles in length, the houses of which touched all the way. It was precisely this mistake under which I laboured, that induced a Polish steward to convince me of my error by taking me across the country, where I found this long line of little tenements thickly inhabited.

To return to the Jews, and conclude the subject by an anecdote often repeated in Poland, and, whether true or false, sufficiently indicative of the profound contempt with which the Polish Schlacht, or little gentry, regard this once favoured race. It was related to me by an officer in the imperial guards; and he only regretted that I did not understand Polish, for the anecdote lost much of its pith by the translation.

A Schlacht was kneeling before a full-length image of Christ, which was placed with its back towards the vestry, and though it prevented any thing being seen, still, as all was open above the partition against which this image was placed, every thing addressed to it was heard in the adjoining room. It happened that one of the lower orders of clergy was refreshing himself in the vestry, and, overhearing all that the Schlacht addressed to the image, seized the opportunity of practising upon him an innocent deception. The Schlacht, after the usual ceremonies and prayers, began to upbraid the Christ for his poverty, and then added — "Master Jesus, Master Jesus, if you will only make me as rich as Prince Radziwill, what good I will do!"

The priest, applying his mouth to the back of the image, so as to make the sound appear to proceed from it, answered — "What good would you do, you vagabond? You would only commit more sin and iniquity than you do now, and be a greater drunkard than ever, you rascal!"

The astonished Schlacht, looking up at the image, could not brook his pride being wounded by such opprobrious epithets; for he was a Schlacht, or little nobleman. After a short pause, he replied — "Well, Master Jesus, you can make me rich or not — that is your will and pleasure; but you have no right to call me a rascal, for although you are Master Jesus, you are only a Jew, whereas I am a real Polish Schlacht;" — and he got up and took his departure.

CHAP. XI.

ROYAL CHATEAU IN CRACOW. CATHEDRAL VAULTS. PONIATOWSKI. TOWN TAKEN BY STRATAGEM. DILAPIDATION OF CHURCHES. MONASTERIES. CARMELITES. CHARTREUX. MANUSCRIPTS OF FAUST. MR. RUSSELL'S ACCOUNT OF CRACOW. CELEBRATION OF CONSTITUTIONAL CHART. MANNER OF LIVING OF HIGHER CLASSES. THE OLD COUNT ——. CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS. POLITICAL QUARRELS AMONG THE REPUBLICANS. CONFLAGRATION OF A VILLAGE. SUPERSTITION OF PEASANTS. DRESS OF PEASANTRY. STATE OF SERVILITY AT ALL PERIODS. HOSPITALITY OF POLES. FACILITY OF ACQUIRING LANGUAGES. ANCIENT CLASSICS LITTLE CULTIVATED. ALFIERI'S APOLOGY.

THE royal castle covers a very large space of land, and is situated upon an elevated spot upon the banks of the Vistula. Nothing can be less uniform or less picturesque than this building; it would be difficult to say to what style of architecture it belongs, as it appears to have been built in detail, and each portion planned by a different architect. There is neither grace nor symmetry, neither in the whole nor in the part. It is flanked by large towers, and the walls are of great thickness. The view from the ramparts is exceedingly beautiful, and extends over a large tract of country, through which the Vistula winds its tranquil course. The part of the building formerly occupied by the kings is in form of a triangle, with long stone galleries on each story. The building can

never have boasted of grandeur nor of elegance. The rooms and galleries, once the scene of such festivities, are now inhabited by old soldiers, and poor of all descriptions; the castle is now an alms-house and magazine for stores. Still the little white eagle of Poland is seen in its walls, and the S. P. Q. C. rekindles the feelings of former days. "*Voilà tout ce que nous reste des chateaux de nos Rois,*" said the Prince, as we strolled round the walks together.

The cathedral, situated within the castle walls, merits considerable attention, from having escaped all the injuries of revolution, and suffered little from the hand of time itself. The interior is Gothic, and some of the chapels and altars, of which there is a profusion, all adorned with sculptured kings and saints, in red marble, are in a perfect state of preservation. It had formerly to boast of relics and plate, but much of this has been converted into a more current capital, either to satisfy the avarice of conquerors, or to furnish means of opposing them. All these baubles are the same every where, and need no description. A chalice of gold is interesting, inasmuch as it was made by King Sigismund, who was himself a jeweller. More interesting is the sword of Poniatowsky, which he wore at the battle of Leipsic. The royal mantle, studded with the eagle of Poland, with which they decked his bier,—conferring that honour upon him, when dead, which they would so willingly have given him in life,—is also preserved. The name of Poniatowsky is an electric shock to a Pole. The mantle is of crimson velvet, and richly embroidered.

The body of this brave fellow lies in a plain coffin, upon which a bit of his helmet is deposited; and in the same vault lie the remains of John Sobiesky and Kosciusko; the king exceeding in merit his companions in death, inasmuch only as he was happy in perfecting a good which the others sacrificed themselves in the attempt to obtain.

Leaving these sad remembrances, we may smile at a monument erected to the memory of a bishop of gormandizing notoriety. Having devoured at one repast twenty pounds of meat and twelve capons, he was rewarded by being promoted to an archbishopric. So much did the history of this feat amuse the Queen, that she conferred this dignity upon him.

Nothing can be more wretched than the paltry buildings which surround the royal mansion; hovels built of mud and wood, half naked children and ragged parents, animate the interior of the quadrangle. A large sewer running from the centre of the building, winding under ground, and emptying itself into the river, deserves attention. When the palace was occupied by the Russians, a band of fifty Poles escaped to a castle about ten miles from Cracow, which is situated on a rock, and is capable of defence. This troop, headed by a French officer, marched in the night towards the palace, entered it by this sewer, and put all the Russians to death, before any alarm could be given; those who, unconscious of what had taken place, entered the castle in the morning for different purposes, shared the same fate.

Since the establishment of the republic, the town has been improved and adorned in all directions; the fosses have been all filled up, and the whole town is surrounded by boulevards, prettily planted with chestnuts and poplars, forming a long and pleasant promenade. A central square, surrounded with shrubberies, is occupied three evenings in the week by a military band, that plays for two or three hours the national airs of the Poles. Here the women and children take their evening stroll, and the old Polish gentleman is seen stalking along, dressed in the costume of former days, and girded with a thick broad belt round the waist, which is generally a cashmere shawl folded in this shape; and whatever, he may have lost of national dignity, he still retains that dignified, and, to a certain degree, haughty character which his nation has always manifested.

It would be useless to attempt to describe the number of churches and convents, that still make this republic groan beneath their weight. The Catholic religion has always flourished in this country with full sway, but, notwithstanding this fact, the Poles have at no time interfered with religious disputes, or taken up arms to fight for religion; for the little share that King Sigismond took in the Thirty Years' War, was rather to dispossess Gustavus Adolphus of the crown of Sweden, whose right to it was disputed by Poland, than to oppose the religious doctrines established at that period. Religious toleration has always been a prominent feature in the government of this country. Unmolesting others, she has re-

mained unmolested herself; she has not to add massacres of those professing other creeds to her crimes; nor have the lives of her sovereigns, with the exception of that of Stanislaus Augustus (which is still doubtful), ever been attempted.

Cracow was once adorned with seventy-five churches and convents, more than thirty of which have been totally demolished; and so small are the funds at present, that those which remain are in a dilapidated state, and contain but few inmates. The exterior of all these establishments is very uncouth; they are mostly of brick, plastered over, and have nothing either fanciful or solemn in their look. Internally, many of them are rich. The altars groan under saints of massive silver; and of tinsel there is a great profusion. Some of the stalls are richly carved, and inlaid with mother of pearl; and as they observe here all the ancient feasts of the church, hardly a week passes without some religious ceremony in one or other of the churches, which are always illuminated and decked with flowers and tapestry upon the occasion. They are all provided with organs, and the music in these ceremonies is often exceedingly soft, particularly in the convent of the Carmelites, where female voices add to the sweetness of the choir. This order is one of the severest, and is still kept up at Cracow by about twenty females, who reside in this convent without ever passing the gates. Nay, such is their *locum tenens* propensity, that on a fire breaking out in the night, about two years since, no persuasion of their superiors could induce them to leave their

abode, even to escape the ravages of the flames, and an armed force was absolutely necessary to rescue them from destruction. Mortifying the flesh, they abstain entirely from meat, and seldom partake even of fish or eggs. Bread made of rye, and the crystal spring, constitute their chief support; and, unmindful of climate, or, rather, braving its severity, they wear coarse woollen robes in the dog days, and put on light but coarse linen in the depth of winter. Their bed is a plank or two nailed together, and three times in the course of each night they rise from it at the sound of the convent bell, to perform their orisons, which do not in this instance interfere with curtained sleep, or tear them away from beds of down.

Having mentioned the Carmelites, I must proceed to notice an establishment of monks of a still more rigid order, to whom is denied even the pleasure of speech; a punishment never hitherto inflicted upon any order of nuns, most probably from the impracticability of putting it into execution. The Chartreux are, however, deprived of this means of intercourse, except upon certain occasions, and talk with their fingers upon all others; at least, so do the worthy personages who inhabit one of the picturesque spots in the neighbourhood of Cracow. The church is situated upon a very high rock, surrounded with wood, and commands an extensive view. It is a fine large building, in perfect repair, and in a state of great order and neatness. Adjoining this, are about twenty little tenements, each of which has its garden,

and each contains its solitary inhabitant, who, clad in a white mantle with a large beard, wearing sandals on his feet, and carrying a rosary in his hand, spends his days in praying for his own and others' salvation. Like his sisters, the Carmelites, he abstains from all the gratifications of sense.

This order, however, has not many partisans, for of the twenty tenements only four are occupied by Chartreux. We saw three of them, who bowed very politely, and one ventured to speak when he was addressed. As soon as they saw the female part of our company, they fled very precipitately into their houses. Notwithstanding their severe discipline, they are by no means lank or lean, and two were young and handsome men.

This monastery also serves as a penitentiary for disorderly priests of other orders; two of whom, an Abbé and a Curé, have been expiating their crimes for some years in this retreat. We were accosted by the latter, who begged hard for a pinch of snuff, showing us his box, which was filled with dry leaves, which he had rubbed into a powder, as a substitute for this article. We filled his box for him, when he begged hard for something that would procure him the same at another time; having satisfied this demand also, he gave us his blessing, and we departed. I did not make very much inquiry as to the cause of his disgrace, for I observed in his whole demeanour an indescribable something, that convinced me his head was probably more in fault than his heart.

It was difficult to quit this enchanting spot, for the

view, at all times beautiful, was heightened by the soft beams of the retiring sun, which inspired a stronger feeling of devotion than the sight of the honest friars; though there was something in the cleanliness of their persons, and decorum of their demeanour, which even inspired respect and veneration.

We descended into the vaults. Their mode of interment is singular; for each coffin is let into a niche in a wall, which is afterwards built up. The bier is placed horizontally. In this way they do not change their abode, for the coffin has served them for a bed during their lifetime. A net hanging on the convent wall indicates that they take all the fish that come into it.

Nearly opposite this establishment, but on the other side of the river, is also a large monastery, inhabited by the Jesuits, who established themselves there when they first came to Poland. It is situated upon a rock, upon the banks of the river. In some repairs lately made, some manuscripts were discovered of the celebrated Faust, who is said to have invented the art of printing. These have been transported to Vienna.

Sir Walter Scott has observed, in his Life of Napoleon, that with Poniatowsky perished the last of the Poles.

I may plead, in apology for giving so detailed an account of what Mr. Russell describes as a miserable town, that such is all that now remains of Poland. "Cracow neither requires nor deserves

any detailed description," says the author. "The ancient and magnificent capital of the Polish monarchs now consists of palaces without inhabitants, and inhabitants without bread; and only the improbable event of the restoration of Poland will retrieve it from the desolation which reigns in all its streets, and the misery that pines within its houses." Nothing can be more true than the picture; yet, lamentably true as it is, it is all that now remains of Poland. Still, in the walks which encompass the town, are to be seen on an autumn evening some living remnant of this unhappy people. Here the costume of Poland is still permitted to be worn, and the tottering soldier, he who fought under Kosciusko and Napoleon, is still greeted with the national and patriotic music which once inspired the soldiers of Dembowsky.

A republic, under the special protection of the three monarchs of the North, can hardly hope for more liberty than is enjoyed by the inhabitants of Cracow; but it is the liberty of being wretched only, — the liberty of the recollection of the past, and of gloomy forebodings for the future.

It was the anniversary of the guarantee of these liberties when we arrived in the town. All was gaiety and merriment; the bells rang, the flags were hoisted on the steeples, and mass was said in all the churches: dancing and fireworks terminated the jubilee.

I had completed the task which was assigned me, and delivered up my charge into the hands of others

worthy of the trust. Still, I was to be a hanger-on for some time, and as I had promised to remain the whole winter in Poland, I determined to amuse myself as well as I could in the republic. I had time and opportunity to appreciate the character of the people of both classes; and the more so, as a species of liberty was allowed them here, which has been interdicted every where else, viz. the liberty of speech.

The family in which I resided was the most opulent in the republic; nay, two thirds of the territory belonged to its head, and the house was the scene of continued merriment. We seldom sat down less than twenty to table, and as many more were added to the party during the evening. Feasting and revelling lengthened the days by stealing from the hours of the night; and such was the kindness and hospitality which I received, that I found no difficulty in accomplishing my determination to amuse myself well during my residence in the republic.

Several characters of note presented themselves in the course of the winter, and at Christmas the house was full of guests. The method of killing time employed by the Polish nobility appeared to me to differ in no material respect from that practised by our own aristocracy. I should say that the Poles were more certain in succeeding in their attempt than the English, and that they were more apprehensive also that time would kill them. I have been consulted by many of them, not for any particular complaint, but for the sake of ascertaining my opinion as to

the probability of their longer or shorter duration upon earth.

I was sitting one fine evening upon a bench in the gallery of a country house, when an old gentleman of sixty years of age approached me with his pipe, saluted me very politely, and sat down by my side. The sun was declining, and shedding that orange autumnal tint which characterises his beam at this season in northern latitudes. All was still. I was reflecting upon the similarity of the feeling which I experienced with what I have described when I was contemplating the Wrekin in Shropshire, and I thought that I could discover in my companion much the same sensations as were expressed by the ancient lady who dwelt so much upon the cruelty of the word *last*. Neither of us spoke for some time, till the tolling of the convent bell roused him from his reverie, and he said to me with a sigh, "*Ah, Monsieur, vous êtes jeune, vous vous moquez de ces cloches, mais pour moi c'est autre chose.*"

I attempted to joke with him upon the subject, but he continued, "*Moi qui aime tant à vivre, et de penser que je serai fourré dans la terre comme une bête.*"

I smiled, and told him that he was still strong and hearty, and that he would outlive me yet.

"*Croyez vous?*" he replied, and he rose abruptly, and, saying to me, "*Attendez un instant, je vous prie,*" he went into his room, which was adjoining. He soon returned, and brought me a prescription to look at, which was given to him by Dr. ——, in Vienna.

He then asked me my opinion of it. I replied that it was excellent of its kind. His countenance brightened, and he added, "*Mon médecin m'a dit qu'avec cela* (folding up his prescription), *je vivrais tant que je voudrais.*"

"*Il avait raison,*" I replied, and he squeezed my hand warmly. He belonged to the class of those who fear only that time will kill them.

Those who act upon the other principle, seemed to go on much as the guests are represented to do at the mansion of Lord Amundeville and Lady A——:

> "The gentlemen get up betimes to shoot
> Or hunt: the young, because they like the sport;
> The middle-aged, to make the day more short."

And so the reader may go on to the end of the canto, without requiring any note or commentary to explain the peculiarity of the country. It is true we did not hunt the hare, nor chase the fox; but we hunted the bear and the wolf, or formed sledging parties when the weather permitted it. Prince Pückler Muskau has been very minute in his details of a day's amusement in England. In what does it differ from one spent in a Baron's castle in Germany, or in a Palatine's house in Poland?

Each guest breakfasts in his own room, where tea and coffee are served him at his own hour; he rises to take it, or takes it in bed, sipping his coffee, eating his toast, or smoking his pipe, alternately. If he has no particular plan of amusement for the morning — no hunting, no shooting, nor gallanting, he remains in his dressing-gown, reclining upon his

sofa, with a pipe in one hand, and a book in the other, till dinner time. There is in most houses a luncheon served about eleven, but it is often sparingly attended by the guests, for the dinner hour is early in Poland. Not "longing at sixty for the hour of six," their longings are not so long, and all assemble for the grand object of life about three o'clock. Then the ceremonies of inquiries concerning health, and last night's fatigue, and "hope you did not take cold," and "I am afraid that you exerted yourself too much," and "how charmingly your daughter dances," and "when does your son return from his travels?" and then the servant enters with a little tray, covered with little glasses, which he presents with one hand, holding a bottle of brandy or some spirit in the other, to fill the glass at your command, and another servant hands you a small bit of cheese, or a bit of dried salmon or salt herring with a little bit of bread upon which to put the tit-bit, which you put into your mouth; and, the folding-doors opening, you hand a lady in to dinner.

As regards the seat you occupy, the nearer you are to the mistress of the table, the nearer you are to the seat of honour; and each takes his place by a kind of aristocratic instinctive feeling. The doctor sits very near the end of the table, the farthest removed from the seat of honour.

The dishes are all handed round, as in France, and nothing is carved upon the table, which is generally covered with the dessert. There are few dishes peculiar to the country, except the sour soup, which

is exquisite. The beer is delicious, the wines of the country bad; but at a nobleman's table, of course, the best wines are imported from France.

The dinner does not last long; the process of carving much lengthens this repast with us. All rise together, and the gentlemen conduct the ladies to the drawing-room, where coffee is served. If there be no strangers present, it is customary for the men to retire into their rooms immediately after dinner, where they smoke their pipes, and take a siesta till about eight o'clock. All meet in the drawing-room at tea time, when evening visitors flock in. Then begin the waltz and the mazurka, with the ravishing German music. How much he loses who does not dance, and has not music in his soul! Cards, dice, billiards, have their votaries, and the amusements continue till midnight, when all retire, and the following day resembles the preceding.

Such is a day in Polish society in Poland, and in the houses of the nobility. "And we knew all this before!" will be the natural exclamation.

These social meetings, which were daily more gay and more numerous, as the Christmas holidays approached, received at this period a very considerable check, by those political dissensions which have been the real cause of the annihilation of Poland. The fate of Poland was predicted by Casimir the Great; not because she had no sea-ports, nor because she had no mountains, nor because she had no natural boundaries for defence, nor because she was open on all sides to invasion; but because she was ever

open to dissension; because her nobility were always quarrelling among themselves; and none would sacrifice for his country's sake that revenge which he owed his neighbour. It never could have been possible under a good government, and with an united people, to overrun a country which occupied so large a space as Poland once did in the map of Europe. Even now, when she was reduced to two hundred thousand souls, (for the kingdom of Poland is not here included; it was no longer Poland when a Russian prince was its viceroy,) she manifested the same querulous, uncompromising spirit, which she did even in her greatness.

The presidency of the republic was triennial. Mr. Wodzidsky had served twelve years, having been elected each time without opposition. Another election took place during my stay in Cracow, and I attended several meetings of the Diet, though I understood nothing of the debates except some occasional allusion to the Lacedæmonians and Athenians. All was conducted with great order and decorum, till the day of the election dawned. It was already rumoured that Mr. Wodzidsky would not be re-elected, and it was really so, for he lost his election by one vote. This caused a dire commotion in the state. The election was legal, but the new president was returned by the democratic party. The aristocrats were in a rage: they would no longer attend the Diet, nor recognise the new president. They drew up a petition addressed to the three monarchs, and in the mean time the republic remained without a pre-

sident, and all was confusion in the city. The Jews of Casimir were the only happy people, for their interests suffered no change; whereas the electors, many of them, were in the wrong box. The apothecary was one of the representatives, and had voted against Mr. Wodzidsky. The grocer was in the same predicament; they were half ruined. The latter spoke French badly, but he said he hoped that *les trois Potences* would decide in favour of the new president. Now the word *puissance* is POTENTZI in Polish, and Cracow was under the protection of the three monarchs, or *trois puissances*, or *potentzi*, *les trois potences*.

In the mean time, the former president resumed his duties, awaiting the decision of the monarchs, who decided that things were to remain as they were for that session.

Such was the unhappy spirit which, engendered in older times, was transmitted from son to son, and was now to be extinguished for ever in what remained of one of the most powerful nations in Europe. It was to be extinguished not by its own exhaustion, not by the consequence of its flickerings, but for want of fuel to keep it alive. There is nothing left to rekindle it. The little liberty still enjoyed at Cracow was soon annihilated by the interference (in all their future election) of the protecting powers; and as with Poniatowsky perished the last of the Poles, so, with the fall of the republic of Cracow, Poland has been expunged from the map of Europe.

In Poland there are but two classes of society—the

rich and the poor, or the nobleman and the peasant; there is no *tiers état*, and the whole commerce of the country is carried on by Germans and Jews. The lower class, who inhabit the towns, are, for the most part, indolent and lazy, and much addicted to drinking. As soon as they procure a few kreutzers by their labour, they buy spirits, and cannot be induced to work till their funds are exhausted. Every thing therefore proceeds very slowly. It is the work of years to complete a moderate-sized house; and even public works do not seem to progress more rapidly. The people are dirty in the extreme, and their mental endowments are not of a very high order. They are very bigoted, as the following anecdote will prove.

The tocsin being sounded to announce a large fire in the neighbourhood, I repaired thither with half the town at my heels; by the time I arrived, eight houses were on fire, and the flames raged tremendously, for the buildings were of dried fir, thatched with straw. It was a melancholy sight to see the poor peasants wringing their hands, and contemplating the loss of their little all. The fire engines played most furiously upon the flames, but not upon the adjoining houses, which were yet untouched by the devouring element. Upon the roofs of these sat the poor wretches, holding up their images, which they esteemed the best fire preservers; whilst others ran to the first cross they could find, to prostrate themselves before it, and pray to the Virgin. All

was desolation and misery; the pig and the cow ran wild in the street, the pigeons flew round and round not knowing where to alight; the winter's store of corn and potatoes was reduced to charcoal.

The firemen did their duty as they understood it, but there was great lack of science in their manœuvres. I almost flattered myself that I had saved a house from being consumed by begging the fireman to play upon its yet entire roof. It was with difficulty that I could persuade him, for he pointed to a peasant seated on its top, who had a large picture of the Virgin in his hand; there could be no danger for that house.

In a few hours, however, the fire was got under; and, upon returning home, I found that even I had been a prey to it, for my pocket had been picked of my snuff-box: and this was the second time that I had been robbed in the republic.

The inhabitants of the country differ widely from those of the town. The peasant is a distinct being, living entirely upon the produce of the ground he cultivates, and with which alone he seems conversant. His state of well or ill being depends upon a variety of circumstances not to be understood but by those who have resided some time in the country. Some have no other possession than a hut and adjoining garden, sufficient only to plant their potatoes. Others are like our little farmers, who pay a rent for their land; and others pay an annual poll tax. Some work out their temporal existence by labouring five days in the week for their master.

Their dress is grotesque, but pleasing to the eye. A long white cloth coat, reaching to the heels, cut in a peculiar shape: a large, broad, and thick stuffed leathern belt, buckled before by five or six straps, surrounds the waist. This allows of all variety of taste. Some are of plain leather, some studded with silver-headed nails, and some with mother of pearl, inlaid in shapes of flowers and images. This part of the dress seems to be the touchstone of their pride. A long blue waistcoat, with embroidered flap pockets; loose striped cotton trowsers, thick long boots, and a broad-brimmed hat; all these much modified by the circumstance of the individual; but such was the Sunday attire of a respectable peasant when I resided in the republic of Cracow.

If a nobleman in a fit of anger killed one of his peasants, the law compelled him to furnish money sufficient to bury him. If he slew the peasant of his neighbour, the latter could compel him to replace him by one of his own.

Such was the state of things before the attempted revolution under the last of her kings. How fares it now with her peasantry in the kingdom of Poland, and in the republic of Cracow? The law says, that the peasant is free to go when and where he will. He is no longer attached either to the soil or to the owner of the soil—he is free by law; but is he so by usage? One practical illustration is worth the study of a whole code; and when laws are made only to be evaded and violated, we may spare ourselves the trouble of studying them. The fact is, that in the

kingdom of Poland, where the peasant is said to be free, he is much more a slave than in Austria, where he is not even said to be so, and where he is attached to the soil which he treads.

In the kingdom of Poland, the nobility, in order to evade this freedom, enter into stipulations with each other not to afford runaway or vagrant peasants any protection; so that if a peasant, from ill-treatment, should be inclined to leave his master and seek a milder one, every door is shut against him, and the violation of this tacit agreement by any one proprietor would be productive of a duel between the two parties: so that in reality the peasant, free by law, is a slave by usage. All his legal freedom turns to his master's advantage, for it allows him the privilege of starving, without any redress from his owner; whereas, the slave in Austria (and I speak of the Polish provinces of that empire) can compel his owner to feed him in time of scarcity, or when from illness he is unable to procure bread for himself or his family.

There are no harder task-masters than the Polish nobility; and the liberties they seem to appreciate so well for themselves, they are little anxious to extend to their inferiors. The law which allowed them to murder their peasants under such easy penalties, no longer exists, but the spirit of that law still exists; and their indifference to human suffering tends to diminish much of that enthusiasm for them, as a people, which is natural to all Englishmen who have not seen them at home, in their own country.

I was playing at cards on new year's eve, when the cold was very intense—I think 27° Reaumur, and a servant entered the room to inform a nobleman that three of his peasants were found frozen to death, about a mile from the town. "*Il n'y a que trois, c'est peu de chose,*" and continued his game of *quinze,* without making another observation. The same circumstance might have occurred in England, but would not he to whom the news was communicated make it his care immediately to send his steward to give all the consolation possible to the distressed families? Not so with the Pole; he only became more anxious to win his game at cards, to make up for the loss of the three peasants. This, it is true, was an instance only of passive conduct; but I witnessed so much more active brutality exercised by the rich towards the poor, so much want of common humanity in the relations existing between them, on the part of the superior, that, so far from sympathising with them upon the loss of their liberty, I could not but regret that they ever should have had so much in former times, seeing how cruelly they abused the little which was still left them.

Such an assertion may draw down upon me the stigma of the patriotic, who only see oppressed virtue in every Polish exile. I am not defending the oppressor, nor do I suppose him to be an iota better than his conquered neighbour; the demoralisation of one does not justify the oppression of another. Every Englishman would gladly and from his heart rejoice in the restoration of Poland to her state of political

freedom; but every Englishman who, like myself, has resided some time in the country, would more rejoice to see the nobility permit that civil freedom to their serfs, which can alone entitle the nobility of Poland to the commiseration of a people who allow that liberty to others which they enjoy themselves. But many of those "who dwell where Kosciusko dwelt" are unworthy of him whom Campbell has immortalized in the lines—

> "Hope for a moment bade the world farewell,
> And Freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell."

The times are changed in Poland, and that hospitality for which it was so deservedly celebrated has naturally received much modification. It was once usual for every nobleman, who could afford it, to make his house a gratuitous tavern; and a gentlemanly demeanour was all that was necessary to insure a welcome reception and the use of servants and horses, with the advantage of the best fare, to any traveller who presented himself. I have heard the Count often repeat, that it was not unusual for a dozen guests to be seated at his father's table, whom he never saw before, might never see again, and whom he knew not by name. These good old times are gone; and the Pole, having lost his country, but not his hospitable character, displays by necessity abroad what he once could do by choice at home.

It is chiefly this spirit of hospitality which gains him such ready admission into all foreign society.

Independent of this, however, the Pole is of all others the man most calculated to shine in society. Variety of language, which to most foreigners is so great a barrier, and allows them rather to be tolerated than courted, is to him no obstacle. When he is at Vienna, he speaks better German than the Emperor; when in Paris, the most refined ear can hardly detect the foreign accent; and even in London, his pronunciation of English is so much more tolerable than that of all other foreigners, that it is the subject of general admiration.

This great facility of speaking languages, so peculiar to the Poles, is attributable to two causes: *primo,* their own language comprehends of itself all the sounds which can be found by a combination of letters; and, *secundo,* they are accustomed from infancy to speak several languages daily. Polish, German, French, and English, ring the changes in their ears every hour of the day; and when these are instilled into them at an age when no choice is allowed, the difficulty of acquiring is inconsiderable.

Languages are only acquired by the habit of speaking them, and not by rules of grammar. It is the constant conversation with natives themselves which gives the facility. Whichever language is predominant, this alone will be the one well spoken; hence the great object is to allow none to be predominant; and this is accomplished in the education of Polish children, as much from necessity as from choice. The child is, at the commencement of his

existence, put into the arms of an English nursery-maid; as he grows older, he will probably have a French dancing master, a German music master, and an English tutor. When he has completed his morning tasks under these different tutors, he sits down to table, where the languages are as various as the dishes; and when he retires to his play-ground he finds half a dozen children of different nations to play with. There is not a day in the whole year in which he is confined to speaking and hearing his mother tongue. It is precisely the language which he knows the least, and which he never speaks from choice.

I have put all this in the masculine gender, and I should have put it in the feminine; for it is precisely the ladies who possess the talent of speaking languages so well. I have hardly ever met with a Polish lady with whom I could not converse in English, and without the least fear of being misunderstood. It is thus, however, that such facility is acquired, and it can be acquired by no other means.

Can a child be expected to learn a language, and speak it fluently, in which he takes a lesson three times a week, and devotes the rest of his time to his mother tongue? It is a common error to suppose that even the nice pronunciation of a language may be gained in maturer years; and young ladies are sent to Paris for six months, in order to acquire a correct pronunciation of French, which perhaps they have never heard spoken before, but from the mouth of an English teacher. They might be sent to Pekin with the same chance of success.

If the Poles excel so much in the living languages, they are as much in arrears with the dead, for there are few who can be styled good classics. This is perhaps a modern degeneracy; for Latin was formerly spoken in Poland as a living tongue. The nobleman of the present day is a linguist, because chance has made him so; he can talk of wars and battles, because they have been familiar to him from his cradle; he is a perfect ladies' man, for ladies like to hear about wonderful things, and with all such he is conversant; but dead languages require study and application, and these it does not enter into his heart to conceive. He has studied truly in a great book, and retains the best part of its contents; but this is a book which owes nothing to the art of printing. When in a library, he is completely out of his element, though by his conversation you would suppose he was quite at home; and, without ever having read a volume, he is more conversant with the facts therein contained, than the mere book-worm who has been groping in it for years, but who with all his labour and information cannot make himself agreeable in society for a single hour. The other loses nothing that he hears; he gains his knowledge as he does his *florins*, by the toil of others; and he is satisfied with both when they are sufficient for the calls he has upon them. They are both equally necessary to him; he can live neither without money nor without society; he procures both at a cheap rate, inheriting the one, which affords him the means of purchasing the other: nor is he content with a

modicum of either. If he is in society, he must enjoy it— he must shine in it.

Few people have more active or penetrating minds, better memories, and a more happy method of converting every kind of information to an useful currency; they are generous, hospitable, and brave, even to a fault. In this respect, they are a nation of heroes. Pride is their greatest bane. Study does not enter into the imagination of the Polish courtier, who follows most religiously what Alfieri says was the universal maxim of Italian noblemen in his day, — "*Ad un signore non e necessario di diventar un dottore.*"

CHAP. XII.

CELEBRATION OF CHRISTMAS EVE. GUESTS. THE COUNT M——. HIS PUNISHMENT IN PARIS. THE OLD SOLDIER, HIS ADVENTURES. PRISONER IN CONSTANTINOPLE. RANSOMED BY PRINCE CHARTORISKI. VISIT TO SALT MINES. DESCRIPTION OF THEM.

It was determined to keep up the ancient custom of the family, and spend the Christmas at a palace belonging to a near relation, a member of the richest and most influential family in Poland. Upon our arrival, after a tedious day's journey, we found that the mansion was already filled with guests, who flocked in numbers, to pass the festival with their relations and friends, so that every bed was put in requisition. The miserable accommodation of the ill-denominated inns has been the cause of converting the mansions of the nobility into caravanseras. If the parties do not happen to be at variance with each other, (a circumstance not so prevalent as formerly, for common misfortunes unite all parties,) they do not hesitate, when travelling, to stop at the first mansion whose external appearance offers them a prospect of accommodation for the night. Nor will they often find, even here, more than a large room, with a sofa in one corner, and a few chairs and a table. They will in vain look for the accommodation

afforded them by the smallest inn on the road side in England. They are sure, however, of a hot supper and a bottle of old wine, both served at about nine o'clock, when the traveller is introduced to the host and hostess, and soon feels himself as much at home as if he were an inmate of the house. The joke and glass will pass round, and the guest will retire to his dormitory, having kissed the lady's hand, and depart the next morning without any of the awkward ceremonies of taking leave.

The present party was very numerous, though nearly all related to each other. It was an annual meeting—a merry Christmas. All was put in requisition for them; the rooms all heated, the beds made up, and the larder filled. As many as could be accommodated had little to complain of; but the household suffered sadly from the increase of duty, and the shifts for accommodation to which they were reduced. The house steward yielded his room to the young squire, whose room was occupied by his maiden aunt; the governess slept with the lady's maid, and the inferior domestics, having given up their dormitories to the higher class of the visitor's servants, lay down upon the floor of the warmest room. It would surprise an Englishman, unaccustomed to the usages of the country, to enter the room in which he had supped a few hours before with the heads of the family, and find the floor strewed with drunken servants of both sexes; yet such is not an uncommon occurrence in the country-houses of Poland.

Christmas eve being a fast in Poland, nothing but

fish was served at the table of the hostess, who made up for a great deficiency of good qualities by strict attention to her religious duties. The board was notwithstanding sumptuously served; gold and silver vases, filled with hot-house plants, resting upon a magnificent plateau, graced the centre of the table. The soup was made of sterlet, from the Volga; each plateful was worth a ducat; and a carp from the Vistula, with a ticket in his mouth, announcing his weight to be forty pounds, was handed round to the guests. No salmon was ever redder. Other fish, tortured in all ways, and disguised after every fashion, followed in rapid succession; and the sparkling champagne which was poured out in profusion, and quaffed as rapidly as it was poured forth, compensated for the want of more solid materials.

Among the guests was a little man of genteel appearance and polished manners, who had a quotidian complaint. He was one of those who considered the dinner as the end and object of life, and yet this meal was the cause of all his disquietude. He had ungovernable passions. Was the dinner to his liking, he consumed so much of it that he had a violent fit of indigestion in the evening. Was it not to his liking, he became choleric, and was seized with such a fit of passion as was sure to cause him the jaundice. Upon the present occasion, however, he always mounted guard over himself; so that it was proverbial in the country that Christmas eve was the only time in the year in which Count —— was in a tranquil state of mind. It is true upon one occasion he so conquered

his habits, (and who cannot, if he sets about it in right earnest?) that he remained quiet for two months together. The case was imperious, and a point of duty. He was a dead shot; and having quarrelled with a neighbour who had doubted his word, he called him out. The little man would not brook the insult offered him. His adversary who accepted the challenge, knowing the Count's skill, demanded two months to put his affairs in order, and visit his family which was abroad. This was agreed to, but the little man determined to make a signal example of his offender. He consequently put his temper and himself into training, and drank only lemonade for two whole months, in order to steady his hand. At the expiration of the time his antagonist returned; the duel was fought, and the Count reaped the reward of his temperance by lodging his ball in his adversary's loins, which finally caused his death. This was the third time he had been successful at this game.

He was a man of fine taste and a good poet, and had translated several of Racine's tragedies into the Polish language. He amused the guests on the present occasion by reciting some poetry of his own composition. It was a hymn to the Virgin; for he also was observant of his religious duties. He was less of a patriot than of a poet, and when abroad had the imprudence to express opinions publicly inimical to his country; for which he was chastised in such a way as insulted the little man's honour at its very seat, and allowed him no hopes of revenge. Having once in a coffee house in Paris declared he should

like to see the Russians conquer the Poles (this was in the time of Catherine), it was reported to four of his countrymen, who happened to be there. They all waited upon him early in the morning, roused him from his slumbers by pulling him out of bed, and applied birch rods with such force to all parts of his body, that, by the time they had finished their chastisement, the little man resembled a boiled lobster. In vain did he roar for assistance — in vain did he talk about the law; each threat only added force to the stripes, which did not cease till he had thrown himself upon his knees and cried *peccavi.* When he had done this, his punishers relented, and each took a card from his pocket, and handed it to him for his satisfaction. They then retired, and allowed him to take his morning's nap. As soon as possible, however, he took himself off, travelled post haste towards Poland, but, stopping to rest at Metz, had the mortification of reading in the French paper the history of his adventure.

It happened upon the present occasion, that one of the party, being rather overtaken with wine, made some slight allusions to this circumstance. "What makes you so fidgetty, Count ——?" said the guest. "Shall I give you a softer cushion?" Nothing, however, could disturb the equanimity of his mind at Christmas eve; not even the loss of some score of ducats at quinze. The Count was true to his vows.

A very different description of character, both as regarded the external and inward man, was to be

found in the person of the veteran soldier, who, dressed in the costume of his country when its sceptre was swayed by the Casimirs, attracted general attention. The sabre had left some marks upon his face, but had not destroyed his open, manly countenance, which beamed with good-humour, as he related many, though far from humorous, anecdotes of his past life. His temper was precisely the reverse of the little Count's; he was seldom or never in bad humour, unless it were on Christmas eve, when he could not get his usual portion of beef and soup. It is difficult to convince a soldier, who has suffered so many compulsory privations, that there can be any merit in voluntarily imposing them upon one's self. He wished much for his beef on the present occasion, for he had performed a long journey; but the rules of the house were not to be interfered with, so that he resorted to the expedient of telling a story instead of getting supper, or at least such a one as he desired.

It was in his "twentieth spring," as he informed us, that he served against the Turks, was taken prisoner, and sent to Constantinople with a chain of unfortunate companions.

"Arrived at the Sublime Porte," he continued, "I escaped with my ears, in compliment to my rank, whilst many of my companions were 'over head and ears' in affliction. I was condemned, however, to work in the dock yards, and was led to and from labour, chained to a Turkish convict, with whom I remained in close connection during my hours of ease, being separated only from my companion when both

my arms were required to bend the plank on the vessel's ribs. Bread and water, and frequent stripes, were my daily allowance — fare good enough for a Christian dog; and the only comfort that was allowed me was the hope of escape or ransom.

"Eighteen months, however, had passed in 'durance vile,' and no rescue appeared. During this period, the convict who was chained to me suddenly died in the night, from over-exhaustion during the day. It happened during the time of one of the religious ceremonies, when the prisoners are not allowed to work, but are confined to their cells. I remained forty-eight hours in the dungeon, chained to the dead body, in a climate and at a season of the year when putrefaction commences immediately after death. A fever, accompanied by delirium, was the result of this occurrence.

"A return to convalescence was a return to labour, and I was chained to another convict. My mind, now enervated by physical causes, gave way to despondency, and I even contemplated self-destruction, as the only possible termination of my miseries. As I was half lost in these reflections, and returning from labour, I observed a Greek priest cast a significant look at me. The idea of rescue immediately occurred to me; I returned to my cell with all the joy that hope can inspire in a desponding mind. I conjured up all the means of escape which this ardour of hope engendered, and already saw my deliverer in the priest himself. To be seen speaking with the Greek priest would be certain death to both; and

therefore it was difficult to devise the means of conveying to him the necessary information.

"I had been allowed the privilege granted to most prisoners in Constantinople; viz. that of repairing old clothes, and I had needles for this purpose. I worked my name upon a piece of white linen, and under it the name of Prince Chartorisky; knowing that if information could be conveyed to the Prince that I was a prisoner at Constantinople, ransom would be speedily procured. To effect this, therefore, occupied all my thoughts; it was the last hope which remained; and so sudden is the transition produced by hope, from one state to another, that I, who a little before was upon the brink of despair, was now revelling in all the intoxication of success. I turned from side to side, receiving at each change of position the curses of my companion, whose ordinary sleep was interrupted by the rattling of my chains. I waited with impatience to see the grey morning peep through the grated windows of my cell.

"Exhausted by watching, my eyes refused to look longer at the iron bars, and I fell at length fast asleep. I dreamed that I was upon the place of execution, and about to undergo the torture, and that a janizary struck me with a lance for being so dilatory in helping to extricate myself from my chains. It soon proved more than a dream, for the stroke of the keeper awakened me. The light of morning, though ushered in so abruptly, did not allow me to forget the feelings of the preceding evening. I jumped lightly from the ground, and proceeded with the

other convict to the dock-yard. I was in hopes of again meeting with the Greek upon the road, and my disappointment was cruel when I found no sacerdotal beard in my path. I had devised a method of conveying the piece of cloth upon which I had worked my name, should he meet me again. To escape observation, however, was my principal care. Should I have met with the priest, I should not have dared to accost him, nor step out of my track to him; and with one hand full of tools, and the other chained to my companion, how was I to convey to him the intelligence I desired? I put the cloth into the bowl of my pipe, which I had fastened so slightly to the wooden tube as to be able to drop it at pleasure, and I was in hopes of using such language of the eyes as would allow the priest to understand what I intended.

"I had, in my enthusiasm, imagined that the Greek knew — nay, that he had help for me; for it is easy to turn any thing to our advantage, where the heart has been made sick by hope long deferred. Waiting therefore the opportunity of dropping the bowl of my pipe, should the priest see me, and fully expecting to meet him, I was already half ransomed in my mind. Such ideas had buoyed up my hopes, which were too speedily frustrated by the non-appearance of my redeemer. Passing through the dock-yard gate, casting one look behind, as it were to curse my disappointment, I proceeded heavily to work, and many stripes did I receive for my laziness. Repeated blows roused me from my reverie,

and, thinking that it must be all a dream, I began to redouble my exertions, and so escaped the repetition of my stripes.

"The hour of work ceased, and the bell announced the closing of the gates. I proceeded slowly along with my companion, and had almost reached the outer gate, when I perceived the old Greek in deep conversation with an eunuch. The Greek recognised me at the same moment, and, as I imagined, seemed to express a desire to speak with me. This was, as it afterwards proved, the excess of hope which leads the mind astray. He knew nothing of me, but discovered at first sight that I was a Pole of rank, and as such he conceived a deep interest for me. Immediately I proceeded to put my plan in execution. I caught the eyes of the priest, and then, as if by accident, let the bowl of the pipe fall from my mouth. The Greek, as I flattered myself, was alive to my intentions, and had observed my motions. He made, however, no sign, but soon afterwards turned round and walked away with an eunuch.

"I entered my cell in a state of mind not to be described. It seemed evident to me that the priest was aware of all that had happened, but that he dared not, in the presence of the eunuch, seem to notice what had passed. A thousand fears tormented me during the night; the scrip might be picked up by some of the guards, and be turned to my disadvantage, and the rough treatment I received for many days seemed to warrant this idea. I forgot that no Turk could read the character in which it was written,

and I did not remember that my own negligence and abstraction were the most probable causes of the stripes I received. It occurred to me, that the priest, if he knew me, might also betray me, and go shares in the ransom which he was sure to obtain if applied for in the proper quarter. Then I thought the priest might be betrayed himself, and perhaps already sent to his long home, for an attempt to release a prisoner. Again I cheered myself with the idea that all might turn out well.

"The joy wore away, however, and morning and evening returned, and I saw no more of my imaginary deliverer; no account reached me of the scroll having fallen into the right hands, and my ransom appeared as far off as ever. I again began to despair, and relapse into my former melancholy condition, when one morning, as I was preparing to go to work, the keeper entered the cell, and, in a different tone from his usual mode of address, told me, when he had released me from my chains, to follow him to the Cadi's house. My sensations may be easily imagined at finding myself thus suddenly released from prison; and I knew enough of Turkish treatment to be assured that the manner in which it was performed argued well for my future destiny. I was soon in the presence of an officer of state, who, making me a polite salutation, asked which route I pleased to take in quitting the Sublime Porte, assuring me that every means would be afforded me of arriving speedily at the frontiers of the empire. Half panic-struck, I replied that I would gladly depart by any

route that the government should direct, but that I would prefer to go to Vienna. 'Good,' said the Cadi, 'the Emperor of Austria is a firm and faithful ally of the Sultan. Let him have as many piastres as are requisite for his journey,' he continued, whispering to the officer near me how many he was to give me, and, making me a polite bow, signified that I might leave the hall.

"Soon after I had left the hall, I was involuntarily returning to prison, so great is the force of habit; nor could I at once feel that I was free. I was pursuing actually the path towards my former dungeon, and hardly lifting my eyes from the ground, so lost was I in conjecture, when I perceived coming towards me, with rapid steps, my supposed redeemer. We ran into each other's arms, and embraced as old friends whom misfortunes had bound together in the bonds of friendship. When the first emotion was over, the old priest began thus: —

"'In the name of God,' said he, crossing himself from right to left, instead of from left to right, and thus proving himself of the true church, 'in God's name,' he exclaimed, 'how dared you in the presence of that old eunuch make signs to me, some weeks ago? I had remarked you, and knew well enough that you wished to speak with me, and I saw enough of you to discover through your rags the traits of nobility. I determined to know your history, and be of service to you, if I could, and had even laid a plan of escape for you. I hoped the following day to meet you; but, as ill luck would have it, the old

eunuch was prowling about in the same direction as we had met the day before; I endeavoured to engage him in conversation about his own affairs till you should come up with me, and then strictly watch your movements. I did so, and saw the bowl of your pipe drop to the ground. I turned round immediately, lest he should have noticed that my head was too long in one position. You must recollect I am but a Greek, and they have a speedy way of adjusting our heads if we hold them too much on one side. I walked away with him as nonchalant as possible, and did not return to the spot for some hours afterwards. I then came, as I conjectured, to the spot where you dropped the bowl of the pipe, and hunted earnestly for it, but without success. I was about to give up the search, for the shades of evening were fast advancing, and I resolved to return the following day at sunrise. Just as I was about to leave the spot, a voice struck my ear, for my eyes had been so bent upon the ground that I could see nothing else, and, turning quickly round, I perceived the old Baba coming towards me.

"'"You are searching in vain," he exclaimed: "that which you seek is not to be found where you last saw it. I watched your motions this day, as the two convicts passed by, and my eyes are better than you suppose them to be. I saw the pipe drop, and I knew it meant something, by the confusion of your manner in attempting to appear regardless of what had passed. I do not know what it meant; but here it is," he continued, putting the bowl into my hand which

contained the scroll. "Keep your peace, and acknowledge that even an eunuch is grateful for past services. The charm you once gave me cured me of my ague, when the doctors of the seraglio had in vain exhausted their laboratories upon me. Keep your peace, and I will not betray you."

"'I took the bowl of the pipe with seeming indifference, for I well knew his treachery, and that, although he felt disposed at present to render me a service, he might still have it in his power to betray me at some future period, and I dared not trust him. I unfolded the scroll, and then perceived who you were; but, still aping indifference, I returned it to the old Baba, and desired him to take it to the Cadi, for I did not know of what importance it might be. I declared that I had dropped a small crucifix in my walk, and had been retracing my steps to try and find it. I gave him to understand, however, that, as far as I could make it out, the man who dropped the pipe was a prisoner of distinction, and might be ransomed at a high price. I begged him to lose no time in taking this to the Cadi, that he might not lay himself open to suspicion.

"'I had now laid the foundation of your escape. Bribery is a part of Turkish government, as well understood as in any Christian country. The subalterns are people whose services can be commanded at all times. As I had anticipated, I was summoned the next morning to appear before the Cadi, who told me what I already knew, that you were a prisoner of rank, and might be ransomed by application to

Prince Chartorisky; for the old Baba had confessed all he knew. The Sultan has been informed of the affair, and consents to take eight thousand piastres, but, added the Cadi, we must manage the thing better; you must obtain ten thousand from the Prince, or, added he, your neck shall feel the bow-string for your treachery. As to old Baba, he shall quietly die in his bed before any more is heard of him.

"'I consented upon these conditions to be myself the messenger; and, under pretence of going to see some of my relations, embarked in a ship for Trieste. From thence I proceeded directly to the Prince's castle, and told my story.

"'"Gracious God!" exclaimed the Prince, "does he still live? I would give half my worldly goods to see him." The money was easily procured. We had arranged that it should be paid into the hands of an Armenian in Constantinople; that the Cadi should draw eight thousand piastres for the Sultan's account, and that two more should be given to himself. This was the plan agreed upon before I left the Porte, and I dared not again appear publicly in the city till I knew that all had been accomplished.

"'I found upon my return (for the Prince seemed as anxious for me to depart as I was myself, so that I only tarried so long as was necessary for the arrangement of my passport), that all was right. I threw off my pilgrim's guise, and was hastening to greet you.'

"I jumped upon his neck as he finished speaking, and could hardly contain my joy. He told me no

time must be lost. 'The Cadi is anxious you should leave the city, for he is so implicated in the affair, that to save himself we may both share the fate of old Baba, who, I find, has been smothered. As to his civilities and promises of protection, trust not to them. He is not a bad man, but self-preservation is the first law of nature; and he has had so much to do with Greeks, that he has imbibed their cunning. It is not natural for a Turk to be artful: he despises Christains, but he does not betray them from principle. You may yet remain a day or two longer. Purchase some clothes, pass for a French merchant, and embark in the first vessel bound for Marseilles. Call upon me—you know where the Greek priests live, you cannot mistake my lodging,' and he gave the direction on a piece of paper, 'call in the evening; trust still in Providence,' and he crossed himself repeatedly.

"I need not relate to you," continued the veteran, as the tears rolled down his cheeks, "what I felt when I found myself freed from my chains, which had worn themselves into my flesh. The marks are still plain enough," he said, as he bared his arm, and showed the impressions of the iron on his left wrist. "I was too much lost in the past and the future, to enjoy the present, as I had anticipated. I hardly appreciated my freedom, for I hardly believed that I could be free; so much did I dwell upon what had passed, and the obstacles which opposed themselves to my escape. I took up my lodgings in the best part of the town. I still thought it was but a dream, and the chains

rattled around me as I now lay down to sleep upon a silken couch. I thought that I should have slept better upon the cold ground. I know not whether I really slept, but I never passed a more unhappy night. I was haunted by unpleasant dreams, and my eye-lids were closed but for a second or two at a time. Every noise in the street — for I lodged in the most frequented part of the town — filled me with horror. My keeper was still before me, and I jumped from my couch expecting to feel the lash. The morning light discovered to my eyes the placid Bosphorus before my windows. I now gradually felt that it was more than a dream, and I was conscious of my freedom.

"I sent for a tailor, who soon supplied me with the necessary articles of dress, and awaited the time I had agreed to call upon the Greek, without leaving my room.

"I passed the second night more comfortably, and awoke refreshed from my slumbers. It was a day of *fête*, and all the city was occupied, so that I had no fear of being molested. The priest was aware of this, and, learning that a brig would leave in the evening for Marseilles, had made all necessary arrangements, and informed me of the circumstance. I waited upon him at the hour he had named, and having passed through several streets without receiving any molestation, except from the innumerable dogs who, like so many wolves, prowl about for their prey, found the old man smoking his pipe at

his own door. He was quite at his ease, and his eyes were fixed upon the setting sun.

"'Take a chair,' he said. 'You see the vessel lying in the offing; she only waits a fair wind, but you must embark to-night, at all events; a boat will push off from her in less than an hour. Stop,' he continued, 'I think I see one leaving the ship at the present moment; my eyes may deceive me. Tell me if you see any thing?' and he called to his servant to fill his pipe, for he smoked like a Turk. I see her plainly, I replied to him; she is rowing fast towards the shore. 'Blessed be God!' said the old man, 'you will soon be out of the hands of the infidels. It is a singular thing that this primitive Christian country should be wrested from true believers. It is almost enough to encourage fatalism,' —he sighed. 'Well may they say God is great. He is good, too, or he would destroy them by fire from heaven.' As he was pronouncing his anathemas, the boat reached the shore. The steersman recognised the priest, whom I embraced cordially, and as I put my foot into the boat, he exclaimed, 'God is merciful,' and crossed himself.

"The rest of my story is known to you all," said the old soldier. "I have now done with adventures, and I feel hungry; for this fish stands not instead of beef."

"Never mind," said P———; "after twelve o'clock, and after the ceremony, we will have more solid fare;" for the old soldier was not the only one who disapproved of the cheer.

Like all other religious ceremonies of the Roman church, so that of the Nativity has still been preserved in Poland; and as our hostess was quite a fanatic in all her religious opinions, so did she always join the peasants in the celebration of this Christmas office.

We were reminded, therefore, as soon as the veteran had finished his story, over which some had already yawned (his yarn being too long for them), that it was time to assist at the Nativity of Christ; and, putting on our furs and wrappers, we waddled through the snow for the space of a quarter of an English mile, till we arrived at a hut, which was to represent the stable at Bethlehem. The church music left us no doubt that we were on the right road to the manger, otherwise the night was dark, and a drifting sleet incommoded us in our march. Fiddles, clarionets, violoncellos, accompanied by hundreds of voices, pealed in the air as some of us took a peep into the cottager's only room, which was half filled with straw, a cow being tied up at one end to represent a stable. It was so arranged, that as soon as the hostess entered the room, the Messiah should be born; all the previous part of the ceremony had been performed by those who had devoted some hours to this purpose. The priests and all the choristers struck up the anthem upon the birth of the child, and the hostess kneeled down and prayed during the ablutions of the infant, previous to its being laid in the cradle; and then there were the personifications of the shepherds and star-gazers, and

many more things, which, by Protestants, are considered little better than blasphemies. Many of us thought not much better of it, for we were perishing with cold upon a light supper; and were rejoiced to return and get a glass of warm punch before going to bed. Some had clandestinely provided a cold fowl in their bed-rooms. Thus, however, merrily enough, with the exception of the ceremony, passed a Polish Christmas eve.

We tarried several days at the old castle, but were obliged to confine our amusements to what the inside of the walls would furnish, for there was no temptation to go out. The snow lay deep upon the ground, and a drifting damp sleet fell continually during the whole time which we spent at ———. At length, when all the money was lost at cards, and excitement began to flag, it was proposed that we should try to amuse ourselves under ground; and as we were but a few hours' ride from Weelitzka, we determined to visit the salt mines.

It does not require long to put such designs in execution; neither vehicles nor horses are wanting under such circumstances: and the following day, after breakfast, having first despatched the fourgon with cold provisions, we started, *en masse*, to visit these wonderful productions of nature. We had several formalities to go through before we could be permitted to enter these subterraneous territories, but a few florins paved the way to our admission.

Upon our arrival, we found the steward of these estates occupying an official situation as juryman,

and as we could proceed no further till our passports and tickets of admission were inspected by this personage, so were we detained nearly two hours at the mouth of the pit. We had ample time, therefore, to examine a large horizontal wheel set in motion by twelve horses, arranged in pairs, each pair conducted by a peasant sitting upon a little seat, and riding round at a somewhat brisker pace than the equestrians who mount the whirligigs at Fairlop fair. This machine served to draw up the water from the bottom of the pits, and a large bucket containing about three hogsheads arrives, when the horses go at a moderate trot, in six minutes from the bottom. The water is beautifully clear, and saturated with salt; it is poured into a sewer, which is ingeniously contrived to run under ground, and in such a direction as to preclude the possibility of a particle of this liquid being purloined; as it would not pay the administration to evaporate this solution, neither would it answer to allow others to perform the operation at their own cost.

We had an opportunity of examining in this interim another machine invented by a very ingenious mechanic, for condensing the fragments chipped off in fashioning the salt into solid blocks; but as it has completely failed, it need not be more dilated upon. Its invention was meritorious, inasmuch as it had economy for its object, to save the expense of barrels in which these morsels are collected.

At ten o'clock we were released from our inactivity by the appearance of the steward, a native of Brussels, an old soldier, who had served in the army of Prince Schwartzenburg, at the siege of Paris; and he very politely offered to accompany us to these subterranean, though not infernal, abodes.

Preparatory to descending, each was furnished with a linen gown, to preserve the clothes from the humid incrustations of the mines. We descended by a commodious wooden staircase, inclosed in a case of fir trees, to the depth of one hundred and twenty feet. This first descent is called the shaft, and is very damp, from the water oozing from the earth between the planks. At the bottom of this, which is named the first story, the first stratum of salt is visible. It is here, however, very impure, being mixed with a great deal of earth in alternate strata, and running in an inclined plane. It is soft and transparent, *exuding moisture,* and has not the same rocky appearance as that which lies deeper; consequently it is not worked. The road cut through it is lined above and on the sides by large fir trees.

Proceeding along a narrow passage, we descended again by a staircase about six feet broad, formed of the salt itself, but which had precisely the appearance of a flight of granite steps very little worn by use. The deeper we penetrated, the less humidity we found, and we were now in the heart of a mountain of salt, being surrounded on every side by this production; and, continuing our march, descended by steps sometimes formed of wood, sometimes of salt, to

the first grand excavation, which is called the amphitheatre or coliseum, to which it certainly does not yield in dimensions. The roof, which is immensely high, has been worked into the shape of basaltic pillars, such as are seen in Fingal's Cave, or at Arthur's Seat near Edinburgh. The sides of the caverns presented the same appearance, and the technical term is *ribbon*, being the manner in which the mine is worked. From the centre of the roof is suspended a large chandelier, formed of the salt crystal. Gradually ascending from the floor are benches hewn out of the rock, and the appearance of the whole is precisely that of a large opera house.

We were accompanied by six torch-bearers, who mounted ladders placed against the walls, and threw up fire-brands on high, which, during their ignition, were just sufficient to make darkness visible; and a better illustration cannot be afforded of the "*Pallentes umbras Erebi, noctemque profundam.*"

This may be designated, also, the great square of the subterranean city; for from hence diverge streets in all directions. Each of these has its appropriate name painted upon a white board, and fixed to the corner of the street; a precaution which has been found absolutely necessary, for so extensive are the excavations, and so numerous the passages which intersect each other, that miners have been lost, and have perished from hunger.

The length of the mine from east to west is computed at twelve thousand two hundred feet, considerably more than two English miles; the breadth

about two thousand four hundred feet. The streets are named after different saints, as St. Nicholas, St. Michael, St. Francis. The principal, or high street, as it may be termed, is five hundred feet in length, cut in a right line through a solid mass of salt. It is sufficiently broad for five or six men to walk abreast. We pursued this through about half its length, and perceived a twinkling at the further extremity, which had the appearance of a star, increasing, however, as we proceeded. It proved to be a lamp which one of the miners, who was coming towards us, carried in his hand.

Quitting the main street, we again descended, and arrived at a saline fortress, fashioned out of the rock. Nothing was deficient. There was moat full of water, bridge, portcullis, and artillery. This conducted to a large square, where we first saw the operations of the miners. Huge blocks of salt were piled up in the centre, and there were a quantity of little carriages, such as run upon the iron railways in the English collieries. These blocks are different in their dimensions; the smaller are rough, and weigh about ninety pounds each; they are merely struck off from the mass by the hammer, though with some considerable precision, being nearly all of the same size, and have the appearance of large paving stones. The larger blocks weigh from two to three hundred weight, and are chiselled into an oblong shape, for the greater convenience of rolling them along with the foot from one part of the mine to the other, where pullies can be attached to them. They are exces-

sively hard, so that the chisel makes but little impression upon them, chipping off small fragments at each blow; and so laborious is the operation, that the workmen to whom this is allotted are naked from the waist. The fragments thus chiselled off are swept together and put into casks, or rather pounded into them by means of a large wooden pestle.

The Emperor of Austria, when last he visited these mines, amused himself with filling a barrel in this manner; the same has been preserved as a precious relic, and is enclosed in a little chapel, the name and date being engraved on a pedestal of salt on which the barrel stands.

Near the fortress is a cascade, which can be made to fall at pleasure by means of a reservoir above four hundred feet high. This is set in motion upon grand occasions. The water which has run down has converted the channel into the appearance of sparkling gems, and the effect produced is said to be very beautiful. It runs into the moat before the castle gate; issuing from which, we again descended to what is termed the third story of the first camp; the whole mine being divided into three camps, and each of these into three stories; for such is the language of the miners.

A large open space, with an obelisk in the centre, of immense height and proportions, from which five streets diverge, the five dials, next presented itself to our notice. Here we first perceived the ropes descending from above, which are attached to the blocks of salt. Nothing was remarkable in this quarter,

except the immense quantity of timber employed in different parts, to support the roofs of the caverns, where the strata, alternating with loose earth, threaten to fall in. To avert this danger, immense trees are employed, laid in layers crossed upon each other, the whole resembling an immense funeral pile, and extending to the height of from fifty to eighty feet. Some of these are of enormous diameter, and have been placed there for centuries, and are bent into the form of a bow by the superincumbent pressure. The timber of the most ancient is as perfectly sound as when first introduced; oak, beech, and fir have been promiscuously used aforetime, and no symptom of dry rot is to be observed. The walls of the passages are lined with the same kind of trees, split in two. In other cases blocks of salt are piled up and cemented together, forming, as it were, a natural wall. In several places there are altars hewn out of the rock, with lamps burning upon them, and carved images of female saints, who resemble so many Mrs. Lots.

As this part of the mine is free from all humidity, these images are as perfect as when they were first shaped into their present forms; and the workmen, as they pass, take off their hats and cross themselves.

We still descended till we arrived at the floor of the great camp, which is about seven hundred and fifty feet below the surface of the earth. We were still, however, far from the lowest extremity of the mine; for there were several pits into which we did not penetrate; so deep, that a block of salt thrown

into them was several seconds before it reached the bottom.

Though not in the bottomless pit, we were nevertheless on the shores of Acheron; for here we found a large lake, with sixteen feet of water, and Charon was waiting in his boat to ferry us to Pluto's realms. Nor could Charon himself look more grim than the old long and white-bearded being who, resting on his oars, awaited us in his skiff. Every thing has been studied to make this resemble the entrance of the gloomy regions. An immense cavern, black as Erebus, darkness more visible by a few torches carried by beings whose external appearance was hardly human; a large lake, with its boat and ferryman at the further extremity; a large archway, bounded by two folding-doors. Nothing was wanting, in fact, but the inscription of Dante,

"Lasciate ogni speranza voi chi entrate,"

to make the illusion complete.

We all took our seats in the boat, though the ladies who were of the party thought it all very wicked; and, to cheer us on our way, we attacked our provisions, which, had it been our last earthly meal, could not have been more greedily devoured. We crossed the lake, passed under the archway; and though the skiff, running against the gates, seemed to knock loudly for admission, no Janitor appeared, and we recrossed the stream. Charon was well satisfied to receive the fragments of our meal, and a few kreutzers.

It is the very abode of Tantalus; for the water is

so saturated with salt, and its specific gravity consequently so increased, that the body will not sink below the chin; nor would any accidental gulp relieve the thirst of a wretched sufferer.

Our guide now proposed that we should return by another route, and, in order to avoid ascending all the steps, should wind more gradually up by forming a figure of eight. We were now also to see the manner of cutting the salt. Passing previously through several streets, we arrived at a field where they were at work. Few miners are seen upon the same spot, for though there are at least a thousand employed daily, so vast is the territory, that not more than a dozen are found in the same group. The wall upon which they were to work was about twelve feet high, and divided by a perpendicular line, from the top to the bottom, in equal spaces, each of which was about six feet in breadth. These intervening spaces between the lines are called ribbons. The operation commences by boring in the lines to about the depth of six inches, and about two in breadth. It is very tedious and laborious, and only small particles chip off at each stroke of a small pointed hammer. When a furrow is at length made from the top to the bottom on each side of the intervening mass which is to be pulled down, a wedge is placed sideways, and struck with a hammer by quick but very equable strokes, which require considerable adroitness, for after a certain number of blows the whole shelves off at once, and falls down entire, with the appearance of a large slab of marble. The fracture is quite smooth,

as if sawn by rule and line. The salt resembles a mass of granite in which the mica abounds, and it requires almost the sense of taste to convince that it is not a mass of stone. It is then broken up into small pieces, by strokes of a hammer not so large as the smallest used by blacksmiths, but very pointed. These smaller masses are chiselled into an oval form, as before mentioned.

The quantity of salt extracted amounts annually to about thirty thousand tons, and is sent in boats to the Vistula for Warsaw, and also for Gallicia and Hungary; but as the supply is much greater than the demand, the men work only during the day; and it is calculated that enough is already cut to supply the demand of three hundred years; that is to say, that the rocks upon which they are now at work would furnish sufficient for that period, without penetrating deeper or wider, supposing the demand to be no greater than it is at present.

We left the workmen, and proceeded onwards till we arrived at an open space, in the centre of which is a large pyramid lately erected to the honour of the emperor and empress of Austria. It is of Egyptian dimensions, and on one of its faces is a Latin inscription, in brass letters, let into the rock, and commemorative of their visits to the mines. There are several steps at the base, and the whole is surrounded by a neat railing of salt stone.

We now proceeded to the royal chapel, for there are several inferior ones in the mine. It is excavated out of one solid mass, and is commodious and roomy.

The altar is adorned with two large spiral columns with Corinthian capitals. At the feet are seen two saints in a kneeling posture quite entire, and opposite the altar is a large pulpit. On one side is the saint who is the patroness of the mines. She is a little the worse for wear. She is of transparent crystal, and was removed to Warsaw when Austria first took possession of this part of Poland. It seems, however, that she was affected by this banishment from her native place, and, like Niobe, began to dissolve into salt tears, so that she has been restored to her temple, and her tears are consequently dried up. High mass is performed in the chapel once a year on the 3d of July, being the anniversary of the Emperor's visit.

We had now nothing more to see but the ball room, in which great entertainments have been frequently given, as upon the marriage of an Austrian prince and princess. It is an immense room, from the ceiling of which are suspended eight large chandeliers. There is a gallery for the musicians, and opposite the entrance door a kind of throne, over which the arms and initials of the Governor of Gallicia are suspended. A transparency with different devices and Latin inscriptions was lighted up for the occasion of our visit, and had a pretty effect, contrasting well with the surrounding darkness. There is a tremendous reverberation in this chamber. With this concluded the lions of the salt mines; and, ascending from hence a flight of three hundred steps, we came into open day, after having devoted more than three hours to this visit:

though our conductor informed us we had seen but a very insignificant part of these dominions.

Before making our exit, we had to pass through a file of about one hundred and fifty workmen, who are justly styled the souls in purgatory, and who had been stationed there for more than an hour to obtain exit individually; for these poor wretches are let out one by one, and are examined as rigorously from head to foot as if they came out of a gold mine. Severe punishment would be inflicted on him who should purloin the least particle of salt.

A riot occurred here in 1817 from a reduction of wages, and the men refused to work; but a regiment of soldiers arriving from the neighbourhood reduced them to order, not by the bayonet, but by the knout. They had no other alternative than to work for the wages offered them by the government, or descend into the mines as convicts, and be left to hard labour for life. Such is the summary method of proceeding in this country. They are now paid at the rate of sixteen kreutzers per day, which is not equal to threepence English, with which they maintain themselves and families. They work generally twelve hours per day. Formerly they established themselves with their families in the mines, and formed a subterranean population, and there are many habitations still remaining of the old town.

The temperature of the mines does not vary throughout the year, being much warmer than the external air in winter, and as much cooler in summer; so that the workmen do not much suffer from cold

or heat: but when they ascend from the bottom, and mount the staircase, where they must be stationary for a long time before they can make their exit, they suffer most severely from a draft of cold air in the winter at the mouth of the shaft. The clothing of the greater part is also little capable of defending them from the winter's frosts, as it consists only of sackcloth; and few are rich enough to procure even a sheep's skin. They offered us several little toys which they carve out of the crystal salt. They consisted chiefly of little images, windmills, cradles, coaches, all carved with a knife; but even this is forbidden fruit, and they sell them clandestinely in the mines, not daring to take them up.

Some minerals are sometimes found mixed with the strata of salt, but in small quantities. There is some sulphur and a little charcoal occasionally discovered. The water in the mines also is slightly impregnated with the former, and hence an establishment of baths has been formed, but which are not public. In order to make use of them, a certificate from a medical man is necessary, specifying the complaint, and the number of baths requisite. When this is obtained, they are granted gratuitously. One sixth part of the mineral is added to common water, and the baths are heated to rather a high temperature. They are said to be efficacious in cases of chronic rheumatism; and the guide assured us he had been cured completely of this affection, which he had acquired by constant bivouacks when in the army, having previously tried many other remedies without relief.

Several military men, whose circumstances will not allow them to go to Carlsbad, come here annually for this purpose.

Horses are employed in these territories. They are said to lose their coats in three or four years after they are let down; they become very fat, and do not live long. I could not find that the workmen were subject to any particular disease; on the contrary, they were reported to be very healthy, and to live to an advanced age.

Nothing very precise is known as to the first discovery of this saline country; for when the Poles were first driven from Cracow, they destroyed all the records in the convents. A paper has been found in one of the monasteries, which gives some account of them so far back as the year 750. These establishments formerly derived their chief emoluments from the sale of this salt, and there are some that still enjoy certain privileges, and have so many pounds allowed per month. It is sold at the rate of five florins per cwt.; so that the annual produce would be equal to half a million sterling. But from this must be deducted the expense of working the mines; and also a certain quantity is sold to Poland and Russia at an inferior price, by a stipulation made between the three powers.

We returned by the same road; and as we were descending a hill, about half way between Cracow and Weelitzka, and bordered by a wood, some dismal howlings struck our ear. Immediately issued from the wood half a dozen naked children of both

sexes, with long black hair hanging down to their waists, and of a deep tawny cast, with fiery black eyes. Appearing as they did in a state of nudity, and with the horrid yells which they uttered, they seemed like little imps let out of the infernal regions. They came out of holes in the earth, where they live summer and winter; and, unlike our gipsies, they do not even profess to have a trade in order to cover their system of stealing. They soon overtook our carriage, and began to exhibit all kinds of feats of dancing, jumping, tumbling, and the like, making most hideous yells. One of them held out a paralysed arm; it was a female, and she ran alongside of the carriage in which were the ladies, thrusting this arm into the window. The purely unsophisticated education of these children had taught them how to beg with most success. We had some few remnants remaining in our provision basket, and these were distributed to them. They devoured them most greedily, and retired into their woods. Whence the name of Bohemians? There are enough of them in Bohemia, but they are scattered all over the world. Our English name implies at all events their origin, and they retain their colour and caste.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

LONDON:
Printed by A. SPOTTISWOODE,
New-Street-Square.


00084957

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 17 February, 2016